

The vision of

Pierce Plowman, nowe the seconde tyme imprinted
by **Roberte Crowley** dwellinge in **Elpe rentes** in **Wolburne**
Whereunto are added certayne notes and cotations in the
margyne, geuyng light to the Reader. And in the beginning
is set a briebe summe of all the principal matters spoken of in
the booke. And as the booke is deuised into twenty partes cal-
led **is allus**: so is the Summary diuided, for euery parte hys
Summarye, rehearsinge the matters spoken of in eu-
ery parte. euen in suche order as they
standethere.

(*)

Imprinted at London by Roberte
Crowley, dwellinge in **Elpe rentes**
in **Wolburne**, The pte of
our Lord, **M.D.L.**

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Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum
solum.

† (*) †





The printer to the Reader.

Beyng desirous to knowe the name of the
 Autoure of this most wort hy worke. (gentle rea-
 der) and the tyme of the writynge of the same: I
 did not onely gather together suche aunciente co-
 pies as I could come by, but also consult such men as I knewe
 to be more exercised in the studie of antiquities, then I my
 selfe haue ben. And by some of them I haue learned that the
 Autour was named Roberte langelande, a Shropshere man
 bozne in Cleybrie, aboute viii. myles from Maluerne hilles
 For the tyme when it was written, it chaunced me to se an
 auncient coppe, in the later ende wherof was noted, that the
 same coppe was written in the yere of oure Lorde. M. iiii. C.
 and nyne, which was before this present yere, an hundred &
 xii. yeres. And in the seconde syde of the. lxviii. leafe of this
 printed coppe, I finde mention of a dere yere, that was in the
 yere of oure Lorde M. iii. hundred and .ii. John Chichester
 than beyng mayre of London. So that this I may be bold to
 reposite, that it was fyrste made and written after the yere
 of our lorde. M. iiii. C. ii. and before the yere. M. iiii. C. and. ix
 which meane space was six yeres. We may iustly chieft ther-
 fore. & it was firste written about two hundred yeres paste in
 the tyme of kynge Edward the thyrde. In whose tyme it
 pleased God to open the eyes of many to se his t ruth, geuing
 them boldenes of herte, to open their mouthes and crye oute
 agaynst the workes of darckenes, as dyd John Wicliffe,
 who also in those dayes translated the holpe Byble into the
 Englishe tonge, and this wyter who in reportynge certayne
 visions and dreames, that he sayned hym selfe to haue drea-
 med, doth most christianlie enstrucke the weake, and marlye
 rebuke the obstynate blynde. There is no maner of vice, that
 reygneith in anye estate of men, whiche this wyter hath not
 godly, learnedlye, and wittilye, rebuked. He wrote also to-
 gether in miter: but not after y manner of our rimers that wyte
 nowe adales (for his verses ende not alwe) but the nature of
 his miter is, to haue thre wordes at the leaste in euery verse
 which begyn with some one letter, As for ensample, the firste
 two verses of the booke come vpon. I. as thus.

In a somer season when sette was the Sunne
 I hope me into thobbes, as I a shepe were
 The next runneth vpon. D. as thus.

The prologe

Inhabite as an Hermite vnholp of wretches. &c
 This thing noted the metre shall be very pleasant to reade.
 The Englishe is according to the tyme it was written in, and
 the sence somewhat darke, but not so hard, but that it maye
 be vnderstande of such as wyll not sticke to breake the shell
 of the nutte for the kernelles sake,

As for that is written in the xxvi. leafe of thys boke con-
 cernynge a deatth the to come, is spokē by the knowelodge of
 astronomias may wel be gathered bi that he saith, Salame
 sent him to tell, And that whych foloweth and geueth it the
 face of a prophecy, is lyke to be a thyng added by some other
 man than the fyrste autour, for diuerse copies haue it diuer-
 slye. For where the copie that I folowe hath thus.

And when you se the sunne amisse, & thre monkes heads
 And a mayde haue the maistrey, and multiply by cyght,
 Some other haue

Three wyppes and a shefe, wth an eight folowynge
 Shall brynge bale and battell, on both halfe the mone
 Nowe for that whiche is written in the. l. leafe, concernynge
 the suppression of Abbayes, the Scripture there alledged, de-
 clareth it to be gathered of the iuste iudgment of God, who
 wyll not suffer abominacion to raigne vnpunished. Take not
 vpon this boke therfore, to talke of wondres past or to come
 but to emend thynne owne misse, whych thou shalt fynd here
 moke charitably rebuked The spirite of god geue
 the grace to walke in the way of truthe

to Gods glory, & thynne owne
 soules healthe

So be it,

xxviij lefe *xxviij lefe* *a shewe of a sheffe of an*
an other *of desquynge of abayes in y^e p^{re}sent lefe*
where se speketh of vⁿder of a moulne in y^e lxxij lefe
where se speketh of a noter of a beggar in a d^{re}
apaynt in lxxij lefe

A brieue summe of the

**p̄ncipall poyntes that be spoken of in
this booke.**

¶ The vision of Pierce Plowman



**The vision begynneth the fyrste leafe, and con-
tinueth to the fourth, declarýng fyrste the di-
uerse studies that menne folowe. Some gyue
them selues to tyllage. Some to be gallant
Some to contemplation and straighthe lyfe, Some to
solitary lyfe, Some to Marchaundise and all kynd of
brynge and sellinge, Some to festing, Some to bry-
gýng, Some to wanderyng, as Pilgryme, Hermites,
fryers, and Pardoners.**

**Than it declareth the great wyckednes of the by-
shoppes, that spareth not to hange their scales at eue-
ry Pardoners p̄ores, and what shameful Simony
reigneth in the church.**

**Nexte it declareth some what of the powre and of-
fice of Kinges and Princes, and than secretly in latine
verses it rebuketh their cruelnes and tyranmy. Than
vnder the parable of Batoz and misse, it rebuketh the
folý of the commune people that cluster togythers in
conspiracies against such as god hath called to office
vnder their Prince, And here in it lamenteth the state
of that realme, wherin the kinge is chylidish, & so eue-
ry wycked man getteth rule vnder hym.**

**Fynally it rebuketh the fautes of men of lawe, and
Byshoppes, Barons, and Burgeses, and to conclude
of all artificers, And this parte is as an argument to
the whole booke.**

¶.iii.

The

A bryefe summe of the principall matters
The first parte of thys boke, called
passus primus

fol. 1. verso
The fyrste parte begynneth in the seconde syde of the fourthe leafe, and endeth in the laste syde of the seuenth. And in the person of a woman who it calleth holy church: it openeth the meanynge of the Turret mentioned in the fyrst leafe, Comandeth measure in all thyngs. Forbidderh excessse by the example of Loth, Wyllleth all men to pay tribute to their princes, and labour Diligently for their luyng, Expoundeth the meanynge of the dungeon, Declareth trouth to be the best treasure, Praiseyth charitie, Telleth knightes office, Telleth of Lucifers fal, Exhorteth men to loue and do as they wold be done by, Declareth that workes muste sprynge out of our fayeth: and that if wee be liberall to the poore, God wyll be liberal to vs

The seconde parte called
passus secundus.

*he wife
to the
the first*
The seconde parte begynneth in the fyrste syde of the viii. leafe, and endeth in the last side of the eleueth, And styll vnder the name of holy church openeth abuses, And fyrste it describeth Mede, and declareth hyz progenye. Telleth how she is marved vnto false, Reherfeth the charter graunted to that mariage, Telleth how the true preacher rebukith this mariage, Telleth howe Mede worketh all by bybes, Describeth the etarne that Mede rydeth wythall towarde westminster, Howe Trueth rane before secretly, a tolde the kinge of all, Howe false fleede for feare: and how he was receyued and entertained of marchauntes and many other sortes of men,

The

The thyrde parte called
Passus tertius,

The thirde parte begynneth in the laste syde of the eleuenth leafe, and endeth in the fyrste syde of the .xxii. leafe. fyrste it declareth howe all estates do embrace Mede, What a buse was in Turiculer confessiō The office of a Mayre, What harme y^e bitelers do, What vengeance shal fal on them that take byrbes, How the kynge goeth about to marye Mede to Conscience, For what cause Conscience refuseth hyr, How Mede maketh answer for her selfe, and rehearseth what she hath done and may do: howe neadefull she is, so that no estate can be wythout hyr, How Conscience telleth the king of an other Mede, which Conscience alloweth What mischefe þ^e wicked mede hath wrought, What perfitte state the worlde shal be in, in the tyme of renovation, and howe scripture muste be reade whole.

The fourthe part, called
Passus quartus,

The fourth parte begynneth in the first syde of the .xxii. leafe, and endeth in the fyrst side of the twentieth, It declarith how the king wylled Conscience to kysse Mede, How Conscience wolde haue Reasons aduise, How Conscience was sent in haste to fetch Reason, The maner of Reasons ridyng, What cōpany folowed hym, How the king receyued Reason, How Peace complaineth vpon Wozonge, How Wytte and Wylle dome went about to byrbe the kyng, How the kyng comitted Wozonge to pryson, How Mede stopped Peaces mouth, Reasons aduise in punishyng Wozong That Latowars should leade afielde dunge, How the
 kyng

A bryefe summe of the principall matters
kyng cheketh men of lawe, for takyng byrbes, And
howe reason taketh vpon hym to rule the realme,

¶ The fyfte parte, called
passus quintus.

The fyfte parte begynneth in the laste syde of the
twentieth leafe, and endeth in the laste syde of the. xxx.
It declareth howe reason proueth that Pestilences
come for synne, That due correction muste be hadde,
That Abbayes shoulde be suppressed, What is true
Pilgrimage, What satisfaction men were wonte to
make, The woorkes of Enule, Howe Enuy repenteth
Howe Wrath teacheth the fryers, That Gregoꝝpe
wold not suffer womē to heare confession, What ma-
ner of thing Couetise is, What restitution Couetous
men vse, That yll gotten goodes, shoulde be wycked-
ly spente. That suche as be Parteners in the ill gotten
goddes: shal also be parteners in makyng restitution,
What true repentaunce is, What a Bishops charge
is, What maner of men be commune Dronckardes
What maner a thyng, a droncken man is, And how
he repenteth, What Slooth is, and how he repenteth
Howe thefe repenteth, Howe Repentaunce confoꝝ-
teth them all, That a greate multitude went to seke
Trueth, That the plowman is Trueths seruāt, That
Pierce teacheth the waye to Truethes house, Who is
Truethes portar, and what maydens Trueth hath.

¶ The sexte parte called
passus sextus.

The sexte parte begynneth the first syde of the. xxxi.
leafe, and endeth in the first syde of the. xxxvi. It declar-
eth

sanctified in this booke.

reth howe women shoulde be occupied, Who should
defende the church of Chryste, Howe knightes should
behaue them selues, Whoe is Pierces wyfe, Howe
Pierce maketh his testament. Howe sturdy beggers
musse be answered, Howe the wastoure fought with
Pierce, Howe Pierce playned hym to a knight, How
Pierce prayed hunger to reuenge hym, What maketh
lopyterers worke, Howe beggers may be made work
Who suffer hunger, Howe hunger teacheth Pierce
plowman a dierce, Howe poze folke fede hunger, And
that there shoulde shortly come an other dierce to pu-
nishe such as were not content wyth inough.

The seuenth parte called

passus septimus

The seuenthe parte begynneth in the firste side of
the. xxxvi. leafe, and endeth in the seconde syde of the
xxxix. It declareth what pardon is graunted to
the plowman and his helpers, What Marchauntes
shoulde do, That menne of lawe shoulde take no mo-
ney, howe menne shoulde geue almes, That patiente
Pouertie hath like pardon with the plowmanne,
Howe Pierce reasoned wyth a blinde prestre, Howe
Daniel expoundeth the dreames, of Nabugodonosor,
Howe Jacob expounded Josephs dreame, And that
to truste for saluation in woordes, is but a hayne thing

The eyght parte, called

passus octauus.

The eyghte parte begynneth in the laste side of the
xxxix. leafe, and endeth in the seconde syde of the. xli.
It declareth howe Pierce went to seke Dowel, How
he repproueth the fryers for saying that Dowel dwelle
¶.i. wyth

A bryefe summe of the principall matters

wyth them, Howe the frier proueth by a similitude, that a iuste man sinneth seuen times a daye, and sayth bys minde of ferwyl, Howe thought enstructerh him of do well, do bet, and do best, And howe wyte (who wyl none excesse) met wyth Pierce, Of whom Pierce desired to learn: what Dowel, Do bet, and Do best were.

The nyth parte, called

is alius nonus

The nyth parte begynneth in the laste syde of the xli. leafe, and endeth in the first side of the xlv. It declareth that do well dwelleth in man, whom he calleth a castel. That do wel is keper therof, and In wyte Constable, That In wyte hath fyue sonnes, What kind is, That Goddes might muste worke wyth his word, That the succurles should lue vpon the rythes. That mariage is an holy life, and ought to be betwene the godly, What greete plagues fell on the worlde for that the godly married to the vngodly, What frutes spring of vnniet mariages. That married folkes should kepe them selues cleane, And that bastards proue wicked.

The tenth parte called

is alius decimus.

The tenth parte begynneth in the firste syde of the xlv. leafe, and endeth in the seconde syde of the lvi. It declareth what wyte wyte hath, That menne loue rythes better than wyse dome, That counterfayte folles and iesters be rewarded, whan true preachers go without rewarde. That clarkes and noble men haue God muche in their mouthes, but meane men haue him in beere

contained in this booke.

herte, That euery man should geue almes according
to that he hath, That no man oughte to searche whye
god hath done or suffered thynges to be done, Howe
men that be in office do ble them selues, That Study
teacheth the waye to Cleargy, and telleth what scienc-
es he hath taught, That we should do good whyle
we haue tyme, Howe vaine sciences be, What do wel,
do bet, and do best be, How Cleargy rebuketh vnlearn-
ed prestes, The suppression of Abbates, That high
degree nor riches helpeth not to heauen ward, but the
billete in Chyrlie, That accorde to the example of
them that builde Noe's shippe, many of the preachers
shall not be saued, That penitente synners be soner
saued, And that none do soner crye, than grate clutches

C The eleuenth parte called

id est vnde cimus.

The eleuenth parte begynneth in the fyrste syde of
the .liiij. leafe, and endeth in the seconde syde of the liij.
It declareth that scripture wolde all men should first
seke to knowe them selues, That fortune wyth hyr
damocels perswade man to lyue licenciouslye, That
Age wyll cause them all to forsake him, That fryers
couet to burye men for their goodes, That manye be
called and fewe chosen, That the obseruation of the
commaundementes of god is of value before god so
it springe of loue, Howe we should feaste, That faith
ioyned wyth charite, is mooste souerayne salue, That
eche man shoulde beate w other, and search his owne
fautes, That Pouertye is the beste and sureste lyfe,
That Priestes neglecte knoweledge, Howe Nature
teacheth manne by the naturall creatures,

¶ .liij.

That

A bricfe summe of the principall matters

That man ought not to searche why god doeth or suffereth thynges, That all the Lordes Creatures be good, That our owne fantasie deceiveth vs, & shame is the thyng that sonest driueth a Drunkard from his byre.

The twelke parte, called

is assus duodecimus.

The twelke parte begynneth in the laste syde of the lix. leafe, and endeth in the last side of the, lxxiii. leafe. It declarith that GOD chastiseth such as he loueth, That charite is do well, That manye talke well, but do the contrary, That true Cleargye is mercifull, and ought to be loued, that the holye goste is the auroꝝ of bokes, That learned men may through their knowledge better eschue sinne, than the vnlearned men may. That god only knoweth the causes of thynges, That ryche men be like Becockis, And that there be thre sortes of Baptisme.

The thyztenth parte, called

is assus decimus tertius.

The thyztenth parte begynneth on the laste syde of the. lxxiii. leafe, and endeth in the firste syde of the. lxxi. leafe. It rehearseth much that was spoken before, declarith the excelle of the Cleargy. That Clargy hath. vii. sonnes, That Cleargy hath neyther conscience noꝝ Patience, That Patience passeth a packe of bokes, That the Plowman findeth vs breade, What fautes reigne in labourynge men, And what a woꝝdlyng is.

The fourtenth parte, called

is assus decimus quartus.

The

continued in the booke

The fourteenth parte begynneth in the firste syde of the lxxi. and endeth in the firste syde of the lease. lxxvii. It declarith how the labourynge man, excuseth hym selfe of hys synne, That god prouideth fode for al hys creatures, That Idlenes is cause of synne, That satisfaction killeth synne, that all men haue ioye here or els where, That the mercifull rygh shall haue heauen What a christen mans patent is, Howe blessed a lyfe pouertie is, And that Patience fedeth pouertie.

¶ The fyfteenth parte, called
passus decimus quintus.

The .xv. part begynneth in the fyrst syde of the lease lxxvii. and endeth in the laste side of the lease. lxxxvi. It declareth what the soule is, And howe of diuerse offices it hath diuerse names, That we sholde not search gods secretes, The preachers dutye, What shall become of euyll gotten goodes, The true pylgrimage, What compeny charitie haunteth, That we shoulde take no gyftes of wicked men, That it is sacrilege to spende the tythes otherwise than vpon the pore, That no course is certayne, Whan and howe Makometes lawe began, That the Apostles turned all the worlde to the fayeth, That chyldeyne differ not frome wyld beasts, tyll they be instructed in Christe, That conuersion of the cleargy wyll destroye the church, That possession poysoned the church, What the bishops dutye is, And that Christe was declared by his miracles to be Messias.

¶ The sixteenth parte called
passus decimus sextus.

¶.iii

The

A brieft summe of the principall matters.

The xvi parte begynneth in the last syde of the lease lxxxvi. and endeth in the syxthe syde of the lease. lxxxi. It describeth cheritie, Declareth þat Christe deliuered mā out of the thraldome of synne, & the maner of the betraying of Christ, & hat the Trinite is, and þeareth of Abraham.

The seuententh parte, called
is alius decimus septimus.

The seuententh parte begynneth in the fiftie syde of the lease. lxxxi. and endeth in the laste syde of the lease. lxxxvi. It declarith the old lawe to be abrogate That Christe the Samaritan hath deliuered vs, and geuen vs a newe lawe, Christes resurrection, That the Trinite is lyke an hande, The holy goste by similitudes, That a good man is lyke a torche, And thre thinges that dyspue a man out of hys house,

The eyghtenthe parte, called
is alius decimus octauus.

The. xviii. parte begynneth in the laste syde of the lease. lxxxvi. and endeth in the laste syde of the lease. Ciii. It declarith Christes coming into Jerusalem Hys iudgmet and death, That god curseth blurers That Christe triumphed ouer death and hell, That wealth is knowen by woe, and lyke of all other contraries, Howe Christe vanquisheth Lucifer, Howe Christe satisfied the lawe, And that god is mercifull.

The nynthenthe parte called
is alius decimus nonus.

The nynthenthe parte begynneth in the laste syde of the lease. Ciii. and endeth in the laste syde of the lease. Cxi. It de-

contained in this booke

It declareth Christes victorie, The gyftes that the
thre kynges gaue hym, That Christe is shewed to be
god by his myracles, Why Christe appeared first to
a woman, What Pierces pardon is, The gyftes of
the holye goste, Pierces office, his open & his seide that
he soweth, That Justice leaueth no sinne unpunished
The fundacion of the churche, That pride enuierth the
church, How to withstand pride, Who they be that ne-
uer repent, How lucre causeth me to forsake the truth
The answer of a blinde curate, Howe the plover man
foloweth the example of god, And what Land lordes
and kynges maye take of their tennautes & subiectes

The thwentieth parte, called
Passus viscerum.

The thwentieth parte begynneth in the laste syde of
the leafe. Cxi. and endeth in the laste leafe of the booke
It declareth what a manne may do when nede coms
pelleth hym, That temperaunce is the chiefe vertue,
Who receyued Antichrist fyrst, How Antichrist doth
seduce many good men, The maner of gods visitatio
The maner of men whan plagues cease That courtise
and simony make prelats, That Life & fortune beget
Slouth, That Slouth maketh dispalre, That Age
killeth both physitian & surgian, That Nature wolde
haue vs to loue, That the .vii. capital synnes besieged
Cōsciēce. The answer of an Irysh prieste, That Cu-
rates ought to haue a cōpotent liuinge certaine That
friers haue no nūbie, That such as wēt to 3 fyers
to shifte, be like saluuary me, That Hypocrisie wou-
deth many prechers, The negligence of patrons and
bishops. And what penance gostly fathers were wōt
to enioye their gostly childien

Finis.

28 MR 59

The vision of

In a somer season, when set was the sunne
I shope me into shroubs, as I a shepe were
In habite as an harmet, unholy of werkes
Went wyde in thys world, wōders to here
And on a May morning, on Maluerne hilles
He befell a ferly, of fayre me thought,
I was wery of wandering, and went me to rest
Under a brode banke by a bournes side
And as I lay and leand, and lokid on the water
I slombzed into a sleping, it swyzed so merye.
Than gan I to meten, a meruelouse swiuen
That I was in a wildernes, I wyll neuer where.
As I beheld into theaste, on highe to the sunne
I saw a tower on a toft, trychlych ymaked
A depe dale beneth, a Dungeon therin
Wyth depe diches and darcke, and dreaful of syght
I fayre felde ful of folke, found I there betwene
Of all maner men, the meane and the ryche
Working and wandring, as the world asketh
Some put hem to the ploughe, pleiden full selde
In setting and sowing, swonken ful harde
And wonnen that wasters, wyth glotony destroyed
And some put hem to pryde, appareled thereafter
In countinaunce of clothyng, commely disgysed,
In praisers and penaunce, putten hem many
In hope to haue after, heauentich blisse
And for the loue of our lord, liuyden full hard
As Ankers and Hermets, that hold hem in her selles
And coueten nought in contrai, to carien aboute
For no liquerous liuelod, her likam to please
And some chosen chaffer, they cheueden the better
As it semich to our sight, that such do thysuen

I.i.

And

Biers plowman

Common
Judas.

And some mirthes to make, as minstrels cunningeth
And gotten gold with her glee, sinles I leue
As Japers and Janglers Judas chyl dren
fayneth hem fantasies, and foles hem maketh
And han her wyt at wyl, to werke if they shoulde
That Paule precheth of hem I nil not preue it here
Qui loquitur turpiloquium & c. As Lucifers knaue
Bydders and beggers, fast aboute yede
Wyth hyz bralles & hyz bagges, of bread ful cramed
Fastenden for her fode, foughten at the ale
In glotony Godwote, gone they to bedde
And rise with rebaudy, as Rebertes knaues
Slepe and soz y slouth, sueeth hem euer
Pylgrimes & Palmers, plight hem togethers
For to seke. S. James, and saintes at Rome
They went forth their waye, wyth many wyse tales
And had leue to lye all her life after.

pylgrym
mes.

Hermes.

I see some that sayd, they had sought sayntes
To eche a tale þ they told, her tong was tēpyed to lye
More then to say soth, it semed by her speche.
Hermets on a heape, wyth hoked staues
Wenten to Walsingham, & her wenches after.
Great loubies and longe, y loth were to swinke
Clothed hem in copes, to be knowen from other
And shopen hem hermits, her ease to haue,

Friers.

I found there fryres, all the four orders
Preached to the people, for profite of them selues
Glosed the gospel, as hem goodlyked
For courtoise of copes, construe it as they wold
Many of these master fclers, might cloth hē at liking
For her money & her marchaūdisemarchē togithers.
For sich exercise was chapmā, & chese to shypue lords

Many

Many ferleis haue fallen, in fewe yeres,
 But holy church and they, hold better together
 The most mischiese on mould, is mouinge well fast
 There preached a pardoner, as he a priest were
 Brought forth a bull with many bishops seales
 And sayd that him selfe, might absoyle hem all
 Of falsehod and of fasting, and of bowes broken.
 Lewde men leued him well: and liked his wordes
 Commen by kneeling, to kisse hys bulles
 He bouched hem with hys breuet, and blered her eyes
 And raught with hys raginā, both ringes & broches
 Thus they giue their gold, glotons to kepe
 And leneth it to such losels, as lichery haunteth
 Were the bishop blessed, and worth both hys eares
 His seale shold not be sent, to deceyue the people
 And it is nought by the bishop, that þ boy preacheth
 For the parish priest & the pardoner, part the silver.
 That the pouerti of the parish, shold haue if they ne
 Persōs & her priestes: pleynd hē to þ bishop (were
 That her parishes were poze, siþē þ pestilēce time
 To haue a licence and leaue, at London to dwel
 To sing there for Simony for silver is swete,
 Bishops and Bachelers, both masters and doctozs
 That haue cure vnder Christ, and crowning in token
 And signe that they shold shiue her parishinges
 Preach and pray for hem, and the pooze fede,
 Lye at London, in lencn and elles
 Some seruen the kyng and his silver tellen
 In cheker and in chauncery, chalenge his dettes.
 Of wardes & warmoites, of wayues and scayues:
 And some seruen as seruauntis, to lordes and to ladies
 And in stede of newweddes, sit and deimen.

pardons
 nars.

Her masses and her matiens, and many of her hours
Are done vndeuously, dyede is at the laste
Lest Christ in consistory, accurse full many

I perceyued of the powre, that Peter had to kepe
To binden and vnbinden, as the boke telleth:
Howe he left it wyth loue, as our lord hyght
Amonges foure vertuis, the best of al vertues
That Cardinales bene called, and closing pates

There Christ is in kyngdome, to close and to shite
And to open it to hem, and heuens blys thewe
And of Cardinals at court, that caught of that name
And powre presumid, in hem a Pope to make
To haue that power that Peter had, impugne I nel
For in loue and in lecture, the election belongeth
Forthy I can, and can not, of court speake moze.

Then came ther a king, knighthode hym led:
Myght of the commons, made hym to raygne
And than came kind wit, and clerkes he made
For to councel the king, and the commons saue

The kyng and knighthode, and clergy boeth
Casten that the commons, shold hem selues fynd
The commons contriued, of kind wyt craftes
And for profit of al the people plowmen ordeyned
To tyll and to trauel, as true lyfe asketh.

The king and the commons, and kind wit the thynde
Shopen law & leuett, every man to know his owne.

Then lokid by a Lunatike, a leane thing with al
And knelyng to the kyng, clerghally he sayd
Christ kepe the sye king, and thy kingriche
And leue the lede thy lond, so lenty the loueth
And for thy rightfull rulyng, be rewarded in heauen
And sichen in the ayre on height, an aungel of heauen.
Lowde

The vision of

Lo wode to speake in laten, for lewde men ne could
 Fangle ne iudge, that iustifie hem shoulde
 But suffren and seruen, for the sayde the angell.

*Sum rex, sum princeps, neutrum fortasse deinceps.
 Quot iura regis, Christi specialia regis,
 Hoc quo agas melius, Iustus es, esto pius.
 Pudum ius a te, vestiri vult pietate.
 Qualia vis metere, talia grana sere.
 Si ius nudatur, nudo de iure metatur
 Si scribitur pietas, de pietate metas.*

Than greued hym a Gollardes a gloten of woordes
 And to the angell, on hygh answered after

*Dum rex a regere, dicatur nomen habere,
 Romen habet sine re, nisi audet iura tenere.*

Than gan all the commons crye, in versis of latine
 To the kynges counsel, construe who so would.

Precepta regis, sunt nobis vincula legis,

With that ranne there a route, of rattons at once
 And small mise wyth hem, mo than a thousande
 And comen to counsel, for the common profite.
 For a Cattie of a courte, came whan hym lyked
 And ouerleapte hem lyghly, & cougth hem at his will
 And played wyth hem perflously, and possed about
 For doubt of diuerse dreades, we dare not wel loke
 And if we grutch at hys game, he will greuen vs all
 Scratchynge vs & clawynge vs, & in his clawes hold
 That we loth the lyfe, or he let vs passe.
 Myght we wyth any wyte, hys wyll wythstand
 We might be lordes aloft, and lyue at ease.

The tale
 of the rat
 tons.

A rotten of renoune, most renable of tonge
 Sayd for a souerayne, helpe to hym selfe,
 I haue sene segges quod he, in the City of London
 Beare byghes full byght, aboute theyr neckes
 And some colers of crafty werke, vncoupted thei wot
 Both in waren and in wast, to here hem leue lyket

Wiers is lowman

And other while they are els where, as I here tell
 Were ther a bel on her bight, bi Jesu as me thinketh,
 Men might wyt where they went, and away runne
 And right so of that ratton, reason me sheweth
 To bugge a bel of brasse, or of bright siluer
 And knyt on his collar, for our cominen profit
 And hangen it aboute the cattles halse, then here wee.
 Whether he sit or rest, or runne to pleye (moune
 And if him list for to lake, than loke we might
 And pere in his presens, the while him play lyketh
 And if he wryth, beware, and his way shonne.
 Al this rout of rattons, to this reason they assented
 And tho the bel was bought & on the byght hanged
 Therene was ratte in al prowte, for al the realme of
 That durst bind the bel about y cats nek (fraunce
 He hang it about the cats halse, all England to wyn
 And held hem vnhardy, and her counsell feble
 And let her labour lost, and al her long study.

* Omni-
 um doctri-
 numorum
 suffragio
 dicuntur
 hec de las
 suis, fatu-
 is, aut in-
 eptis prin-
 cipibus,
 non de es-
 tatetene-
 lis. Qua-
 si dicat, v-
 bi rex pue-
 rilis est.

A mouse that much good coud, as me thought
 Stroke furth sternly, and stode before him al
 And to the rowte of rattons, rehersed these wordes
 Though we kil this cat, yet shuld ther come an other
 To catch vs & al our kind, though we crepe vnder
 And be we neuer so bold the bel him to shewe (thes
 For I heard my ster say, seven yere passed
 Whether the Cat is a kylling, the court is full elenge
 That witnesseth holy writting, who so will it read
 * Et terre, ubi puer ter est. *1777 1778*
 For may no reuke there rest haue, for rattons bi night
 The while he catcheth comes, he coueteth not our cati-
 But fedeth him w benisō, defame we him neuer (cn
 Eccles, x. For better is a little losse, than a longe sorowe.

The

The mase amonge vs all, though we myse a shewe
 for many mens male, we myse woulde destroye
 And also ye route of rattons, rend mens clothes
 Per the catte of that courte, that can vs ouerleape
 For had you rats your wyll, you could not rule your
 I saye for me, & the mouse, I se so mekel after (selse
 Shal nether þ cat ne þ kylling, bi mi coucel be greuid
 Ne carpyng of thys coler, that costed me neuer
 And though it had cost me catel, beknowne it I nold
 But suffer as him selse woulde, to doneas him liketh
 Coupled and vncoupled, to catch what they may.
 Forthye ech a wise wyght I warne, wit wel hys owne
 What thys metels bymeaneth, yemen that be merye
 Diuine ye for I dare not, by deare God of heauen.

Yet houed there an hundred, in hownes of sylke
 Sergeantes it belemed that seruen at the barre
 Pleten for penies, and poundes, the lawe.
 And not for the loue of our lord, vnclof her lips once
 Thou mightest better mete þ mist, on maluerne hyls
 Than get a myne of her mouth, til money be shewed
 I sawe Bishops bolde, and Bachilers of diuine
 Become clarkes of accountes, the kyng for to serue
 Arche deakens and deanes, that dignities haue
 To preache to the people, and pore men to fede
 Ben lope to London by leaue of her bishop
 And ben clarkes of the kinges benche, the contrey to
 Barons and burgesis, and bonde men also (shend
 I see in thys assemble, as ye shall heare after.
 Bakesters and byuesters, and bouchers many
 Woollen websters, and weuers of linnen
 Taylers and tinkers, and tollers in markets
 Masons and minors, and many other crafts

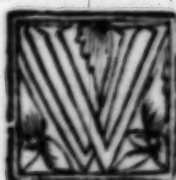
Sergeants
of lawe

Bishops

Of

Of all kinne lybbing laborers, lopen forth some
As dikers and deluers, that done theit dedes yf
And driue forth yf lōg day with dieuuous saue dame
Cokes and her knaues criden hote pyes hote (Cme
Good geese and gris, goo we dine goo we
Taverners until them, told the same
Wohyt wine of Osay, and redwyne of Gascoyone
Of the renne and of the rochel, the roste to desye
Thys sawe I sleping, and seuen sythes moze.

Es assus primus de visione



That this mouetein bemeineth, a yf merk dale
And yf feld full of folk, I chal you faire thew
A louely lady of lere, in linnen iclothed

*****Came downe from a castel, a called me faire
And said sonne slepest thou, seest thou this prople
How busy they be, al about the inase

The four

The most part of this puple, yf passeth on this earth
Haue they worshop in this worlde, they wil no better
Of other heauen then here, hold they no tale

I was a frayde of her face, though she sayze were
And sayd mercy madame, what is this to meane

The toure vpon the roft, truerh is therre in
And woulde that ye wrought, as his word teacheth
For he is father of fayth, and forner of you al
Both with fel and wface, and gaue you fyue wyttis
For to worshop him ther w, the while you bene here
Of wollen of linnen, and of liuelode at nede
In mesurable maner to make you at ease

And comaūded of his curtesy, in comen thre thynges
Arne none nedful but tho, and nempē hem I think
And reken hem by reason, reherse ye hem after.

That one is vesture, from cheyle to saue

And

And meate at meale, for disease of thy selfe
And drinke whā thou driest, & do nought out of reaso
That f̄ worth the worse, whā thou worke shouldest,

For Loth in his dayes, for liking of drinke
Did with his daughters, that the Deuill lyketh
Delited in drinke, as the deuill wolde

Loth

And lechery him laught, and lay by hem both,
And al he wite the wine, that wicked dede

*Inebriamus cum vino, dormiamusque cum eo, ut securare
possimus de parte nostro semen.*

Gen. xiv.

Thzough wine & womē, ther was Loth accombyed
And ther gat in glotony, gyles that were chereis

Gen. xiv.

For thy, dzed delectable drinke, & thou shalt do the bet
Treasure is medicine, though you michel yerne (ser

It is not al for the goste, that the gutte asketh
Leue not thy likam, for a lyer him teacheth

That is the wretched worlde, wold the betray

For the fende and the flesh, foloweth the togethers

This & that seyth thy soule, and seeth it in thine herte.

And for thou shouldest beware, I wold the p̄ best.

Madame mercy & I, me lyketh wel your wordes

And p̄ mony of this moulde, that men so fast holdeth

Tel me to whom madame that treasure appendeth.

Go to the gospel & the, that god sayd him selfe.

Tho p̄ people him apposed, with a peny in p̄ temple

Whether they shuld ther w, worthy the kinge Cesar

And god asbeth hem, of whom speaketh the letter

And the ymage like, that therein standeth

Cesars they sayd, we sene here wel echone

Redde Cesar, quod god, that Cesary belongeth

Et que sunt dei dei, oꝛ eis re done yll

For rightful reason, should rule you all

And kind wil be warden your wealch to kepe

Luke .xx.

And tuto: of your treasure, and take you at nede
for husbandy and he, holden together.

Dungeon Than I frayed her sayre, for him that me made
That Dungeon in the Dale, that dredeful is of syght
What may it bemeane, madame I you byseche.

Carne That is the castell of care, who so commerth therein
May banne that be bozne was, to body or to soule,
Therin wonneth a wight, that wrong is I hote

Judas Father of falsehead, and founded it him selfe
Adam and Eve, he egged to yll,
Councelled Cayne, to kil his brother

Judas he laped, with Jewes siluer
And sithen on an elder, hanged him after
He is lettaz of loue, and lyeth hem all

That trust in his treasure, betraileth he soneste

Than had I wonder in my wit, what womā it were

That suche wise wordes, of holy wite shewed

And I asked her on þ height name, or she thence pede

What she were wisely, that wished me so sayre.

Holy church I am of the, þ oughtest me to know

I vnderfenge the fyrst, and the sayth taught

Thou broughtest me borowes, my byddings to ful

And to loue me lelly, þ while the lyfe dureth (fyl

Than I courbed on my knees, and cried her of grace

And prayed her pituously, pray for my synnes

And also kerne me kindly, on Christ to beleue

That I might worke his will, þ wrought me to man

Teach me to no treasure, but tell me this like

How I may saue my soule, that saynt art holden,

When all treasures are cried of the, truth is the beste

I do it on Deus Caritas to deme the sothe

It is as dere worth a dury, as dere God hym selfe,

who

Truth is
the beste
treasure,

Who is true of his tonge, and telleth no other
 And doth the woordes ther to, and willet no mā yll
 He is a god by the gospel, a grounde and a losse
 And lyke to our Lord, by saynt Lukes woordes.
 The clarkes that knowe thys, should henne it about
 For christen and unchristen, claymeth it echone
 Kynges and knyghtes, should kepe it by reason
 Ryden and rapen downe, in realmes aboute
 And taken traungressours, and tye hem fast
 Tyll trueth terminated, her trespate to the ende
 And þ is þ profession aparty, þ appēderh to knyghtes
 And not to faste one Friday, in fīue scoze wynter
 But hold to him & with hir, that wolden all truth
 And neuer leue hem for loue, ne for lakynge of syluer.

Knyghtes
office.

For Dauid in his dayes, dubbed knyghtes
 And did hem swere on her swerde, to serue truth euer
 And who so passed þ point, was apostata in þ order.
 But Christe kyng of kynges, made knyghtes ten,
 Cherubyn and Seraphyn, suche seuen and another.
 And gaue hē myght in his maieste, þ mirier hē thou-
 And ouer hys meane meiny, made hē archāgels (ght
 Taught by the trinitie, Trueth to knowe
 To be buryme at his bidding, he bade hē noughtels
 Lucifer with legions, learned it in heauen
 But for he brake burumnes, his blysse can be tīne
 And fell from that felowshyp, in a fendes lykenes
 Into a depe darcke hell, to dwell there for euer
 And moo thousandes to hym, thā man could numbre
 Toppen out with Lucifer, in lothlyche forme
 For these leueden upon him, that lped on thys maner

Dauid

in onam pedem in aquilone, et similis ero altissimo.

Isai. xliii

And al þ hoped it might be so, no heue might hē hold

B. ii.

But

But fel out in findes likenes, nine dayes together
 Tyl god of his goodnes, gan stable and stinc
 And garde the heuen to sticke, and stonde in quiet
 When the wicked went out, in wonder wyse they fel
 Some in ayre some in earth, and some in hell depe.
 And Lucifer lowest lieth, yet of hem al
 For pride that he pult out, his payne had no end
 And al that worke with wrong, wend they shal
 After their death day, and dwell with that shrewe
 And tho that work wel, as holy wryte telleth
 And ende as I ere sayd, in truch that is the beste
 May be liker that their soules, shal wende to heauen
 There truch is in trinitie, and troweth hem al,
 Forth I say as I sayd ere, by syght of these textes,
 When all treasures are tried, truch is the best
 Lerne on this lewde men, for letterd men it knoweth
 That truch is treasure, the triedest on earth.
 I haue no kind knowing & I, ye mote me ken better
 By what craft in my crops, it cometh & where.
 Thou doest daffe, quod she dul are thy wittis
 To tel latin thou learnedst leode in thy youth.
 Deu mihi, quia se rilem duri, vitam iuuenilem.
 It is a kind knowing & he, that knoweth in thy herte
 For to loue the lord, leuer then thy selfe.
 No deadly sinne to do, dye though thou shouldest.
 This I trowe be truch, who can teach the better,
 Loke thou suffer him to say, and sith lerne it after
 For trucheth telleth that loue, is triacle for synne
 May no sinne be on him sene, that bleseth that spice
 And al his works he wrought, with loue as him list
 And lerned it Moyses, for the leuest thing of al
 And also the plant of peace most p'ecious of vertues

Truch is
 the grea-
 test trea-
 sure,

For heauen might not hold it, it was so heuy of hym
 Till it had of the earth, yoten it selue (selfe)
 And whan it had of this fold, flesh and bloud taken
 Was neuer lease vpon linde, lighter thereafter
 And portatiue & persante, as the poynt of a nedle
 That might none armour it let, ne none heigh walles
 Forthy loue is the leader, of the lordes loue of heauen
 And a meane as the maire is, betwene the king & the
 Right so is loue a leader, & the law shapeth (comons)
 Upon man for his misdedes, the merchemēt he tareth
 And for to know it kindly, it cometh by myght
 And in the hert there is the head, and the hight wyl
 For of kind knowing in hert, ther a myght beginneth.
 And that falleth to the father, that for mid you al
 He lokid on vs with loue, and let his sone dye
 Mekely for our misdedes, to amend vs all:
 And yet wold he be no woo, & wrought him & payne
 But mekely with mouth, mercy he besought
 To haue pitie on that people, that pained him to deeth
 Here might you se in example, in selfe one
 That he was mightful and meke, & mercy can graunt.
 To hem that hanged on heighe him, & his hert thiled.
 Forthe I red you Rich, haue ruth on the poze
 Though ye be mighty to mote, be meke in your woze
 For the same mesure & ye mete, amis other els (kes)
 Ye shall be twelue ther wylch, whan ye wonden hence
 Eadem mensura qua mensi fueritis, remittetur vobis.
 For though ye be true of your tong, & trulch wozech Ag ar. iiii.
 And as chaste as a child, that in church wepeth
 But if ye loue selfe, and leue the poze
 Such good as god you sent, godlike parte
 You haue no moze merite, in masse noz in houres

Than Walkin of her maydehead, & no man desireth;
 For James the Gentle, Indged in his bokes
 That sayth about the seate, is right nothing worth
 And as deade as doze tree, but if the dedes followe

Jacob. ii.

Ides sine operibus mortua est.

Forthi chastitie without charitie, worthi chelnes in hell:
 It is as lewde as a lampe, that no light is in
 Many chaplens at chaſt, and charitie is awaye
 At no mē avarisliouſer thā they, whē they be auauced
 Unkind to their kinne, and to al christen
 The wen theyre charitie, and chiden after more
 Many curatours kepe hem, cleane of her bodles
 They be accūbzed w couetise, thei cā not do it fro the
 So harde hath avarice, hasped them togithers
 And that is no truth of p trinitie, but trichei of hel
 And lerning to lewde men, the latter for to dele
 Forthi these wordes be woziten in the gossell

Luke vi

Date et dabitur vobis. for I dele you all.

That is the locke of loue, that letteth out my grace
 To comforten the carefull accombzed woth synne
 Loue is leche of lyfe, and nere our lord selfe
 And also the gate, that goeth into heauen.
 Forthi I say as I sayd er, by the textes
 Whan all treasures be tried, truth is the best
 So haue I told you what truth is, & no tresur is bet
 I may no lūger leng ye w, now loke ye our lord (ter



Et I corbed on mi knes, & cryed her of grace
 And seid merci madā, for maris loue of heuē
 That bare þ blisful barne, þ bought vs on þ
 Then me bi some craft, to know þ fals. rode
 Loke upon thy lefte halfe, and lo where he stondeþ
 Both false and fauel, and her feeris many
 I loked on my left halfe, as the lady me taught
 And was ware of a woman, worthily clothed
 Purfiled with pelure, the finest vpon erthe
 Crowned with a crowne, the king hath no better
 Settlych her fingers, were frettyd w gold wter
 And there on redde rubies, as redde as any giede
 And diamōds of dearest price, & double maner saphyres
 Orientales and E wages, benemis to destroye
 My robe was full rich, of red scarlet engrayned
 With rybandes of red gold, and of rich stōnes
 Her array me rauished, suche riches saw I neuer.
 I had wonder what she was, & whose wife she were.
 What is this woman q I, so worthily attyred
 That is mede þ maid quod she, hath noied me ful oft
 And lacked my lemmā, that leautie is thore
 And bylow her to lordes, that lawes haue to kepe
 In the popes palaice, she is prey as my selfe
 But sothenes wold not so, for she is a bastarde
 For false was her father, that hath a sickell tounge,
 And neuer soth sayd, sithen he came to earth
 And mede is married after him, right as kinde askith.
 Qualis pater callis filius, bona arbor bonum fructum facit. Mat. lvi
 I ought be hiet then she: I came of a better
 My father the great God is: and ground of all grace
 One God wout beginning, & I his good daughter
 And hath geuen me mēry, so maye with my selfe
 And

131. xv,

And what man be mercifull, and lelly me loueth
 Shalbe my lozde and I his lyfe, in the hygh heauen
 And what man taketh mede, my head dare I lay
 That he shall leafe for her loue, a lyppe of Charitatis
 How cōstrueth Dauid the king, of men þ take mede:
 And men on thys mould, that maintaineth truth
 And howe ye should saue your selfe, þ psalter bereth:
 Domine, quis habitabit in tabernaculo tuo & c. (witnes
 And nowe worch this Mede, married vnto a mauzed
 To one fals fikell tonge, a fendes bezet (shewe
 faul by his faire speach, hath this folk enchaunted
 And al is lyes ledyng, that she is thus wedded
 The morow was made, the maydens brydale
 And there might þ wit if thou wilt, which they be all
 That longen to that lozdschyp, the lesse and the more
 Kno w hem there if thou canst, & kepe thou thy tonge.
 And lake he not but let he worch, til leaury be iustice.
 And haue powr to punish he, tha put forth thi reason
 For I beken the Chyrl of she, & his cleane mother
 And let no cōscience accōbze the, for couetise of mede,
 Thus leste me that Ladye, lyggynge a slepe
 And howe mede was married, in metals me thought
 That al the ryche retenaunce, þ rayneth to the false
 Were bounden to the brydale, on boeth two sydes
 Of all maner of men, the meane and the ryche
 To mary the maide, was many a man assembled
 As of knyghtes & of clarks, & other comane people.
 As skours and somoners, byznes and cheit clarkes.
 Bedelles and bayliffes, and brokers of chaffer
 Forgoers and bitellers, and aduocates of tharches
 I can not reken the route, that ran about Wyde
 And Simony and Cynle, and Skours of courtes
 were

Where most pꝛiue w mede, of any men the thought
And fauel was the first, that fet her out of boure
And as a broker brought her, to be w false enioyned

So han Simony and Ciuil, see hyz both wyl
They assented for syluer, to say as both wolde
Than lepe Lye forth, and sayd lo here a Charter
That gile w his great othes, gaue hem togyders
And prayed Ciuil to see, and Simony to reade it,
Than Simony & Ciuil, stonden forth both togyther
And vnfold the scoffement, that false hath ymade
And thus begyneth these games, to grede ful herght

Sciant presentes et futuri. &c.

Medes
charter.

Marita-
gium pra
num cum
scoffem-
to in mas
lo scodo,
et de per
ueria res
nuia,

Witteth & wytnesseth, al þ wonneith apon this earth
That Mede is married, moze for hit goodes
Than for any vertue oz fayzenes, oz any fre kynd
Fallenes is fayne of hyz, for he wortch hyz ryche
And fauell with hyz ficle speach, sefferh hit by this
To be pꝛinces in pꝛid, & pouerty to dispise (charter
To backebite and to bosten &, to beate false wytnes.
To scozne and to scoulde, and slander to make
Unbuxome and bold, to breake the ten bestes
And the Crledome of Enuy, and wꝛath togythers
With the Chasilet of Chrest, and chatteringe out of
The county of couetise, & al the costes about (reason
That is blury and Quatise, all þ hem graunt
In bargaines & brocages, w al þ boꝛough of thefte,
And all the lordshyp of lechery, in length & in brede
As in woꝛks & in woꝛdes, & in waytinges with eyes
And in weddes & wishinges, & wyth idle thoughtes.
There as wyl would, & the woꝛkmanshyp sayleth.
Glotony he gaue hem eke, and great othes togyther
And all day to dꝛinke, at diuers tabernes.

mede scoffa
ment & se
had w full

And there to iangle & to lape, & iudge her euē christen
 And in fastynge dayes to frete, ere full tyme were
 And than to sytte and soupe, tyll slepe hem assaile
 And bryde forth as borrough swyne, & bedde hē easely
 Tyll Slouthe and slepe, styken her sydes
 And thā Wanhope to awaken hem so, w no wil to a
 For they liuen by luste, that is her last end (mend
 And they to haue and to hold, and hir heyres after
 In dwellynge with the deuill, and damned be for euer
 With al þ appertinaūcis of purgatory, into þ pain of
 Peldynge for thys thyng, at one yeres ende, (hell
 They soules to Sathan, to suffer with him paynes
 And w hym to wōne in wo, whyle god is in heauen
 In wytnes of whyche thyng, Wzonge was the first
 And Pierce the pardoner, of Paulinus doctrine
 Bette the bedle, of Buckynghain byre
 Raynolde the reue, of Rutlande soken
 Munde the mylner, with manye mo other
 In the date of the deuyl, thys dede I enseale
 By syght of sy? Symony, and Ciulls leaue
 Thā tened hym Theology, whan he this tale heard
 And sayd to Ciull, now we sozo w myght you haue
 Such weddynges to worch, to wraeth wyth Truthe
 And ere thys weddinge be wrought, wo the betyde
 For Medes is muller, of amendes engendred
 And God graunterhe, to gyue Medes to Truthe
 And þ hast giue hir to a gilo?, now god gyue þ sozo w
 Thy terte telleth the not so, Truthe woote the sothe.
 For Dignus est operarius. hys byre to haue
 And thou haste fastned hir to false, spe on thy lawe
 For all by leasyng thou lyuest, & lecherous works
 Symonye and thy selfe, shender holye church

The true
 preacher.

Luke 1.
 Who is it
 that was
 meek ho-
 ly church.

The

The notaries and ye, noye the people
 Ye shal abyte it both, by God that made me
 Well ye wit wernardes, but if your wyte fayle
 That false is faythles, and fynd in his werkes
 And was a bastard bozne, of Belshabys kynne
 And Mede is a mulier, a mayden of good
 And might kisse the kynge, for cosyn if she wolde.
 Therfore woꝝke by wyte dome, and by my wyte also
 And leade hit to London, there it is shewed
 If any lawe wil loke, they ligen together
 And though iustices iudge hit, to be ioyned to false
 Yet beware of wedding, for wytte is truth
 And cosciēce is of his counseil, & knoweth you echone
 And if he find you in default, and with false hold
 It shal be set your soules, ful soze at the last
 Here to assented Cyll, and Simony ne wolde
 Til he had silver, for his seruice, & also the notaries
 Than fet fauell forth, flozences inowe
 And bade gyle go gyue, golde about
 And namely to the Notaries, that hem none fayle
 And tesse false wynges with flozences inowe
 For they may Mede amastry, and maken at my will.
 Tho this gold was geuen, great was the thankyng
 To false and to fauell, for her great giftes
 And come to consoꝝten, fro care the false
 And sichen saide certes sy, crasen shall we neuer
 Til me de be weddld thy wife, thzough wits of vs all
 For we haue Mede amastrid, with our mery speach,
 That she graunted to gone, with a good wyll
 To London to loke, if the lawe wolde
 Judge you ioynelye, in loye for euer
 Than was falsenes layne, and fauell as blyth,

Birdes

What hoz
ses thei þ
rid wyth
mede had

And letten sommon al seges, in thyers about
And had hem al to be botomr, beggers and ocher
To wed to him to westminster, to witnes this dede.
And tha caried they forth caples, to cary hem thither.
And fauel fet forth then, folk inowe
And set mede bpon a Shireue, thode al ne we
And false sate on a Sifour, that softlych troted
And fauell on a flatterer, feetly attired
Tho had Notaries none, anoted they were
For Simony and Ciuil, should on their fete gange
And than swoze Simony, and Ciuyll both
That somners should be sadled, & serue hem echone.
And let apparel these prouisoys, in palfreis wise
Sir Simony him selfe, shal syt on their backes
Deanes, and subdeanes, draw you togither
Archedecons and officials, and al your registers
Let saddle hem with silver, our sinne to suffer
As aduoutry and dinoces, and derne vsury
To beare bishops about, abrode in bisiting
Paulinus primus, for pleyntis in consistory
Shal serue my selfe, that Ciuill is inempned
And cartsaddle the comisary, our carte shall he leade,
And fetch he vs bitayles, at fornicatores
And maketh of Lier a long cart, to lede al these ocher
As friers and faytours, that on their fete runnen,
And thus false and fauel, faren forth together
And Mede in the mides, and al these men after.
I haue no tyme to tel, the talle that here foloweth
Of many maner men, that on thys mould lybbeth
And gyle was foregoer, and guided hem all
Sothenes seeth hem well, and sayeth but litle
And pricked his palfrey, and passed hem all:
And came to the kinges court, & Conscience it tolde

Trueth
maketh
haste to þ
kyng.

And Conscience to the king, carped it after.

Now by Christ & the king, and I catch might
Fals or fauell, or any of their feeris
I wold be worken of tho wretchedes, þ̄ worken this yll
And done hē hang by þ̄ hals, & al þ̄ hem meiateyneth
Shal neuer man on this mold, mainprise the leaste
But right as the law wol loke, let fall on hem all
And comaunded a constable, that can at the first
To attache tho tyrauntes, for any thyng I hote
And fetter fast falsenes, for any kinnes giftes
And girde of Gyles head, and let him go no ferther
And if ye latche L yer, let hym not escape,
Or he be put on the pillery, for any prayers I hote
And bying mede to me, in maugre them all,
Drede at the doze stode, and the dome harde
How the king comaunded, Constables & Sergeantes
Falsenes and his feloshypp, to fetter and to binden
Than drede went wigotely and warned the fals,
And bad him fle for feare, and his fellows es al.

Dredema
kerh the
silly see.

Falsenes for feare then, fledde to the friers
And Gyle dothe him to go, agast for to dye
And marchauntis meten w him, & made hym to byde
And shyttē him in her shoppes, to the wen her ware
Appareled him as a prentise, the people to serue.

Lyghthe L yer leaped, and away ranne
Luckyng through lanes, to lugged of many.
He was no where welcome, for his in any tales.

Ouer all thouted, and I hote crusse
Tyl Wardoners had pety, and pulled him into house.
They wash him & wipe him, & woundē him in clouts
And sent hym with seales, on sondages to churches
And gaue hym pardon for pence, pound neale aboute

Falce can
lack no
maiter.

Than loured leches, and letters they sent
 That he should wonne with hem, waters to luke
 Spicers spoken with him, to spyre their ware
 For he coud of ther craft, & knew many gommies
 And minstrels and messengers, met with him once
 And held him halfe a yere, and a leuen dayes
 T ryres with fayre spech, fet him thence
 And for knowing of comers, coped him as a frier
 And he hath leaue to leape out, as oft as him lyketh
 And welcome whan he wyl, & wonneth to the ofte
 All fledden for feare, and flooen into hernes
 Saue mede the mayde, no mo durst abyde
 And truely to tell, she trembled for drede
 And eke wept and w:ong, when she was atached

Passus tertius de bislone.

The king
 was now
 of mede
 whom she
 louneth
 best.



Now is mede the mayd, & no mo of hem all,
 to Bedels & balifs, brough befoze the kinge
 The king called a clerk, can I not his name.
 To take mede the mayd, & make her at ease
 I chal assaye her my selfe, and sothelych appose
 What man of this mold, that her were leuest
 And if she worke by wyl, and my wyl follovo
 I wol forgeue hir this gylt, so me God helpe
 Curtesy the clerke than, as the king hight
 Toke mede by the middle, & brought her into chabze,
 And there was mirch and minstrelsy, Mede to please
 They that wone in westminster, worshipped her al
 Gentle with Joye, the Justices came
 Busked hem to the bower, there the byrd dwelled
 To comfort her kindlye, by clergies leaue
 And sayd mo:ne not Mede, ne make ye no sozo to

for

For we will with the king, and thy waye shape
To be weddid at thy will, and where the leefe liketh,
For all conscience cast and craft, as I trowe.
Mildie Mede than, mercied them all
Of her great goodnes, and gaur hem echone
Copps of cleane gold, and Cupps of siluer
Rynges with rubies, and riches many
The lest man of their mente, a moton of gold.
Than laugh they leue, these lordis at mede.
With that comon clarkes, to comfort her the same
And bidden her be blich, for we be thine owne
For to worke thy wyll, the whyle we moun last
Hendliche she than, bishight them the same
To louen hem lillie, and lordes to make
To begge hem benefices, pluralities to haue
And in consistory at court, do call her names
Shall no lewdnes let, the clarkes that I loue
That he ne worth first auanced, for I am beknowe
Ther cunning clarkes, sholen cloke behynde.
Than came ther a confessor, copid as a frere
To mede the mayd, he mellud thes wordes
And sayd full softly, in shyfte as it were
Though lewd me & lerned me, had lien by the both
And falsenes had yfouled the, all this fifty wynter
I shal assyle the my selfe, for a sene of whete,
And also be thy bedman, and beare wel thy message!
Amongest knightes & clerks, conscience to turne
Then Mede for her mystedes, to that man kneled
And shroue her of her shroudnes, shameles I trowe
Told him a tale, and toke him a noble
For to be her bedman, and her broker also
Than he assyled her sone and sithen he sayde
We haue a widdow in working, wil set vs ful high.
wouldest

Woldest thou glase þ gable, & graue therein thi nantie
Seker shoulde thy soule be, heauen to haue.

The fruit-
res of þo
pise pen-
aunce,

Wyst I that quod the woman, I would not spare
For to be your frende fryer, and sayle you neuer
Whyle you loue Lordes, that lechery haunten
And lake not Ladyes, that loue well the same.

It is fraylenes of the fleshe, ye synde it in bokes
And a course of kynde, whereof we comen al
Who so may escape the slaunder, þ scath is sone amē
It is synne of the seven, sone released

Haue mercy quod mede, of men that it haunten
And I shal couer your kyke, your cloisture do make
Walles do whyten, and wyndowes do glasen
Do paynten and portraie, and pay for the makynge
That every legge shal say, I am syster of your house.

And god to all good folke, suche grauyng defend
To wyte in wyndowes, of her well dedes
On auēter pyrd be painted ther, a pomp of þ worlde
For Christ knoweth thy conscience, & thy kind wyll:
And thy cost and thy couetise, & who thi catel oughe

Therfore I learne you lordes, leaue such worckes
To wyten in wyndowes, of your well dedes
Or to gredde after goddesmen, whā ye delen doles

agath, vi.

On auēter you haue your hire here, & your haue also.

Nesciat sinistra tua quid facit dextra

Lette not thy lesie halfe, late ne rathe
Wyte what thou worckeste, wyth thy right syde
For thus biddeth þ gospel, good mē done her almes.

The may-
ers ouice

Mayres and masters, that meanes be betwene
The kynge and the common, to kepe the lawes
To punyche on pylaries, and pynnyng stoles
Brusters and bakesters, bouchers and cokes.

For these ar me on this mold, y most harme woꝛkeith
 To the poze people, that petrell meale byghe
 For the y poylen the people, pꝛiuelly and oke
 They richen through regatry, & tenies hem bighen,
 With that y poze people, should put in her wombes
 For toke they all truely, they limbred not so bygh
 He bought no butgages, be se full certen.
 And Mede y mayd, the Maye hach besoughe
 Of all such Sellers, siluer to take
 Or presentes without pence, as peces of syluer
 Kinges or other riches, the regatours to make
 For my loue & that Lady, loue hem echone
 And suffer hem to sel, some deale agaynst trason.

What
 harme yll
 vicillies
 dog h. hat
 abuses in
 regatig.

Salomon the sage, a sermon he made
 For amend Mayes, and men that kepe lawes
 And tolde hem this tyme, that I tel thinke.
 Agnis deuorabit tabernacula eoru, qui libenter accipistis mu. Job. xv.
 Among these lettered leodes this late is to meane (acta:
 That fyre shal fall, and brenne all to blo ashes
 The houses and homes, of hem that des. eth
 Giftes or yres gyfts, bicause of her offices.
 The king from the counsel came, & called after mede,
 And sent for her a swyth, with sergeantes many
 That brought her to boure, with blys & with loze
 Curtesly the king chan, comsed to tel
 To mede the mayd, melleth these wordes.
 Unwittely woman, wrought hast thou oke
 And wourse wroughtest I neuer, than tho y fals teke
 But I forgeue the that gilt, and graunt the my grace
 Pence to thy death dare do so no more.
 I haue knight conscience, came late from beynde
 If he willet the to wyfe, wilt thou him haue?

Pea lord & that ladie, God for bydels,
 But I be wholy at your heil, hang me sone.
 And than was Conscience called, to come and appeare
 Before the king and his counsell, as clerkes & other
 Knelinge Conscience, to the kinge laured
 To wote what his wil were, and what he do shoulde.
 Wilt I wedde this woman & I kynge, if I will assent?
 For she is fayne of thy felowship, for to be thy make.
 Quod conscience to the king, Christ it me for bydde
 O I wed such a wyfe, woe me betyde
 For she is fraile of her fayth, fyhell of her speche
 And maketh men misdo, many score tymes
 Trust of her treasure, betrayeth ful many
 Wyues and widowes, wantones she teacheth
 And leareth hem lechery, that loue her gistes
 Your father she felked, through false byhest
 And hath poysoned Popes, and peyed holy churche
 Is not a better baud, by him that me made
 Betwene heuen and hell, in earth though men sought
 For she is tykel of her taylor, taylorisse of her tonge
 As come as a carte way, to ech a knaue that walketh
 To monkes and to minstrels: to mesels in hedges
 Silours and somnours, such men her prayseth
 Shyues of shires, were shent if she were not
 For she doth men lese her land, and her lyfe both.
 She letteth passe prisoners, and payeth for them ofte
 And geueth the Gallows, gold and grotes togethers
 To vnfetteren the false, she wtere him lybeth
 And taketh the true by the top, and tyeth hem fast
 And hangereth hem for hatred, that harme did neuer
 To be cursed in consistory, she counteth not a beane
 For she copeth the commissarie, and coteth bys clarkes
 She is alloyed as sone, as her selfe lybeth.

Conscience
 forsaketh
 wyde for
 his euill
 condicyn

a great
 complaint
 of a
 greuous
 man

And may nigh as moch do, in a month one
 As may your secret scale, in six score dayes
 For she is prey with the pope, prouisoys it knoweth
 For sir Simonie and her selfe, sealeth the bulles
 She blesteth the bishops, though they be lewde
 Prouendureth persons, and plesses mainteinerth
 To haue lemmans and lottabes, all her lyue dayes
 And bringeth forth barnes, agayne forhode lawes
 There she is well with the king, woo is the Realme
 For she is fauorable to false, and fouleth truth oft
 Bi Jesus with her Jewels, your Iustices she spendith
 And lyeth ageyne the lawes, and letterth hem the gait
 That sayth mai not be of force, her doctes fly to thich
 She leadeh the law as her liste, a louedales makerh
 And doth me lese through her loue, þ law might wynn
 The mays of a meane man, though he more her euer
 Lawe is so lordleche, and loth to make rude
 Withouthen p'sentes o' pence, she pleaseth fulle
 Bi good reso þ is gert rich, reherse me what he lieth
 Barons and burgesies, she bringeth in sorowe
 And al the comon in care, that couetish lyfe in truerh
 For Clergie and couetis, she coupleth together
 This is the life of that lady, now lord giue her sorow
 And al that mainteinerth her me, meschaunce he beride
 For poze me mai haue no potow, to plain he wbe they
 Such master is mede, among me of good, (smarts
 Than moored Mede, and mewed her to the kinge
 To haue space to speke, spede if she might
 The king graunted her grace: with a good wyll
 Excuse the if thou canst: I can no moze sayne
 For conscience accuseth the: to congayne the for euer
 Pave lord quod that lady: leue him the worse

D. it.

Edhan

Medcha
 ry leue to
 speake

answae of
me yd a gryn
e conscience

mede res-
herleth
what the
hary done

Whan ye wisteth wistethly, where the wrong lyeth
There that mischiese is great, mede in y helpe.
And thou knowest conscience, I came not to chyd
Ne depraue thy person, with a proud herte
So el thou wotest warward, but if thou wilt gabbe
Thou hast hanged on me, halfe a leuen times
And also griped my gold, giue it wher the liked
And why thou wrachest þ now, woder me thinketh
Yet I may as I might, menske the with gistes
And mainteine thy manhod, more then thou knowest
And thou hast famed me foule, before the king here
For killed I neuer no king, ne councelled thereafter
Ne did as thou demest, I do it on the kinge
In Normandy was he not, noyed for my sake
And thou thy selfe sothely, shamedst him ofte
Crope into a Chabane, for colde of thy nayles
Wendest that winter, wold haue lasted euer
And dredest to be deade, for a dym cloude
And hydest hyward, for hunger of thy wombe.
Without pille pylow, poze men thou robbedst
And bare hyr bras at thy backe, to Calleis to sell
There I last with my lord, his life for to saue.
I made his men mery and mourning let
I barred hem on bet backe, and bolded her hertes
I dyd hem hoppe for hope, to haue me at will
Had I bene merchall of his men, by Mary of heauen
I durst haue layd my lyfe, and no lesse wed
He should haue be lord of þ lande, in length & bredth
And also king of that kyth, his kynne for to helpe
The lest bzol of his bloud, a barous pere.
Cowardly thou cōscience, councelledst him theng
To leuen his lordship, for a lytle syluer

That

That is the richest realme, that rayne ouer houeth.

It becometh to a kyng, that kepeth a realme

To gyue mede to men, that mekely him serueth

To allantes and to al mē, to honoure hem wth gyttes

Mede maketh him beloued, and for a man holden.

Emperours and Eres, and all maner of Lordes

For gyttes haue yonge men, to go and to ryde

The Pope & al the prelates, presentes vnderfoggen

And medeth men hem selues, to maintein her lawes.

Seruauntes for their seruice, we se well the sorbe

Taken mede for hyr maistris, as they may accorde.

Beggars for their biddynge, bidden me Mede

Myntrels for theyr myrth, Mede theyr aske.

The kyng hath mede of his mē, to make peace in lād

Men that teachen chyldren, crauen after mede.

Prestes that preachen y^e people to good, asken mede

And masse pence and her meat, at the meale tyme.

All kynne craftes men, craue Mede for her prentises

Marchauntes and mede, muste nedes go togythers

No wyght as I wene, withouten mede may lyue.

Quod the king to Conscience, by Christ as me thynketh

Mede is well worthy, the maistris to haue.

Rayn y^e Conscience to y^e king, & kneled on the earth

There are ii. maner of Medes, my lord wth your leue

That one god of hys grace, grauntech in his blisse

To hem that well worchen, whyle they liuen here

The prophet precheth thereof, & put it in the psalter.

Domine quis habitabit in tabernaculo tuo. &c.

Lord who shal wone in thy wonnes, & with thi holy

O^r restē in thi holy hils: this asketh Dauid. (saynt)

And Dauid assoyleth it him selfe, as y^e psalter telleth.

Qui ingreditur sine macula, et operatur iusticiam.

Ps. lii.

They

Mede tel
leth how
neadful
me is to
all men.

Conscience
telleth y^e
king of. ii.
maner of
Medes.

psal. xv.

They that entren of one coloure, and of one will
And haue wrought woorkes, w right & w ith reason
And he that vseth not, the life of vsurpe
And enfourmeth poze men, and preserueth trueth

Psal. xlv.

Qui pecuniam suam non dedit ad usuram
Et munera super innocentem non accipit.

And al þ helpe the innocēt, and holden w the rightfull
Without Bede doth hem good, & the truth helpeth
Suche maner men my Lorde, shal haue þ first mede
Of god at her greate nede, whan they gone hence
Ther is an other mede mesureles, þ masters desireth
To maintaine misdoers, mede they take.

And therof speaketh the psalter, in a psalmes ende.

Psal. xxvi

In quorum manibus iniquitates sunt
Dextera eorum, repleta est muneribus.

And he that grypeth his golde, so me god helpe
Shall abyte it bytter, oꝝ the boke lpyth
Priestes and persons, that pleasynge desiren
That taken mede and money, for masses þ they singe
Taken her mede here, as Mathew vs teacheth

Mat. vi.

Amen amen, recipiant mercedem suam.

That labourers and poze folke, take of her masters
It is no maner mede, but a measurable hyze
In marchaundise is no mede, I may it well auowe
It is a permutatio apertly, a penyworth for another
And reddest thou neuer Regum, thou recrad mede
Whā the bēgeance fel on Saule, & on hys chyldren
God sent to Saule, by Samuell the prophete
That Agag of Amalec, and all hys people after
Shoulde dye for a dede, that done had her elders
Therfore said Samuel to Saul, god him self hoteth
The be burume at his bidding, his wil to fullfill

Wend

Wōd to Amelē to thine host, & what þ findest there
 Burnes and Beastes, byenne hem to death (steale
 wydowes and wyues, women and children
 Mouable & vnmouable, and al that thou might find
 Byenne it beare not awaye, be it neuer so ryche
 For mede noz for money, loke thou distrope it
 Spyll it and spare it not, thou shalt spede the better
 And for he coueted her cattell, and the kinge spared
 For bare him & his beasts both, as þ bible witnesseth
 Otherwyse than he was, warned of the prophet
 God sayd to Samuel, that Saule should dye
 And his seide for that synne, shamefully ende
 Such a mischiese mede made, Saule þ king to haue
 That god hated him foreuer, & all his heyres after
 The colour of thys case, ne kepe I not to tell
 On auenture it noyed men, no ende wyll I make
 For so is this world wont, to hem that haue power
 That who so sayeth sothe, is sonest blamed
 I Conscience know this, for kind wit, me it taught
 That reason shall rayne, and realmes gouerne
 And right as Agag had, happe shall come
 Samuell shall slea him, and Saule shall be blamed
 And Dauid shall be diademed, & daunten hem all
 And one christen kinge, kepe hem echeone
 Shall no moze mede be maistry, as she is now
 And loue and loyones, and leauty togythers
 Shall be maisters on molde, Truthe to saue
 And who so trespasseth against truthe, oz taketh again
 Leauty shal done hym laue, & no life els (his wil
 Shal no sergeāt for his seruice, wear no silk howne
 Ne no pelure in his cloke, for pleadyng at the barre
 Mede of misdoers, maketh many Lordes.

This is
 no prophe
 cy, but a
 reasonable
 gatherig.

And

Passus tredecimus.

*Thys is
no proph
cy, but a
sermon.
elected of
the scrip-
tures.*

And ouer lordes labours, ruleth the realmes
And lone shall come yet, and conscience together
And make of lawe a labourer, such lone shall aryle
And such a peace among the people, & a perfite truth,
That Jewes shall wene in their wyte, & waxe worders
That Moses & Messia, be come into this erth (glad
And haue wonder in her herres, that men be so true.
All that beareth ballarde, bzode swerde oz launce
Axe, oz yet hatcher, oz any weapon els
Shalbe demed to deth, but if he do it smithy.
Into sickle oz into sythe, to share oz to culter.

Esai. II.

Conflabunt gladios suos in vomeres.

Euery man to play with a plow, pikeaxe, oz spade,
Spynne oz spread dong, oz spil him selfe w sloughe,
Priestes oz persons, with placebo to hunte
And dyngre upon David, euery day tyl euen
Hunting oz hauking, if any of them vse
Hys boast of benifce, wo:th by nome him after
Shal neither king ne knight, constable ne mayze
Ouerleade the cominon, ne to the court somone
Ne put hem in panel, to done hem plight her truth
But after þ dede is done, one dome shal rewarde
Mercy oz no mercy, as truth wil accord.

Kinges courte, comon courte, consistozre and ch:ptre
Al shalbe but one court, and one Baron by iustice
Than wo:th true tog, a tidy man þ cened me neuer
Battels shall none be, ne no man beate weapon
And what smith that any smithed, be smit:cher w to

Esai. II.

Adiuuabit gens contra gentem gladium. &c. (Death)

And oz this fortune fall, find men shal the werste
By syr sunes and a thyp, and halfe a shefe of arrows.
And þ mydle of a mone, shal make þ Jewes to turne,
And

ONE

And Sarasines for that sight shall sing

Gloria in excelsis Deo

For Makometh and Bede, misshape that that tyme

For melius est bonum nomen quam diuitie multe

All so wroth as the wind, waxe Bede in a while

I can latine & we, clerkes wote the sothe

Se what Solomon sayth, in Sapience bokes

That he that geueth giftes, the victoꝝ winneth

And most worship hath ther to, as haly wryte telleth.

Honorem acquirit, qui dat munera.

I leue wel Lady & conscience, that latine be true

And thou art like a lady: that rad a lesson once

Was Omnia, probare and that pleased her well

For that was no longer, at the leaues ende

Had she loked that othre half, and the lese turned

She shuld haue found fel woꝝdes folowing thereafter

Quod bonum est tenete. Trueth that texte made

And so fared ye Madame, ye coude nomoze finde

Tho you loked on Sapience, sitting in your study

This text that ye haue told, were good for lordes

And you failed a cūig clerk, & could & lese hane turned

And if ye seke Sapience oft, find ye shall & followeth.

I full teneful text, to hem that take mede

And that is, Animam autem auferit accipientium. ec.

And & is the talle of the text: of that that ye shewed

That though we win worship, a wyth mede haue

The soule that the sond taketh, by so much (victoꝝ
is bounde.

is alius quartus de visione



Case layed the kinge, I suffer you no longer

Ye shal langis forsooth, & serue me both

And he quod the kinge, conscience I hote

And he quod the kinge, conscience I hote

Ad illud textus.

*Thys is
no people
eye, but a
tear, a
ejected of
the scrip-
tures.*

And ouer lordes lawes, rulerh the realmes
And lowe shall come yet, and conscience together
And make of lawe a labourer, such lowe shall aryle
And such a prace among the people, & a perfite truth,
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Axe, oꝝ yet hatcher, oꝝ any weapon els
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Spynne oꝝ spꝛead dong, oꝝ spꝛl him selfe wꝛ floughe,
Pꝛiestes oꝝ persons, wꝛth placebo to hunte
And dyngge apou David, euery day tylene
Hunting oꝝ hauking, if any of them vse
Hys boast of benifce, wꝛth by nome him after
Shal neiher king ne knight, constable ne mayꝛe
Ouerleade the comunon, ne to the court sōmone
Ne put hem in panel, to done hem plight her truth
But after ꝑ dede is done, one dome shal rewarde
Mercy oꝝ no mercy, as truth will accord.

Kinges courte, cōmon courte, consistoꝝre and chꝛpter
Al shal be but one court, and one Baron by iustice
Than wꝛth true tōg, a tidy man ꝑ tēed me neuer
Battels shal none be, ne no man beate weapon
And what smith that any smithed, be smitē ther wꝛ to

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I can latine & we, clerkes wote the sothe

Se what Solomon sayth, in Sapience bokes

That he that geueth giftes, the victoꝝ winneth

And most woꝝship hath ther to, as haly wꝝite telleth.

Honorem acquirit, qui dat munera.

I leue wel Lady & cōscience, that latine be true

And thou art like a lady: that rad a lesson once

Was Omnia, probare and that pleased her well

For that was no longer, at the leanes ende

Had she loked that other half, and the lese turned

She shuld haue foud fel woꝝdes folowing thereafter

Quod bonum est tenete. Trueth that texte made

And so fared ye Madame, ye coude nomoze finde

Tho you loked on Sapience, sitting in your study

This text that ye haue told, were good for lordes

And you failed a cūig clerk, & could & lese haue turned

And if ye seke Sapience oft, find ye shall & followeth.

A full teneful text, to hem that take mede

And that is, Animam autem auferit accipientium. &c.

And & is the tale of the text: of that that ye shewed

That though we win woꝝship, a wꝝth mede haue

The soule that the sond taketh, by so much (victoꝝ

is bounde.

is alius quartus de visione



Case sayed the kinge, I suffer you no longer

Ye shal langis forsoth, & serue me both

And he quod the king, cōscience I hote

And I suffer to lide yow, yowhal & c. & c. & c.

is p. xlii.

That scri
pture sho
ld be read
whole.
i. xlii. v.

is p. xlii
is p. xlii
is p. xlii
is p. xlii

Conscience
will haue
reasons
aduice.

Reason yf find
to beare
counsell

Reason
syndeth on
sufferance.

Waren
wysdome
& wittye
folowed
Reason

Ray by Christ quod Conscience, congay me rather
But Reason reade me thereto, rather wyl I dye.
And I comaund you of the kyng, to Conscience than
Rape the to ride, and Reason thou fetch
Commaund him that he come, my counsell to heare
For he shall rule the realme, and reade me the beste
Of Medes and of other, and what man shall hit wed
And accouten to the Conscience, so me Christ helpe
How thou lernest þ people, the learned & the lewde.
I am fayne of that for ward, sayd the freke than
And ryt right to Reason, & rowndeth in his eare
And sayd as the kinge bade, and sythe toke his leane.
I shal aray me to ryde quod Reason, reste the a while
And called Caton his knaue: curtise of speache
And also Thomme true tonge, tell me no tales
Ne leasynge to laughen of, for I loued hem neuer
And set my saddle apō Sufferaunce, till I se my tyme
And let waroken it wel, with wyte y wordes girches
And hang on him the heavy bydle, to hold his brade
For he will make wehe, & wise er he come ther (lowe
Than Conscience apon his caple caried forth fast
And reason with him rit, rownyng to githers
Whych matris Medes, maketh on this earth
One Waren wysdome, and wyttys his fere
Folowed hym faste, for they had to done
In þ Escheke & at þ chauncerye, to be discharged of
And ride fast, for Reso hold read hem þ best (things
For to saue hem for siluer, fro shame and fro harmes.
And Conscience kne to hem wel, they loured couetise
And bade Reason ride fast, and reck of hem nerher
Ther be willes in her words, & with medes they dwell
Theras wyath & wyangelingys, there get they siluer
And wher is loue & leaury, they will not come there.

Centriclo et infelicitas in vito eorum. ps.

Isa. xiii.

They ne giue not of God, one goose winge.

Non est timor domini ante oculos eorum. ps.

Isa. xiii.

For God wot they wil do moze, for a dosen chikins

Or as many copons, or for a leame of Dees

Than for loue of our lord, or al his leue sayntes.

Therfore reason let hem ride, the rich by hem selfe

For Cosciēce knoweth he not, ne Chryst as I trowe.

And than Reason rode fast, the right hie gale

And Conscience him kenned, tyl they came to þ kyng,

Curtely the kyng e than, came agaynst Reason

And betwene him selfe and his sone, set hym on bēch

And wordeden wel wisely, a great whyle togythers.

And thā came Peace into parlimēt, a put forth a byll Peace cō

How wouge agaynst hys wyll, had his wife taken: playneth

And how he rauyshed Rose, Rainoldes loue vpo wroge

And Margaret of her maydēhed, maugre hie cheeks

Both my geese and my gris, his gadlinges fetcheth,

I dare not for feare of hym, fight ne chide

He bozowed my bayard, & brought hym neuer home

He no ferringe therfore, for ought I could pleade

He mayntēneth his men, to murder myne ewen

For stalleth my sayres, & fygtheth in my chepyng.

And breketh bp my berne dozes, & stealeth away my

And taketh me but a rayl, for .x. quarter othes (wheat

Yet he bealeth me therro, and lieth by my mayd

I am not hardy for him, vnwesh to loke

The king knew he said soth, for Cosciēce him told

That wouge was a wicked lusk, & wrought much

Wouge was afraid thē: & wisdom he sought (sozow

To make peace w his pence, and proferd him manye

And sayde, had I loue of the kyng: lytle wold I reche

C.ii.

Thoughe

If Wylg
myght op-
tayne the
kingis fa-
uour, he
passeth for
no more,

Though Peace and his power, playned hem euer
Tho went Wylsdom, and sir Warren the wittye
For that Wylg had wrought, so wycked a dede
And warnyd Wylg tho, with such a tale.
Who so worketh by wyll, wrahe maketh oft
I saye it by my selfe, you shall it well finde
Butt Wylg it make, thy mischefe is by
For both thy lyfe and thy londe, lyeth in his grace.
Than wolwed Wylg, wysedome full yerne
To make his peace to his pence, handy dady payed
Wylsdom and Wyt than, went both togythers
And toke Wylg midde hem, mercy to wyne.
Peace put forth his heade, and his pan bloudy
Wythouten gylt god wot, gate I thys scath
Conscience and the commune, knowen the sothe
And wysedome and Wyt weren about faste
To ouercome the kynge, with cattell if they might:
The kinge swore by Christ, and by his crowne both
That Wylg for his workes, should wo thowoly
And commaunded a constable, to cast him in yzous
And let him not these seuen yeres, se his fete once
God wot quod Wylsdom, that were not the beste
And he amedes might make, let mainpryce hym haue
And be bozowe for his bale, and byggen him boote.
And so amed that is misdo, & euermore the better
Wytte accozded threwith, and sayde the same
Better is that bote, bale adowne by ynge
Than bale be ibeate, and bote neuer the better
Than gan Wylg to meuen her, & mercy she besought
And profted Peace a present, all of pure golde
Haue thys man of me quod she, to amend thy scath
For I wyll wage for Wylg, he will do so no more

Wylg is
comitted
to prison,

Wituoussye Deace than, prayed to the kinge
 To haue mercy on þe man, that misdyd him so ofte
 For he hath waged me wel, as wisdom him saught
 And I forgiue him that gylte, wyth a good wyll
 So that the kinge assent, I can say no better.
 For mede hath me amēds made, I may no more aske
 Naye quod the kynge tho, so Christe me helpe
 So longe wēdeth not so away, er I will wyte more
 For lope he so lightly, laughen he woulde
 And eft be the bolder, to beate mine betwen
 But Reaso haue ruth on him, he shal sit in my stocks
 And þe as longe as he liueth, but lownes him bozo
 Some men rad Reaso tho, haue ruth on that shewe
 And to councel the kynge, and conscience after
 That mede might be meimperner, Reaso thet bisoughte
 Rede me nought of Reason, no ruthe to haue
 Tyll Lordes and ladyes, loue all Trueth
 And haten all harlotrye, to heare or to mouth it
 Tyll Pernels purfill, be putte in his hutch
 And childers cherishing, be chastisinge whardes
 And harlotes holynes, be holden for an hynde
 Tyll clarkes couetise, be to clothe the pore and fede
 And religious Romers, recordars in her cloysters
 As saint Benet hem bade, Bernard and Francis
 And tyll preachers preaching, be preued on hem selfe
 Till the kynges counsell, be the comon profite
 Tyll bishopps barnes, be beggers chambers
 Her haukes & her hōdes, helpe to pore religious
 And til saint James be soughte, there I shall assigne
 That no man go to Galice, but if he go for euer
 And all Rome runners, for robbers of beyond
 Ware no silver ouer sea, that signe of kyng sheweth

Agede
 stopper
 weaces
 mouth

Reasons
 aduice in
 the puny-
 syng of
 wronge.

C.ii.

Neither

Neyther grauen noz vngrauen: gold neither syluer
 Apon forseture of that fee, who so find it at Douer
 But if he be merchāt oz his mā: oz messēger wth letters
 Prouiso^r oz priest: oz penant so: hys spynnes
 And yet q^d Reason by the roode: I shall no ruthe haue
 While Mede hath the masterie: in this mouth hal
 And I may shew examples, as I se other whyle
 I saye it by my selfe quod he: and it so were
 That I were a kyng wth crowne, to kepe a realme
 Should neuer to longe in this world: p^r I wth might
 Be vnpunished in my power: for persl of my soule
 He get my grace for gyftes, so me God saue
 He for no Mede haue mercie but if mekenes it made
 For Nullum malum the man: mette wth Impunitum
 And badde that Nullum bonum be Iremuneratum
 Let thy cōfessour syz king, construe this vnglozed
 And if ye wozen it in werke: I dare wed mine cares
 That lawe shal be a labourer: and leade a felde dounge
 And loue shal leade the land, as the leefe lyketh.
 Clerks p^r were Confessours, coupled hem togithers
 Al to construe this clause, for the Kinges profit
 And not for p^r cōfort of p^r poze comon: ne Kinges soule
 For I se Mede in the mouth hal: on men of lawe wink
 And they laughing lope to her: and lest reason many
 Waten wisdom, winked apon Mede
 And sayd madam I am your mā: what so in mouth
 I saye flozens q^d the freke, a fall speche oft: (tangleth)
 Al rightfull recozden, that Reason truth tolde
 And wit accozdid therwth, and comēdid his wordes
 And the most people in the hal: a manye of the grete
 And lettē mekenes a master, a mede a maned shew.
 Loue lettē her light: and leautie. per lasse
 And sayd it so highe: that all the hall it herde
 Who so wilneth her to wyfe: for welth of her goods

Mat. xvi,

Lawe shal
 leade a felde
 dounge.

But he be knowen for a cokeolde, out of mynno se.
 Mede mourned soze tho, and made heauy chere
 for the most comon of that court, called hit an hoze
 And a Sifoure and a somnour. sued hit false
 And a shryues clarke, bespiewed all the route
 for ofte haue I quod he, holpen you at the barre
 And yet gaue ye me neuer, the worth of a rythe.
 The kynge called Conscience, and afterwarde Reason
 And recozded that Reaso, had rightfully shewed
 And Hoodlych apou Mede, w might the king looked
 And ga waxe wozoth to law, for mede had it nere shet
 And said, by your law as I leue, I lese maye schets
 Mede oueremastreth lawe, and muche trueth letteth
 And Reaso shal reke to you, if I raigne anye whyle
 And deme you by this daye, as ye haue deserued
 Mede shal not magnyfyse you, by Mary of heauen,
 I wil haue Leanty in law, a let be your sanglyng
 And as most folk witnesseth, wozong shal be demed.
 Quod Coscience to þ kyng, but þ common wil assent
 It is full harde by myne heade, here to to bypge it
 All your lege lordes, to leden thus euen.
 By hym þ caught on þ rode, w Reason to the king
 But if I rule this your realme, rente out my guts
 If ye bidden butynnnes, be of myne assente.
 And I assent sayd the kyng, by, S. Mary my ladye
 By my counsell commune, of clarkes & of clerkes
 And reddly reason, thou shalt not ride from me
 for as longe as I lyue, leaue the I nell
 I am ready quod Reason, to rest with you euer
 So Coscience be of our counsell, I hepe no better
 And I graunt quod the king, god forbide it false
 As long as our liues lasteth, lyue we togyther

The lath
 lers kepe
 the kinge
 from hys
 right,

Reaso to
 keth vpon
 hym to
 rule the
 realme,

¶ affus quattus de dissona.

ONE

And



He Kyng and his knyghts, to the kirk wente
To here mattes of the day, and þe masse after
Tha waked I of my wiking, & wo was thal
That I ne had slept sadder, & sighen moze,

And er I had eaten a furlong, sent me hente
That I ne might farder a fore, for default of slepinge
And sat softly adowne, and sayd my beleue

And so I babled on mi brads, thei brought me aslep
And than I saw much moze, then I befoze of tolde

For I se the field full of folke, that I befoze of sayde
And howe reason gan araise him, al þe realme to prech

And with a Cros afore þe king, comsed thus to techen
He preued that this pestylences: were for pure synne

pestylences
come
for synne,

And the south westorne wind, on satter day at enen
Was partly for pure prid, and for no poyntels.

Piries and plumetres, were puffed to the earth

In ensample the legges, ye shuld done the better

Beches and brode okes, were blowen to the grasse

Turned by watres the tayles, in torkening of dyed

That dedly synne er domes day, shall fordone hem al

Of this matter I might, me mette full long

And I shall saye as I sawe, so me god helpe

How partly befoze the people, reason began to prech

He bad wastoz go worke, that he best coude

And to in his washing, with some maner craft

He prayed Berness her purples to let

And kepe it in her cofet, for cattel at her nepe

Comme Stowhe he saught, so taken two haues

And sech selles home, frome the wshen pine

And he warned we at, his wife was to blame

That hir hed was worth half a marke, & his hod not

And he bad Bet, cut a bow of twain, worth a groat

And

And beate Beton thetwich, but if the toll werke
 And then he charged chapmen, to chaſſen his chyldren
 Let no winninge hem forwary, whyle they be yonge
 Ne for no pouſt of peſſilence, pleaſe hem not out of re,
 My ſyer ſayd to me, and ſo did my dame, (ſon
 That the leuer chyld, the moze loze behoueth
 And Salomon ſayd the ſame, that Sapience made,

One cor-
 rection
 muſt be
 had

Qui parit virge, odit filium

10 10 xxi
 10 10 10 10
 10 10 10 10

The Englyſh of thys latine, who ſo wyll kno
 Who ſo ſpareth the ſpyng, ſpyllere his chyldrene
 And ſithen he prayed prelates, and preſtes together
 That ye preach to the people, preue on your ſelfe
 And do it in dede, it ſhall dꝛiue you to good,
 If ye liue as ye learne by, we ſhal leue you the better.
 And ſithen he radde religion, her rule to holde

a ſpꝛall not
 10 10 10 10
 10 10 10 10

Leſt the king and his counceyl, your comunons apere
 And be ſtuardes of your ſtedes, tyl ye be ruled better.
 And ſithen he councelled the king, his comons to loue
 It is thy treſure if treſon ne were, a treacle at thynede
 And ſithen he prayed þ þope, haue pty on holy church
 And ere he gaue any grace, gouerne firſt him ſelfe.
 And ye þ haue lawes to kepe, let trueth be your con-
 Moze then gold oꝝ gifies, if ye wyll god pleaſe (tyl
 For who ſo contrarieth trueth, he ſelketh in the goſpel,
 That god knoweth hem not, ne no ſaynt in heauen.

The ſup-
 preſſion of
 abbayes
 Good con-
 ſell.

nota

Amen dico vobis, nescio vos.

at xxi,

And ye that ſeke ſaynt James, a ſayntes at Rome
 Seke ſaynt trueth, for he may ſaue you all,
 Qui cum patre et filio. that ſayre hem beſale
 That ſueth my ſermon, and thus ſayd Reaſon.
 Than came Repentaunce, and reberced his ſeme
 And gart wyll wepe, water with his eyen
 Bernell pꝛoude herie, plate his to the earth

True pi-
 grimage,

A. I.

And

And lay along o: she loked, and lord mercy cryed
 And behyght to him, that bys al made
 She shoulde vnto her serke, and set thereon here
 Shal neuer high hert me hent: but hold me low
 To assaynten her flesh, yf sicke was to synne,
 And suffer me to be mislayd, and so dyd I neuer
 But now wyll I meke me, and mercy beseeche
 For al this I haue hated in my hart.

Lechour. Than Lechoure sayd alas, non our lady he cried,
The olde satisfactio To make mercy for his misdoedes, bitwene god & his
 wyth yf he shold yf saturday, for seuen yere after (soule
 Dyrnke but myd the daye, and dyne but once
Enuye. Enuy with heuy herte, asked after shifte
 And carefully Mea culpa, he comsed to thew
 And was as pale as a pellet, in the palsey he semed
 And clothed in Taurymaury, I can se not disceiue,
 In kyrtel and curtepy, and a knife by hys syde
 Of a friers frocke, were the forelleues
 And as a leke that hath lyed long in the summe
 So loked he with leane chekes, louring soule
 His body was to bole for wrath, yf he bore his lippes
 And wryngig to yf first, to wreke him self he thought,
 wyth woordes o: to woordes, whan he se his tyme
 Ech word that he warped, was of an edders tonge
 Of chyding and of chalenging, was his chief liuelode
 wyth back biting & blismer, & bearing false wytnes
 This was al his curtesy, wher yf euer he shewed him
 I wold be shruen of this shrew, if I for shame durst,
 I wold be gladder by god, yf Gyd had mischaunce
Envious woordes. Than if I had won this weke, a wey of Essex chese
 I haue a neighbour nye me, I haue noyed hym ofte,
 And lotwen on him to lords, to don him lose his siluer
 And make his frend be his foe, through my falle tog
 Hys

His geace and his good happes, greueth me ful soze
 Betwene many and many, I make debate off
 That both lyfe and lyne, is lost throug my spech.
 And when I mete him in market, that I most hate
 I halse him hendlech, as I his frende were
 For he is doughtier then I, I dare do none other,
 And had I mastery and might, god wot my wyll
 And whan I come to þe kirke, a shuld knele to the rode
 And pray for the people, as the priest teacheth
 For pilgrimes & for palmers, & for al the people after
 Than I cry on my knees, þe Christ geue him sozow
 That bare away my bole, and my broke there
 Away from the aulter, then turne I mine eyes
 And behold how Glen, hath a new coate
 I wyth that it were mine, w al the webbe after
 And at mens lesing I laugh, that mine herre akerh
 And for ther winning I wepe, and wele the tyme
 And deme that they do yll, though I do well worse
 Who so bndermineth me herof, I hate him deadly
 I wold that eche a wight, were my knaue (after
 For who so hath moze then I, þe angreth me soze.
 And thus I lyue loueles, like a lyther dogge
 That all my body bolneth, for better of my gall
 I might not eaten many yeres: as a man ough
 For enuy and euell wyll, is euell to desye
 May no suger ne no sweetthyng, swage the swelling
 Ne no Diapendion, dyue it from my harte
 Neither shifft nether shame, but shraping of mi ma to
 This I reade of repentance, & rede him to þe beste
 Sozow for synnes, saluacion is of soules.
 I am soze quod that segge, I am but seide other
 And þe maketh me thus megre, for I ne may me beng
 Amonges

*Confession of
 Envy*

*Se howe
 Envy re-
 Peneth.*

Amonges Burgesis haue I be, dwelling at Lodon
 And gard backbitig be a broker, to blame mēs ware
 Whan he sold and I not, than was I ready
 To lye & lout on my neyghbour, & to lak his chaffer
 I will a ned this if I may, through myght of god al
 Now awaketh wozath, w two white rien (mighty
 And niueling with the nose, and his necke hanginge.
 I am wozath quod he, I was sometyne a fryer
 And the conentis gardiner, for to graffen Impes
 On Limitours and Legisters, lesynges I impied
 Til they beate leaues of smoth speach, lords to please
 And sithē they blomed abroad, in bout to hear shifte
 And now is fallē therof a frute, p folke han wel leuer
 Shew her shiftes to hem, thā shiue hē to her persōs
 And persons haue perceiued, p friers part with hem
 These possessours preach, and depzaue friers
 And friers findeth hē in defaut, as folk beate wytnes
 And whā thei prech p people, in many places aboute
 I wozath walke w hem, and with hem of my bokes
 Thus thei speke of mi spiritualtie, & despise ech other
 Tyl they be both beggers, & by my spiritualty libbē
 Or els al rich and riden about. I wozath rest neuer
 That I ne most solow this wicked folke, for such is
 I haue an aunt to Nun, & an Abbes both (my grace
 Her had leuer swone or swelt, thā suffer any paine
 I haue bene coke in her kitchen, and hie couent serued
 Many monethes with hem, & with Monkes both
 I was the priores potager, and other pore ladyes
 And made hē Jowes of sagling, p dame Jone was a
 And dame Clarence a knyghtes daughter, (bastarde
 a cokolde was hie fire.
 And dame Dernel a prestis file, priores was the neuer
 For she had child in chery time, al our chapter it wyse
 Of

Wozath.

A good
 Scholemas
 Ser.

Runnes.

Confessor
 of St. of
 Jude

Of wicked wordes (I wroth) her woordes made
 Till thou liest and thou liest, lopen out at once
 And eyther hyt other, vnder the cheke
 Had they had knives bi Christ, ether had killed other
 Saint Gregory was a good pope, & had a good fore Gregory
 That no priores were prieste, for he provided (wold not
 Lest haply they had had no grace, to hold harlatty in suffer wo
 For they are ticle of his tonges, & must al secretis tell. menne to
 Among monkes I might be, and many times shamen fession.
 For they be many fell frekes, my fetis to espie
 Both Prior and subprior, and our Vater abbas
 And if I tell anye tales, they taken hem togithers
 And do me faste frydales, to breade and to water
 I am chalenged in Chapter house, as I a child were
 And balaced on the bare arse, and no breach betwene
 Therfore haue I no likynge, wtho leodes to wonne
 I eate there vnhende fische, and feble ale dryncke
 Other while whan wine cometh, & I drinck it at euē
 I haue a fluxe of a soule mouth, well fīue dales after
 Al þ wickednes that I wot, by anye of our brethren
 I knowh it in our cloyster, that all our couent wot is
 Now repēt the p Repētaūce, and reherse thou neuer
 Councel that þ knowest, by couēnaunce ne by sight,
 And drincke not ouer delicately, ne to depe neicher
 That thy wil bicause therof, to wroth myght turne
 As sobrius he saide, and assoyled him after
 And bade hym wil to wepe, hys wickenes to amēd.
 And than came Couetis, can I him not diserte
 So hungerly and hollowe: so sternely he looked
 He was bittledrowed, and haberypped also
 Wroth two bledred eyen, as a blinde hagge
 And as a lethzen parse, lolled his chekes

The image
of coue
sile.

Well syder then his chyn they sheuered for olde
And as a boud mā of his back, his berd was bidraue
With a hode on his heade, & a lousy hatte aboute (led
And in a tatty teberd, of twelue winter age
Al totozme and baudye, and full of lyce creplinge
But if that a louse, could haue lopen the better
She had not walkt on þ welte, so was it thredbare
I haue bene couetise quod this caytiffe, I behno we it
For sometyne I serued, Symme at stile (here
And was his prentice plight, his profyt to wate
Fyrst I lerned to lye, a lease other swayne
Woyckedly to wey, was my first lesson
To woo y and to winchester, I went to the fayre
With mani maner merchādise, as mi master me hight
He had the grace of gyle, I go amongst my chaffer.
It had bene vnfolde this seven yere, so me God helpe
Than draue I me amōg drapers, my donet to lerne
To draw the lyse a long, the longer it semed
Among the rich rayes: I rendred a lesson
To broch hem to a pannedel, & splyt hem to gythers,
And put hem in a pzeffe, and pynnen them therin
Eylten yardez of twelue, had tolled out. xiii
My wyfe was a webstir, and wolloncloth made
She spake to spinsters to spynen it oute
And the pound þ she payd by, passed a quartern moze
Than mine owne auncer, who so weyed trueth
I bought her berly malte. she bzetwed it to sell
Penyale and puddingale, she poured togithers
For labourers and low folke, that lay by it selfe.
The best ale lay in my bour, of els in my chambze
And who so bummed therof, bought it thereafter.
A gallon for a grose, god wote no lesse

And

And yet it came in cupemle, this craft the bled.
 Rose the Regrater, was his right name
 She hath holden huksterpe, all her life time
 And I were now sothelich, that sinne wold I lee
 And neuer wickedly wey, ne wicked chaffer bfe
 But wend to Walsingham, and my wyfe also,
 And byd the rode of bñholme, byng me out of dette
 Repentest thou ever (quod repentaunce)
 or restitution made st?

Yes once I was herberd of he, in an hepe of chapmē.
 I rose when they were at rest, & rised their males.
 That was not restitutio, & repētāce but robbers theft
 Thou hadst ben better worthy, to be hanged therfoze
 Than for al that, thou hast here shewed.

The rest
 turis that
 nowe is
 bled.

I toke ristig for restitutio of he, for I neuer red boke
 I cā no frēch in fayth, but of the ser ende of Norfolke
 Used thou ever usury & repētance, in al thy lyfe tyme?
 Nay sothely he sayd, saue in my youth

I lerned amonge Lumberdes, and Jewes a lesson
 To wey pence in a payes, and pare the heupest
 And lene it for loue of crese, to laye a wed and lesen it,
 Such dedes I did wyte, if he his day broke
 I haue mo maners bi rerages, thā through, witeris
 I haue lent lordes & ladies, my chaffer (tur & comodat
 And ben her broker after, and bought it my selfe
 Eschaunges and cheuissauces, in suche chaffer I die
 And lend folke that lese wyll, a lyp at euery noble
 And with lumbardes letters, I made gold to Rome
 And toke it by tale here, and told hem there lesse

Ledest thou ever lordes, for loue of her maintenaunce?
 Yea I haue lent lordes, that loued me neuer after
 And hath made mani a knight, both mercer & draper

Thas

is alius quintus.

That payd not for his pretithod, one paire of gloves
Hast thou pitie on poore men, & must nedes borrowe
I haue as much pitie on þe poore, as pedler hath of cats
That kylle hem if he cā he catch, for couet of her skins
Art þe mālitch emōg thineibours, of thine mete & drinker
I am holden quod he as hinde, as is hound in kitchin
Amongest myneibours namely, such a name I haue
God leue þe neuer of repentaunce, but þe repēt þe rather
Grace on this ground, thy good wel to byset
Re thine heyrers after þe, haue ioye of þe thou wyneest
To thine executors wel biset, þe siluer þe thou he leuest.
And þe was wōne to wōg, to wickid me be dispēd
For wer. I frier of þe house, ther good feith & chariti is
I nold cope vs wyth thy cattel, ne our kitchin amende.
Re haue a peny to my pittance, so god my soul helpe
For þe best boke in oure house, bygyht golde if it were
And I wilst witterly thou were suche as thou tellest.
O els that I could kno to it by any kindes wyte

*Seruus alterius cū fercula pinguis queris,
pane tuo potius vescere libet eis.*

Thou art an vnkind creature, I can the not asloyle
Tyl thou make restitution, and rekening to them all,
And syth that reason colle it, in the register of heauen
That þe hast made eche mā good, I maye þe not asloyle

Non dimittitur peccatum nisi restituatur ablatum.

Forgette not that þe
last dare
will surely
come.
psal. 11
For all that haue of thy good, haue God my trowth
Vene holdē at the hepygh dome, to help the to restitu
Who so leueth not this be soth, loke in þe psalter clause
In ex. 23. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti &c.

shal neuer workmā in this world, shalue with that
thou wineste

Cum sancto sanctus eris.

Construe me that in english
Than

Thā wārt þ þre w in wāhope, & wold hāg him selfe
 He had repētāce þ rather, recōforted him in this mā
 Haue merci in thy mind, & wltch mouth beset it (net
 For Gods mercy is more, than al his other workes
 And al wltidnes in þ world, þ mā māi work oz thnk
 Is no more, to þ mercy of God, thā in þ sea a giled.

True re-
 pētance
 hath hope
 of mercy.

*Omnia iniquitas quantum ad misericordiam dei
 Est quasi scintilla, in medio maris.*

Therfore haue þ mercy in mind, & merchādice leue it
 For thou hast no good ground, to get ther to wastell
 But if it were to thy tong, oz els to thy two hādes
 For þ good that þ hast gottē, began all to falthead
 And as lōg as þ liuest to it, þ paist not but bozowst
 And if þ wilt neuer to which, ne to whom to restore
 Beare it to the bythope, and byd him of hys grace
 Biset it hym selfe, as beste is for thy soule
 For he shall answer for the, at the heigh dome
 For þ & for many mo, that mā shal gyue a rekening
 What he learned you in lence, leue you none other
 And lere you of our lordes good, to kepe you from sin

The By-
 shop shall
 answer
 for many

Nowe biginneth Gloton, for to go to churche
 And carlieth him to the kirkward, his coppe to the
 And Beton the byuster, bade him god morrow
 And asked him to that, whetherward he would
 To holy kirkhe saide he, for to heare masse
 And sithen I would be shypuen, and shane no more
 I haue goodale goship said he, glotō wold thou aske
 Hast thou ought in thy purse, any hore spices
 I haue pepper & pienes & he, & a pound of garlyke
 And a ferding worth of fenel seide, for fasting daies
 Than goeth Gloton in, and greate othes after
 Cille the souteres, late on the bench

*the curse
 of gloton to
 the curse*

Gloton

Common
Dykers

At the warner, and hys wyle boeth
 Tymme the tyncker, and tweyne of hys prentises
 Dycke the Hackeney man, and Hughe the nedler
 Clarke of cockelane, and the clarke of the churche
 Daule the dyker, and a dosen other.
 Syr Pierce of Wydd, and Pernell of Flaunders
 A Ribboure, a ratener, a rakier of chepe
 A Roper, a redinge kinge, and Rose the Discheresse
 Godfray of garlike hyue, and Gryffin the walshe
 And bpholders an heape, rarely by the moztowe
 Geuen Glotō with glad cheare, good ale to hantell
 Clemente the Cobler, caste of hys cloke
 And at the newe fayre, he nempned it to sel
 Dycke the hackeney man, hytte hys hode after
 And bade Sete the butcher, be on hys syde
 There worre chapmen ichose, thys ware to pralse
 Who so hath y hode, should haue amēds of y cloke
 Two risen vp in rase, and rouned togythers
 And prayed these penyworthes, apart by thent selfe
 They could not by their cōscience, accorden in truth
 Tyl Roben the roper, arose by the South
 And named him for an vmpere, that no debate nere
 For to trye this chaffer, betwexie hem there
 Dycke the Hosteler, hadde the cloke
 In couenaunte that Clement, shoulde the cup fyll
 And haue Dyckes hode y hosteler, & holde him serued
 And who so repented rathest, should arise after
 And greien sic Gloton, woth a gallon of ale
 There was laughyng & louting, & let go the cuppe
 And so sytten they to euēsong, and songen other while
 Tyl Gloton had igalped, a gallon and a gill
 His guttes began to gochlen, as two greby sowes
 He plased a pottell in, a pater noster while

End

And blew his round rewer, at his rudge bones end
 That al that harde that hoine, helde her nose after
 And wished it had bene wypped, w a wyspe of fies
 He might neyther stepe no: stand, o: he a staffe had
 And than gan he to go, like a glemans bytch
 Sometyme a syde, and sometyme a reer
 As who so layeth lynes, fo: to lache foules
 And whā he drough to the doze, the dimmed his eyen
 He stobled on the thershold, and thewe to the earth
 Clement the cobler, cought him by the myddle
 Fo: to lyft hym alofte, and laide him on his knees
 And Gloton was a great churle, and a grime in listig
 And kought by a caudel, in Clementes lappe
 There is none so hongry hounde, in Werfozte there
 Durst lap of tho lewings, so vnlovely they smought
 With al þ wo of thys world, hys wyfe & hys wench
 Ware hym home to his bede, and brought him therin
 And after al this excelle, he had an accidle
 That he slept saturday & sonday, tyll sūne went to rest
 Than waked he of hys wyking, & wypped hys eyes
 The first word þ he warped was, wher is þ hole
 His wit gā edwite him tho, how wickedly he liued
 And iRepentaunce right tho, rebuked him that tyme.
 As w wo:ds & wo:kes, þ wroughtest yl in thy lyfe
 Shrive þ & be ashamed therof, & shewe it w mough.
 I Gloton quod the gome, giltye me yelde
 That I have trespaced w tong, I cā not tel how oft
 Sworne gods soule, so god me helpe & holdome
 There no nede was, nyne hundred tymes
 And ouer se me at my soupe, and sometyme at none
 That I Gloton gyze by, ere I had gone a mile.
 And I spile þ might be spared, & spent on some hungry

The de-
 scription
 of a drunken
 man.

G.ii.

Over

Ouer delicatllon fasting daies, drōk and eaten both
 And sat sūtyme so long ther, þ I slept & ate at once
 For loue of tales in taberns, to drink þ more I dined
 And hied to þ meat er none, whā fasting daies were.
 This shoyng chyst of repentaunce, shall be merit to þ
 And than gan gloten grete, and great dole make
 For his lewde lyfe, that he lyued had
 And bowed to fast, for hunger and for thurstie
 Shal neuer filthe on fryday, diffien in my wombe
 Tyl abstinence myne aunt, haue gyuen me leue
 And yet haue I hated her, al my lyfe tyme
 Than came Sloth al beslabeled, w two slmy eyne
 I must sit sayde þ Segge, oz els I must nedes nap
 I maye not stond ne stoupe, ne wout mi stole knele
 Were I brought abed, but if my talende it made
 Shuld no ringing do me rise, oz I were ripe to dine
 He begā Benedicite w a belke, and hys brest knocked
 And raskled and razed, and rut at the laste.
 Awake reuke quod repētance, & rape þ to chyst.
 If I shulde dye by thys daye, me lyst not to loke
 I cā not perfitt my Vater nost, as þ priest it singith,
 But I cā rimes of Robēhod, & Randall of Chester
 But of our lord oz our lady, I lerne nothyng at all.
 I haue made bowes xl. & forgottē thē on þ morow
 I performed neuer penaunce, as þ priest me hyght
 He right soze for my synnis, yet was I neuer
 And if I bydany beades, but if it be of wrathe
 That I tel w my young, is two mile from my herte
 I am occupied eury daye, holy daye, and other
 Sooth. Idle tales at þ ale, & other whyle in churches
 Gods paine & hys passion, ful selde thynke I theron
 I blitted neuer seblemen, ne settred folke in ppytes
 I haue

Shety bo
 wes,

I have leuer here an harlotry, or a somers game
 Or leaſinges to laughe at, and biſpe my neighbours
 The all þeuer marke made, Math, Iho, & Lucas.
 And biggles and faſtynges dayes, al theſe let I paſſe
 And lye in bedde in lent, & mi lemmā in mine armes.
 Tyl matiens & maſſe be done, & than go I to þe friers
 Come I to Ite miſſa ca I holde me ſerued,
 I am not thryuen ſometyme, but if ſickenes it make
 Not twayne in two yere, and than by geſſe I thryue me
 I have ben prieſt & perſon, paſſyng chryſty winter
 Yet can I nether ſolfe ne ſinge, ne ſaintes liues read
 But I cā find in a fiede, or in a furlong an hare
 Better than in Beatus it or in Beati omnes.
 Conſtrue one claue, and ken it to my pariſhens
 I can holde loue daies, and heare a reues rekenyng
 And in Cannon & in decretals, I can not read a line
 If I bugge and borow ought, but if it be tyled
 I forget it as ſone, and if men me it aſke
 Syxe ſythes or ſeuene, I forſake it wyth othes
 And thus tene I true men, ten hundred tymes
 And my ſeruautes ſalary, ſometymes is behynde
 Ruth is to hear þe reknyng, whā we ſhal make accout
 So to wicked will & to wrath, my workmē I paye
 If anye man do me benefite, or helpe me at nede
 I am vnkind againſt his curteſy, & cā not vnderſtand
 For I haue & haue had, ſomdeale haubes maners (te
 I am not lured to loue, but if ought be vnder þe thōb
 That kindnes that myne euē chriſten, hid me farther
 Syxe ſythes I ſlouth, haue forgotten it ſpeth
 In ſpeth & in ſparing of ſpence, I ſpilt many a tyme
 Both fleſhe and fiſhe and many other vitalles
 Both bread and ale, butter, mylke and cheſe.

For slouthed in my seruice, tyl it myght serue no man
I ranne aboute in youth, and gaue me not to learning
And euer sith haue ben a beggar, for my soule slouth

Idem mihi quia stultum duxi, vitam iuuenilem.

Repentist thou of Repentaunce, a right wyl he swoned

En admo
nition to
beware
of dispaire
in repen-
taunce

Tyll wigilate, the beile, set water at hys eyrs
And flapte it on hys face, and faste en hym cryed
And sayed we are the, for wanhope wyl the battaye
I am soze for my synnes, saye to thy selfe
And beate thy selfe on the brest, byd god of grace
For is no yllte here so great, but þ his goodnes is
Thā late Slouth bp, aserued hym Swyth (more
And made a bowe tofoze god, for his soule Slouth
Shal no soday be thys seuen yere, but sikenes it let
That I ne shal do me oʒ day, to the dere church
And heare mattens and masse, as I a monke were
Shall no ale after meate, holde me thence
Tyll I haue euensong hearde, I behote to the rode
And yet well I yelde agayne, if I so much haue
All that I wickedly wanne, sithen I wytte had
And thought, my liuelode lacke, leuen I nell
That eche man ne shall haue hys, oʒ I hence wende
And with the residue and the remnaunte, by þ rode of
I shall seke Trueth erle, oʒ I see Rome (Chester
Robert the robber, on reddere loked
And for there was not wherof, he wept swyth soze
And yet the sinfull shewe, sayde to hym selfe
Christe that on Caluery, bp on the crosse dydest
Tho Dismas my brother besought you of grace
And haddest mercy en that man, for oʒ mento sake
So ruc en thys robber, that reddere ne haue
Neneuer wene to wyne, with craft that I knowe

But

But for thy mikle mercye, mitigation I besech
 Ne dampne me not at domisdag, for that I did yll
 What befell of this felowe, I can not saye the we
 Well I wote he wept faste, water wyth hye eyen
 And knowleged hys gylte, to Chyste yrt est sonys
 That is cuncta hys pyche, he shoulde polish newe
 And leape wylh him ouer lande, all his life tyme
 For he had layne by Larro Lucifers aunte
 And than had Repetaunce ruth, a rad he al to knele
 For I shall besech for al synful, our sauour of grace
 To amend vs of our misdeedes, & do mercy to vs al
 Now god q he, p of thy goodnes, ga p world make
 And of nought madeit ought, & man most like thi lell
 And sithen succedest for sinne, a sickenes to vs al
 And al for p best as I leue, what euer p boke telleth

O felix culpa O necessarium peccatum ade.

For through p synne thy sone, sent was to the earth
 And became man of a maide, mankind to saue
 And makest thy selfe w thy sone, and vs synful dyche. *Genes. 1.*
Faciamus hominem ad imaginem et similitudinem nostram. Et
alibi. Qui manet in charitate, in deo manet, et deus in eo.
 And syth with thy selfe sonne, in our sure dyedest
 On good Friday for mas sake, at ful tyme of p daye
 There thy selfe ne thy sonne, no sorow in death fyled
 But in our sect was the sorow, & thy sonne it ladde,

Captiuam duxit captiuitatem.

The sunne for sorow thereof, lost light for a tyme
 At midday whē most light is, and mealtyme of saintys
 Feddest w thy fresh blud, our forfathers in darknes
populus qui ambulat in tenebris, vidit lucem magnam
 And by p lyght p leaped out of p, Lucifer was blent
 And blew all thy blessed, into the blisse of Paradise

Ephes. iii

The

is affus quintus.

Forstouthed in my seruice, tyl it myght serue no man
I ranne aboute in youth, and gaue me not to learning
And euer sith haue ben a beggar, for my soule slouth

Ecce mihi quia serili in duri, vitam iuuentilem.

Repentist thou of Repentaunce, & right wth he swoned

In admo-
nition to
beware
of dispar-
in repen-
taunce

Tyll wigilate, the veile, set water at hys eyrs

And flapte it on hys face, and faste en hym cryed

And sayed wth are the, for wanhope wyl the battaye

I am soye for my synnes, saye to thy selfe

And beate thy selfe on the brest, byd god of grace

For is no ylte here so great, but p^r his goodnes is

Tha^t late Slouth by, aserued hym swyth (more)

And made a bove tofoze god, for his soule Slouth

Shal no soday be thys seven yere, but sikenes it let

That I ne shal do me o^r day, to the dere church

And heare mattens and masse, as I a monke were

Shall no ale after meate, holde me thence

Tyll I haue euensong hearde, I behore to the rode

And yet well I yelde agayne, if I so much haue

All that I wickedly wanne, sithen I wytte had

And thought, my liuelode lacke, leiten I nell

That eche man ne shal haue hys, o^r I hence wende

And with the residue and the remnaunte, by p^r rode of

I shall seke Truethersse, o^r I see Rome (Chester

Robert the robber, on a redde loked

And for there was not wherof, he wept swyth soze

And yet the sinfull threwe, sayde to hym selfe

Christe that on Caluery, by on the crosse didest

Tho Dismas my brother besoughte pou of grace

And haddest mercy en that man, for an emento sake

So ric en thys robber, that needere ne haueth

Ne neuer wene to wyne, with craft that I knowe

Bug

But for thy mikle mercede, mitigation I besech
 He dampne me not at doomsday, for that I did yll
 What befell of this felowe, I can not saye the we
 Well I wote he wept faste, water wyth hye eyes
 And knowleged hye gylte, to Chyriste yet est sonne
 That is entena hye pyche, he shoulde polishe newe
 And leape woth him ouer lande, all his life tyme
 For he had layne by Larro Lucifers aunte
 And than had Repentaunce ruth, a rad he al to knele
 For I shall besech for al synful, our sauour of grace
 To amend vs of our misdeedes, & do mercede to vs al
 Now god & he, & of thy goodnes, ga & world make
 And of nought made st ought, & man most like the lef
 And sithen succedest for sinne, a sicknes to vs al
 And al for & best as I leue, what euer & boke telleth

Deleiti culpa & necessarium peccatum ade.

For through & synne thy sone, sent was to the earth
 And became man of a maide, mankind to saue
 And makest thy selfe to thy sone, and vs synful dysche. *Genes. 1.*
Faciamus hominem ad imaginem et similitudinem nostram. Et *1. Jo. iiii.*
alibi. Qui manet in charitate, in deo manet, et deus in eo.

And sith with thy selfe sonne, in our sute dyedest
 On good Friday for mas sake, at ful tyme of & daye
 There thy selfe ne thy sonne, no sozow in death feled
 But in our sect was the sozow, & thy sonne it ladde,

Captiuam duxit captiuitatem.

The sunne for sozow thereof, lost light for a tyme
 At midday whē most light is, and mealtyme of saintes
 Feddest to thy fleshly blud, our sozow fathers in darknes
populus qui ambulat in tenebris, uidit lucem magnam
 And by & lyght & leaped out of &, Lucifer was blene
 And blew all thy blessed, into the blisse of Paradise

ephe. iiii

The

The thyrd daye after, thou yedelle into our sute
A synful Mary the salwe, ere saint Mary thy dame
And all to solace synful, thou suffredest it soner.

Mat. ix.

Non veni vocare iustos, sed peccatores ad penitentiam

And al y Marke made, Mathew John & Lucas
Of thy doubty dedes, were done in our armes.

John. i.

Verbum caro factum est, et habitavit in nobis.

And by so much me semeth, the liker we maye
Wydde and besече, if it be thy wyll
That art our father & our brother, be mercifull to vs
And haue ruth on these rebaudes, y repent hem selus
That euer they wached the, in this world (sope
in worde, thought, and dede.

The het Hope an hoine of Deus tu cunctis vultuabis
And blew it w beati quoru remitte sut iniquitates. (nos
That all Sayntes in heauen, songen at once

Domines et iumenta saluabis quemadmodum multiplicasti misericordiam tuam deus.

Psal. 36.

A thousande of men tho, thzongen to gyther
Criden vpwarde to Christe, and to his cleane mother
To haue Grace to go with hem, Truth to seken.
And there was none so wise, the way thither could
But blustering forth as beastes, ouer backes & hys
Tyll late was and longe, ere they a leode mette
Appareled as a paynime, in pylgraines wyse
He bare a burden bounden, wyth a brode lyfte
In a wythe wandes wyse, wounden aboute
A bole and a bagge, he bare by hys side
In hundred amplexes, on his hatte sette
Signes of Sinai, and shelles of Galice
And made a crouch on his cloke, & keyes of Rome
And the vernicle befoze, for men should knowe

And

And se by hys signes, tohom he so sought hadde.
 Thys folke trained hym fyrst, from whence he came
 from Sna he seid, and from our Lords sepulchre.
 In Bethlem and in Babilon, I haue bene in both,
 In Crimonie and Alexander, and many other places.
 Ye maye see by my signes, that be set in my hatte
 That I haue walked full wyde, in wette and in drye
 And sought many good Seintes, for my soules helpe
 knoweste thou not a crosseant, that men call truth
 Couldst þu not with vs þu way, where þu wight womith
 Maye so me God helpe, seyð that come than
 I sawe neuer Palmer, with poke nor with scrippe
 I like after him ere, tyll now in this place.
 Peter, quod a plowman, and put forth his heade
 I knowe him as kyndly, as clerke doeth his boke
 Conscience and kynd witte, kened me to his place,
 And dyd me sweren sykerly, to serue him for euer
 Both to sowe and to set, the whyle I swinke myght.
 I haue ben his folowere, al thys fifty wynter
 Boeth sowe his seed and sled hys beastes
 Wythin and wythoute, I wayed his profite.
 I dyke and delue, and do that truth horeth
 Sometyme I sowe, and sometyme I chese
 In Taltars and tinkers craft, what truth can deuise
 I wene and I wynde, and do what truth horeth
 For though I sey it my self, I serue hym to paye.
 Iche haue myne hye well, and other whyles more.
 He is prestise payar that pore men knoweth,
 He ne whalt none helk his hire, þu he ne hath it at euen
 He is as lowe as a lambe, and lowely of spech.
 And if ye wyll wyte where he womith:
 I shall wythe you witterly, the hye waye to his place

*Exhortacion to the
 plowman
 The plowman is
 a truthe
 seruant.*

yea leue Diers of these pilgrymes, & proferd him hyre
 For to wend w hem, to Truethes dwellynge place
 Nay by my soule healeth of Diers, & gan for to sweie
 I nold e sang a ferthinge, for saynt Thomas thynne
 Truth wold loue me & leue, lōgtyme therfore after
 And if ye wil to wend wel, this is the way thither
 ye must go thozow mekenes, both men and wiues
 Til ye come into cōscience, & Christ wit the soth

How Diers
 ers tea-
 cher the
 wape to
 truely.

That ye louen our lord God, leuest of all thynges
 And that your neighbours next, in no wyse appeire
 Other wyse thā thou woldist, he wrought to thy selfe
 And so bowth forth bi a broke, beeth burd of speach
 Tyll you finden a forde, your fathers ye honourth

Honora patrem et matrem. &c.

Exod. xx.

Wade in that water, and washe you wel there
 And you shall leape the lighter, all your lyfe after
 And so shalt thou se swere not, but if it be for nede
 And namely on idle, the name of god almyghty
 Thā shalt þe come bi a croft, but come thou not therein
 That croft hight couet not, mēs cattel nor her wiues
 Ne none of her seruantes, that noyen hem might
 Loke ye breke no bowes ther, but if thei be your owh
 Two stockes ther standen, and stynte you not there
 They hight stele not ne ste not, stricke forth by both
 And leaue hem on the left hand, & loke not thereafter
 And holde well thy holy daye, heighe till euen
 Thā shalt thou blēsh at a berch, bear no false witness
 He is friched in wyth florens, and other foes many
 Loke thou pluck no plant ther, for petals of thy soule
 Than shal ye se Sayseth, so it be to done
 In no maner els not, for no mans biddynge
 Thā shalt thou come to a court, as clere as the sunne

The

The mote is of mercie, that maner abowte
 And al the walles bene of myt, to holden wll oute
 And keneled wyth chystendome, mankinde to saue
 Borrased with beleue so, or thou beest not saued
 And al the houses bene hiled, hailes and chambres
 With no lead but w loue, & low spech as byrthern
 The bydge is of bide wel, the better may thou spede
 Euery piller is of pennaunce, of pzalers of saynts
 Of almes deds are þ hokes, that the gaces hang on
 Grace hyght the Garewarde, a good man forsoth
 His mā hight Amēd you, for many mē him knoweth
 Tellerh hym this token, that truch wyt the soth
 I perfozmed the penaunce, that the priest me enioined
 And am full sozt for my sinnes, & so shal I rure
 When I thinke thereon, though I were a pope
 Bedderh amende you mekē hym, tyl his master ones
 To wayne by the wyket, that the woman shute
 Tho Adam and Eue, eaten apples vnosted

Paradisi porta per quam cunctis clausa est, et per b[eat]am
 gine[m] Maria[m] patefacta est.

For he hath the key & the clicket, though þ King slepe
 And if grace graunt to the, to come in this wyse
 Thou shalt see in thie selfe, Truth sit in thyne herte
 In a cheyre of charitie, as thou a chylde were
 To suffer hym and sey not, agaynst thy Siers wyl
 And beware than of Wrath, that is a woked wyewe
 He hath Euyle to him, that in thy hert stretch
 And paketh forth pryde, to praise thy selfe
 The boldnes of the benefices, maketh þ blinde than
 And thā wast þ dyspue out as dewe, & the doze closed
 Keyed and clyketed, to kepe the with oute
 Appylge an hundzed winter, et thou est entre

we are in the life of the soul

Truth is our

for the life of the soul

passus quintus.

*Truethes
maidens*
*the waye fufte
by fawm of*
Thus mightest plesen his loue, to let well by the selfe
And neuer happely eft enter, but grace if thou haue
And there are seven sisterne, that seruen Trueth euer
And are porters to the posterns, þ to the place belong
That one of hem hight Abstinēce, Humilitie an other
Charitie and Chastite, bene the chiefe maidens there
Paciēce and Peace, do muche people helpe
Largenes the Ladye, letteth in full manye
She hath holpē an hundred out of the devils pynfold
And who is sibbe to these seven, so me god helpe
He is wonderfly welcome, and faire vnderfoggen
And but ye be sibbe, to some of these sisters seven
It is ful hard bi my head & Diers, for any of you al
To get in gong at any gate ther, but grace be þ more
Now by Christ & a cutpurse thē, I haue no bin there
Nor I & an apeward, by ought that I can knowe
Wyt God quod a wafrester, wist I this for soth
Shuld I neuer funder a fote, for any frlers preachiḡ
Yis quod Piers þ plowmā, & poked hem all to good
Mercy is a mayden there, hath might ouer hem all
And she is sybbe to al synfull, and her sonne also
And througħ þ helpe of hem two, hope ye none other
Thou might get gracether by, so thou go bytyme
Bi. s. Paul & a pardoner, on auēture I be not knowē
I wil go fetch my booke, w my breuets al (there
And also a bull, wryth a Bishops letters.
By Christ & a comō womā, thy cōpany wyl I folow
Thou shalt saye I am thy sister, I ne worte whether
they be gone.

passus sextus de visionē.

Thys



This were a wicked way, but if we had a gide
 That wold wed us by eth a fore, & þ way tell
 Quod perkin þ plowman, bl. Peter of rome
 I have an halfe acre to erle, by þ highe waye
 Had I cryed thys halfe acre, and sowed it after
 I woulde wende wyth you, and the waye teche
 This were a longe lettynge, & a lady in a Sketre
 What shold we women worke, in the meane while
 Some shal sowe þ sake & Diers, for the dyng of the
 And ye se louely ladies, w your long fingers (wheate
 That ye haue silke and sandell, to sowe whan tyme is
 Chesibles for chaplaynes, churches to honour
 Woyues and wyddowes, wole and flaxe spinne
 Make cloth I counsell you, & ken so your daughters
 The nedp and the naked, nymich hede howe they ligge
 And caste hem clothes, for so commaundeth truch
 For I shall lene hem luelode, but if the lande fayle
 Fleche and breade boeth, to ryche and to poze
 As longe as I lue, for the lordes loue of heauen
 And al maner of me, þ through meate & dringe libbeth
 Help him to worke wightlye, that winneth your fode
 By Christ quod a knight tho, he kenneth us the beste
 And on the teme truely, taught was I neuer
 And ke me quod þ knyght, & by Christ I wyll assaye.
 By saint Paule quod Perken, ye profer me fayre
 That I shall swynke and swete, & sowe for us boeth
 And other labours do for thy loue, all my lyfe tyme
 In couenaunt that thou kepe, holy kirke and my selfe
 Fro wastours & fro wicked me, þ this world destroye
 And go hunt hardely, to hares and to foxes (eth
 To bores & to brocks, þ bzenen adowne my hedges
 And go assaye the falcons, wylde fowles to kyll

How se
 ers affig
 neth wo
 mites
 worke.

is terce
 prayeth a
 knight to
 helpe to
 kepe holy
 church.

*I pccunys
I knyghte made
into pccunys*

*Sierce
counsellor
p knyghte
wisely*

For such cometh to my croft, and cropeth me to herte
Curtesly the knyght then, comfised these wordes
By my power pers quod he, I plegge the my trouthe
To fulfill thys forwarde, though I fyght should
As longe as I lyue, I shal the mayntayne
Pea and yet a poynt quod pers, I pray you of more
Loke ye tene no tenaunt, but truthe wol assent
And though ye mai amareye hem, let meret be taxous
And mekenes the master, mangel Medes chekes
And though poze me pzoffre you, pzesentes and gyses
Nym it not on a venture, ye maye it not deserue
For ye shal ylden it agayne, at one pers ende
In a ful parilous place, Burgatoz it high
And misbed not thi bond me, p better might p spede
Though he be thi vnderling here, wel it may happen
That he were worthelieser set, & to more blis in heuen
Than thou, but thou do bet, and liue as thou shoulde

Amice ascende superius.

Luke xliii

*cause confeltes
I knyghte*

For in charnel & in churche, chetls be ful euell to know
O: a knight from a knaue there, know this in thi herte
And p thou be true of thy tonge, & tales p thou hate
But if thei be of widdo o: wote, thy workme to chaste
Holde wyth no harlots, ne here not her tales
And namelie at thy meate, suche menesche w
For it be the deuills dyssours, I do the to vnderstode
I assent be sainte Jame, the knyght said than
For to work bi thy wordes, p while my lyfe endureth
And I shal aparel me quod Darche, in pilgremes wise
And wend wyth you I wyl, tyl we finde truche
And cast on my clothes, clouted and hole
A cokers and mi cusses, for colde on my nassles
And hang mi hopet at mi hals, in stede of a scripe
I bushel of bzead corne, byng me therein

For I will solve it my selfe, and sith will I wend
To pilgrimages as palmeres do, pardō for to haue
And whoso helpeth me to crye, and sower I wende
Shal haue leaue by our lord, to glene here in heruest
And make hē mery the mīd, mangre to hō so grudge
In all kinde crafty men, that can līue in truch
I shall fynde hem sode, that saythfull lybberth
Saue Iake the iudger, and Jener of the strewes
Jhu Daniel the displeyer, and Benot the baude
And Fryer sayntour, and folke of hys order
And Robin the ribaude, for hys rustye wordes
Trueth tolde me it once, and bade me tel it after.
Delectur de libro viii. I should not deale w hem
For holye church is hore, of hem no cythes to take

Quia cum iustis non scribantur.

They be escaped good auenture, God hem amend
Dame werche whan tyme is, Pierce wise hyght
His daughtre hight Dorighiso, or the dame shal p bete
His sone hight Suffer the souerains, to haue her will
Deme hem not for if thou doest, I shal it dere aby
Let God worke withall, for so his word teacheth
For now I am old and hore, and haue of mene owne
To penaunce & to pilgrimage, I will pas w thes other
Therefore I will er I wend, do write my bequest,

In dei nomine amen, I make it my selfe
He shall haue my soule, that best hath deserued it
And from the fende it defend, for so I beleue
Tyll I come to my countes, as my Crede me telleth
To haue a release and a remission, on that retal I leue
The kythe shal haue my carren, and kepe my bones
For of my cozne and cattell, she craued my cythes
I payed it him prestly, for the petell of my soule

Therefore

Isa. 66.

Adventure
Is terces
wife

peace
2 fte. 10. 11. 12.

How is
ers ma
beth by
testament

peace well or
testament

Therefore is he holde I hope, to mind me in his mass
 And mengen in hys memozi, among all chzisten
 My wife shal haue of þe I wan, wth Cruth & no moze,
 And deale among my daughters, and mi dear childze
 For though I dye to day, my dittes are quite
 I bare home that I borrowed, or I to bedde yede
 And wth the residue & the remaunt by þe code of Lukes
 I will worzshyp therwith, Cruche by my life
 And be hys Pilgraine at þe plowe, for poze mēs sake
 Mi plow fore shal be mi pikstaf, & pitch aso þe rootes
 And helpe my culter to kerue, and clesse þe sorowes.
 Nowe is Perkin & hys pilgraymes, so þe plow faren
 To erie this halfe acre, helpen him many
 Dikers and deluers, dygged by the balkes
 Therwith was Perkin apaired, & praysed hem faste
 Other workemen ther were, that wozought ful yerne
 Euery man in his maner, made hym selfe to done
 And some to please Perkin, picked by the wedes.
 At high prime Pierce, let the plow stonde.
 To ouer se hem him selfe, and who so best wozoughte
 He shoulde be byred thereafter, whā heruest tyme came
 And than satten some, and songe at the nale,
 Holpe And holpen erie his halfe acre, with hey trolly lolly
 Now by þe peril of mi soule wth Pierce, all in pure tene.
 But ye arise the rather, and rape you to wth ke
 Shal no graine that groweth, glad you at ende
 And though ye dye for dole, þe deuyl haue that treche.
 Tho were saytozs aferd, and seyned hem blind
 Some layde her legges a lyze, as such losels can
 And made her mone to Pierce, & prayed him of grace
 For we haue no lym to labour wth lord, graced be ye
 And we pray for you Pierce, & for your plowe both
 That

That god of his grace, your grayne multiply
 And yelde you for your almes, that you geue us here
 For werā nether swink ne sweet, such siknes us allich
 If it be soch w^{ch} Pierce p^r ye sayne, I shall it sone espye Heene to
 Ye be wasters I woce well, and trueth wot the sothe answere
 And I am his old hine, and hight him to warne counter-
 Which thei wer in this world, his wo^rke^me apere^d saite beg-
 Ye wast p^r men wolmen, with trauayle and wyth tene gers
 And truth shall teach you, his teime to dyue
 O^r ye shall eat barly bread, and of the broke drinke.
 but if ye be blind o^r broke leggid, o^r bolted with irons
 Ye shall eat wheat bread, and drinke wyth my selfe
 Cyl God of his goodnes, amendement you sende,
 And ye myght trauel as trueth wold, & take meate &
 To kepe kine in the field, p^r come fro the beasts (hye
 Dyken o^r deluen, o^r dinging vpon sheues
 O^r helpe make mo^rter, o^r beate mucke a fiede
 In licherie and in losengery ye, lyue and in slouth
 And al is thzough sufferance, that vengeance you ne
 And Ankers and hermits, heate but at nones (taketh
 And no moze o^r mozo^rw, my almes shal not they haue
 And carell to kepe hem w^{ch}, p^r haue cloysters and chur:
 And Robert runabout, shal not haue of myne (ches
 Ne apostles but thei p^rech cā, & haue bishopes power
 They shal haue pane & potage, & make her self at ease
 No reasonable religion, hath right nought of certen.
 And thā gan a wastoure to w^rath him, & wolde haue
 And to Piers p^r plomā, he proferd his gloue (fought
 A britorer a bragger, and bofeted Pierce also The wai
 And bad him go pyse w^{ch} his plow, forpynd shewe flour will
 w^{ch}lt thou o^r nist thou, we wyll haue our wyll ficht
 Of thy flour and of thy flesh, fetch when us lyketh,

I. i.

And

Wierce
playneth
to the
knight.

Wierce
picted h3
get to re-
ueg hym.

Faytours
worke for
feare of h3
get

And maken h3 mery there myd, manzre thy chekes,
Than Pierce p plo woman, plained him to the knyght
To kepe him as couenaunt was, fro cursed gzeues
And fro these wastours wolue skins, p make p worlde
For tho wasten a wom nought, 3 that ilke while (dere
woorth neuer plerty am3g p puple, p while my plo wo
Curtesly the knight thā, as his kind wolde (liggeth
warned wastour, and wished him the better,
O: p shalt abie by the lawe, by chozder that I beare.
I was not wonte to worke q wastour, 3 now I will
And let light of the law, 3 lesse of the knight, (begyn
And set Pierce at a pese, and h3s plo w both
And manaced Piers and his men, if they met eft sone
Now bi p peril of mi soul q piers, I chal apese you al
And whouped after hunger, that heard him at p first.
Awake me of these wastours q he, p this world then
Hunger in hast tho, hent wastour by the maw (deth
And wor3g him so bi the wombe, p both his eien wa:
He buffered the bzeton, about the chekes, (tered
That he looked lyke a lanterne, al his life after
He beate hem so both, he brake nere her guttes
He had Pierce wryth a pese lof, prayd hūger to cease
They had bene doluen, ne deme thou none other
Suffre hē liue he sayd, 3 let hē eate wylh hogges,
O: els beanes and bianne, (baken togethers
O: els milke o: meane ale, thus prayed Pierce for hē.
Faytours for feare therof, fowen into barnes
And flapped on wylh flailles, from morow till euen
That hunger was not so hardy, on hem for to lobe.
For a potte full of pese, that Pierce had ymaked
An heape of Heremites, hentem hem spades
And hit her copes, and courtesies hem made

And

And wenten as woorkemē w, spades & with shouels
 And doluen and diggen, to driue away hunger,
 Blind and bedridden, were botened a thousand
 That sicken to begge siluer, sone were they healed
 For bred bakē for baierds, was bote for mani hōgrs
 And mani beggers for beanes, buxum wer to swink
 And ech poze inā worl apayed, to haue pesē for his hire
 And what Pierce praised hē to do, as prestre as a hawk
 And therof was Pierce proude, & put hem to woork
 And gaue hē meat as he migh forð, & reasonable hire
 Than had Pierce pity, & prayd hunger to wende,
 Home vnto his owne parsh, and holdē him there
 For I am wel awoke of wasters, by thi might now
 And I pray the er thou passe, quod Pierce to hunger
 Of beggers and bidders, what best to be done
 For I wote wel be thou went, they wil woork ful yll
 For mischefe it maketh, they be so meke now
 And for defaut of her fode, this folke is at my wyl.
 They ar mi bloudy bether & pierce, for god bought
 Truth taught me once, to loue hem eche one (vs al
 And helpen hem of all thing, aye as hem nedeth
 And now wold I wit of the, what were the best
 And how I might mastren hem, & make hem woork.
 Here now quod hunger, and holde it for wysedome,
 Bold beggers & bygge, that may her bread swinke
 With hōuds bread & hois bread, hold by her hartes
 I bate hem wpyth beanis, for bollinge of her wombe
 And if the gominis grutch then, lid hem go stwynke
 And he shall soupe sweeter, when he hath it deserued
 And if thou find any fcke, & fortune hath apaired
 Of any maner salty man, fond thou such to knowe
 Confort hem w thy cattell, for Charles loue of true

What
 nebe can
 do.

How beg
 ers mape
 be made
 to worke.

Loue hem, and lene hem, for so the law teacheth.

Gal. vi. a.

Alter alterius onera portate

And all maner of men, that thou myght espye,
That neddy ben and noughety, help hem of thy goods
Loue & lacke he nought, lest god take the vengeance
Though they do euyl, let god worche

Mihi vindicam, et ego distribuam,

Heb. xii.

Rom. xii.

De. xxxii.

Luh. xvi.

If I wilt be gracious to go, do as the gospel teacheth
And byloue I among low men, so shal I lath grace.

Facite vobis amicos de mammona iniquitatis,

I hold grene god of Pierce, for al the good on ground
Myght I synles do as thou sayst, said Pierce then
Yea I behote the of hunger, or els the bible lyeth.

Go to Genesis the gyant, the engendour of vs all.

In Sudoze and in swoynke, thou shalt thy meat tilye
And labour for thy lyuelode, for so our lord hyght
And Sapience sayth the same, I sawe it in the bible
Is get pre frigoze, no fyelde woulde tilye,

Mat. xx.

The flou-

erfull su-

er honger

Mat. xii.

And therfore he shall begge & byd, & no man bate his
Mathe w to mas face, mouthed these words (hunger
That Seruns nequa had a mna, & for he nold chafter
He had in augre of his maister, for euermoze after

And binaime hym hys Dnam, for he ne wold worch
And gafe that Dnam to hym, that ten Dnams had
And with that he sayd, that holy kirke it hearde
He that hath shall haue, and helpe there it nedeth
And he that hath not shall not haue, ne no ma him helpe
And he that weneth well to haue, I wil it him bereue
Kynde wyte woulde, that ech a wyght wrought.

Or in digging or in deluing, or trauaile of prayers
Contemplatiue life, or actiue life, Chryste wold they woze
The psalter saith in the psalmes of beati omnes, (ughe
The seeke I fedeth him selfe, with hys saythful labour

De

He is blessed by the boke in body and in soule.

Laboros manuum tuarum, quoniam manducabis

Yet I pray you & pierce, pur charite & ye can
 Any leese leche craft, lere it me my deare
 For some of my seruants, and mi selfe both
 Of al a weke worke not, so our wombe aketh
 I wote wel & hunger, what likenes the ayleth,
 Ye haue manged ouer muche, & p maketh you grone
 And I hote the & hunger, as thou thy hele wil neste,
 That thou drinke no day, ere thou dine somewhat,
 Eate not I hote the, ere hunger, the taketh
 And send the of his sauce, to saour with thy lippes,
 And kepe some tyl souper time, and syt not to longe,
 And eyle by ere appetite, haue eaten his tyll:
 Let not sy? Surfyte, syt at thy bozde,
 Leue him not for he is licherous, & lycorous of tonge
 And after many maner of meat, his maw is a hugred
 And if thou diet the thus, I dare lay my eares
 That phisike shal his furred hode, for his fode sell,
 And his cloke of Calabrye, wyth al p knaps of golde
 And be fayne by my fayth, his phisike to let
 And learne to labour w hond, for lyuelode is swete
 For murtherers are many leches, lorde hem amende,
 They do men dye by their drinks, per destinie it wold
 By. S. Paule & pierce, these are profitable wordes
 Wend now hunger when thou toyle, & wel be p euer
 For this is a louely lesson, the lord it the foryeide,
 By hote god quod hunger, hence ne wil I wend
 Till I haue dined by this day, and dronken both
 I haue no peny & pierce, polettes for to bye
 Ne neither gosse ne greys, but two grene chests;
 A fewe curdes and creame, and an hauer cake,

psal. 128.
 How pi-
 ers prays
 eth huger
 to teache
 him a lich
 crafte for
 him and
 for his
 seruantes

in uocis suae p solenne

A.iii.

And

And two lours of beanes & dzan, bake for my folke,
 And yet I say by my soule, I haue no salt bacon
 Ne no cokeny by Chyist, colopes for to make
 And I haue percelly and pozers, & many cole plates,
 And eke a cowe and a calfe, and a cart mare
 To draw a field my dung, & while & draught lasteth.
 And by this lyuelod, I must lyue to Lammass tyme
 By that I hope to haue, haruest in my crofte
 And then I maye dight thy dinner, as me dere liketh
 And al the pore people tho, pescoddes fetten,
 Branes and bakē apples, they brought in her lappis
 Chiboles and chernell, and rype cherries many
 And proferd piers & present, to please wyth hys hū:
 All hunger eate in hast, and asked after moze (get
 Than pore folke for feare, fedde hunger yerne
 With grene pezet & pesen, to poylen him thei thought
 By & it neghed to haruest, new corne came to cheping
 Than was folke fayre, and fedde hunger w the beste
 With good ale as Glotō taught, & gari hūger to slepe
 And tho wold waster no work, but wandre aboute,
 Ne no begger eate bread, that beanes in were
 But of Toket and Clermatine, or els of cleane wheat
 Ne no ha'peny ale, in no wyse drinke
 But of best & of & brownest, that in bozough is to sell
 Labozers that haue no lād to liue on, but her handes
 Deyned to dyne a daye, wyth nyght old woyses
 May no penyale hem paye, ne no pece of bacon
 But if it be fresh flesh, other fysh fryed other bakte
 And & chānd, or plus chaud, for chilling of her maw
 And but if he be highly htered, els will he chyde
 And that he was workman wrought, waile & tyme
 Agaynst Calons counsel, comfeth he to langle,

More folk
 fedde hun-
 ger.

Isrouens
 der pte.
 heth them

He grevedly hiet against god, & grutcheth agayn reson
 And than curseth he the king, and all hys counsel after
 Such lawes to loke, labourers to greue.
 While hunger gaf hem hiet, not one of he wold chide,
 He steuen against his statute, so sternely he looked
 And I warne you workemen, win while ye may
 For hunger hither ward, hasteth him selfe
 He shall awake with water, wastours to chaffe.
 Ere fure yere be fulfilled, such famine shall arise
 Through floudes and foule meder, fruite shal fayle
 And so sayd Saturne and sent you to warne.
 And whē ye se the sunne amisse, & two moones heades
 And a maid haue the maistry, and multiply by hight.
 Than shal death withdrow, and derth be iustyce
 And Dauid the dyker, shall dye for hunger
 But if God of his goodnes graunt us a treue

This is
 no prophe
 cy but a
 pronostis
 cation



Truth hearde tell herof, and to Pierce sente.
 To taken his rime, and tilen the earth
 And purchased a pardone *A pena et a culpa*
 For hym & for his heires, for evermore after *is testis*
 And bade him hold him at home, and erpe his lates
 And all that helpe him to erpe, to sette, and to sowe
 Of any other mistery, that might Pierce auayle:
 Pardoun to Pierce plowman, Truth hath graunted.
 Knights and kinges, that kepeth holy kythe,
 And rightfully in realmes, ruleth the people
 Haue pardon through purgatorie, to passe sal lighthly
 Wyth patriarks & prophets, in Paradise to be felow
 Wythops iblessed, if they bene as they should,

Legysters

Idem septimus.

Legisters of both lawes, the lewed ther to preach,
And in as much as they may, amend al synful
Are peers to thapostles, such pardon pierce sheweth
And at the day of dome, at the high deyle to syt
Marchauntes in the merген, had many yeres
And none apena et culpa, the Pope wyl hem graunt
For they hold not her holidays, as holy kirk teacheth
And for they swore by her soul, & so god must he help
Agayn cleane conscience her cattell to sell

What
merchaun-
tes shuld
do.

And vnder his secret scale, truch sent hem a letter
That they shuld bugge boldely, that them best lyked
And sythen sell it agayne, and saue the winning
And amend mesodur, ther mede, & misese folk help
And wycked wales, wightely amende
And do boote to byldges, that robroke were
Marlen maydens, or maken hem Nunnes.
Poze people and prissonars, finden hem her fode
And set scholers to schole, or to some other craftes
Releue religion, and renten hem better.
And I shall send you my selfe, s. Elhel mine atchabel
That no deuyl shal you dere, ne fere you in your doing
And witten you from wanhope, if ye wil this worke
And send your soules in safety, to my saynts in Joye
Than were marchauntes meey, many wept for Joy
And prailed pierce the plowman that purchased bul
Men of law lest pardon had, that pleden for mede
For the psalter saureth hem not, suche as taken gyftes
And namely of Innocentes, that no evil ne caneth.

psal. xv.
Men of
law shuld
take nou-
ght but
their fee.

Super innocentem munera non accipies.

Pleders shuld peine hem to plead, for such in health
Princes and prelates shoud pay for her trauell,

A regibus et principibus erit merces eorum

Int

And man a Justice and Jurour would for John Doe ^{alwais}
 Than for Dei piete, leue you no other ^(more) ^{ould take}
 And he that spendeth his speche, & speaketh for þ poze ^{no moncy}
 That is innocent & neddy, and no man appeyeth
 Conforteth him in that case, wout couetise of gistes,
 And spekith law for our lordes loue, as he hath lerned
 Shal no deuil at his deathes dawe, dearn hym a mite
 That he ne worth false & his soule, þ psalter beareth
 Domine quis habitabit in tabernaculo tuo? ^(witness) ^{Isal. lv.}
 And to bug water ne wind, ne wit, ne fire the fourth
 These four the father of heuē made, to this fold in co
 These be Trutthes treasures, truefolk to help ^(men)
 That neuer shall were ne wane, wout God him selfe.
 Al hā they drawen on to die, & indulgēce wold haue
 Their pardon is full petit, at their parting hence
 That any mede of meane men, for their mooring take
 Ye Legisters and lawyers, hold thys for Truthe
 That if I lye. Mathewe is to blame,
 For he bade me tell you this, & this prouerbe me told
 Quodcumque bultis be faciant vobis homines facite eis.
 Al luyngge labozers, that libben wyth her handes ^{Luke. vi.}
 That truly taken, and truly wyppen,
 And liuen in loue and in law, for their lowe hertes
 Haueth the same absolution that sent was to Pierce ^{Of g'ing}
 Beggars & bidders, ne be not in the bulle ^{of almes.}
 But if the suggestion be south, þ shapeth hē to begge
 For he that beggeth one byt, but if he haue nede
 He is false wyth the fende, and defraudeth the neddy ^{For a respect}
 And also he begileth the gyuer, agaynst his wyll ^{for y' g'ing}
 For if he were not neddy, he would giue þ to an other,
 That were more neddy thā he, so þ nedest shuld be hol.
 Caton kenneth me thus, & the clerke of Stoics ^{(pen}
^{Al.} ^{Cui}

Passus septimus.

Cui des dideto, is Catons teachinge
And in the stories, he teacheth to bestow your almes

Sit elemosina tua in manu tua donec studeas cui des

Gregorie And Gregoꝝ was a good man, & bade vs geuen all
That asketh for his loue, that vs al leneth

Non eligas cui miserearis, ne for te pretercas illi qui mere-
tur accipere. Quia incertum est pro quo deo magis placeas.

For ye wot not who is worthy, & god wot the neede.

In him that taketh is þe trechery, if any treson walke

For he that geueth yeldeth, and parketh him to rest

And he þe biddeth borroweth, & brigeth him selfe in det

For beggers borrowe euer, & theire borrow is god al

To yeld he þe getteth he, & yet blurie more (mightie

Quare non dedisti pecuniam meam ad mensam,

ut ego venies meum cum bluris erigerem?

Therefore bid not ye beggers, but if ye haue great neede

For he þe hath to buy his bread, þe how bereth wynges

He hath mough þe hath bred, though he haue nought

Satis diues est qui non indiget pane

(els

Let blage be your solace of saintes lyues readyng

The booke baneth begeri, & blameth he in this maner

Iunior fui et iam senui, et non vidi iustum derelictum

neq; semen eius querens panem.

For ye lyue in no loue, ne no lawe holde

Want of you ye wed not, the women þe ye wyth deale

But as wild beasts wyth wehe, worthe by & worche

And bringen forth barnes, that bastardes men callen.

Oz the backe oz some bone, he breaketh in his youth:

And si the gone fatten to your faultes, for euer after

There is more mishappe puple, among these beggers

Than of al maner of me that on thys molde walketh

And they that lyue thus her lyfe, may loth the tyme

That

That euer they were inē wrought, whā thei shal hēre
And olde mē & boze, that helpeles be of strength (fare

And women wyth chyldre, that worke ne may
Blynde and bedzyden, and broke their membyres

patiente
pouertie.

That taken the mischenees mekely, as mefels & other
Haue as plaine pardon as the plowman hym selfe

For loue of her low hertes, our lord hath hē graunted
Their penaunce & their purgatory, here on this earth

Pierce quod a priest tho, thy pardon must I trade

For I wyl construe ech a clause, & ken it þ in englishe

And Pierce at his prayer, his pardon vnfolded

And I behinden hem both, beheld all the bulle

All in two lines it laye, and not a leese moze

And was wrytten ryghr thus, in witnes of Truthe,

Et qui bona egerunt ibunt in vitam eternam,

Qui vero mala in ignem eternam.

Mat. xxv

Peter quoth the prieste tho, I can no pardon fynde

But dowel and haue wel, & god shal haue thy soule

And do I all and haue all, hope thou none other

But after thy deathes day, þ deuil shal haue thy soule

doowell & faue
well

And Pierce for pure tene, pulled it in twayne.

And sayde. Si ambulauero in medio umbrę mortis

Non timebo malum quoniam tu mecum es.

Psalm. cxlii

I shal cease of my sowynge quod Pierce, & swinke not

Ne about my healy toy, so busy be no moze (so harde

Of prayers & of penaunce, my plowe shal be hereafter

And wepe whē I shold slepe, though whete bread me

The prophet his paine ate, in penaunce, & sorow (salle

By that the psalter sayeth, so dyd other manye

That loueth god lilly, his liuelode is full easy,

Fuerunt mihi sachtine mee, panes die ac nocte.

And but if Luke lye, he leaureth vs by sowles

Psalm. lxxv

Do shoulde not be busye, aboute the woorldes blyss
 Math. vi. Ne solliciti sitis he sayth in the gospel

And the weth in examples our selues to wishe
 The foules in y field, who findeth he meate in winter
 Haue they no garner to go to, but god fedes hem all:
 What of the priest to Parkin, Peter as me thinketh
 Thou art lettered a litle who learned the on boker
 Abstinēce y Abbes of Pierce, mine. a. b. c. me taught
 And cōsciēce came after ward, & kēned me much in oze,
 Were y a priest of he, y might preach wher y shoulde
 As diuinoz in diuinitie w Dicit insipientes to thy tēme,
 Lewd Lozel of Pierce, lile lokest thou on the bible
 On Salomons sawes, seldome thou beholdest.

A blynd.
 priestes
 saunt

Ecce derisiones et iurgia cum eis ne crescant.

1920. xxii. The priest and Parkin, apposed either other
 And I through her wordes awoke, & wayted about
 And sawe the sunne, in the south sit that time
 Meatelesse and monellesse, on Maluerne hylles
 Musinge on these metales, and my waye ich yede.
 Many tymes these metals, hath made me study
 Of that I se sleppinge, if that so be myght
 And also for Pierce the plowman, full pensife in herte
 And what a pardon Pierce had, al y people to cōfozte
 And howe y priest impūgned it, w. ii. propre wordes
 And I haue no sauery in sogwary, for I se it oft falle
 Caton and canonisters, counsell vs to leaue
 To set sadnes in song war?, for Somnia ne cures

Both Da
 niel de-
 med the
 dreames
 of Abu-
 chodonos
 for.

And for the byble boke beareth wytnes
 Howe Dantell demed, the dreames of a kinge
 That was Nabugodonosor, named of clarkes
 Daniel sayde sit kynge, thy dreames betoken
 That unkought knights shall come, thy kingdome to
 (clayme

Amongest lower lordes, thy land shall be departed
 And as Daniel demed, in dede it fell after
 The kyng lost his lordship, and lower men it had
 And Joseph met maruellously, howe y none and the Of the
 And the xi. starres, halsted him all (sunne dreames
 Than Jacob iudged, Josephes wyuen of Joseph
 Beau fitz quod hys father, for defaute we shall
 I my selfe and my sonnes, seche the for nebe
 It befell as hys father sayde, in pharaos tyme
 That Joseph was iustice, Egypte to loken
 It befel as his father tolde, his frends ther him soughe
 And all this maketh me, on this metals to thinke
 And howe the plesse pzed, no pardon to do wel of frep. m. c. c.
 And demed that do wel, in dulgence passed of do well
 Biennales and triennales, and byshops letters
 And how do wel at y day of doine, is dignely vnder
 And passed al the pardō, of .s. Peters church (fōgen
 Now hath the pope power, pardō to graūt y people Note ho
 Wouthout any penaunce, so passe into heauen we helcoz
 This is our bellete, as letteted men do vs teach neth the
 Quodcūque ligaueritis super terram, erit ligatum et in cellis auctorit
 And so leue lellye Lordes, for bode els of popes
 That pardon and penaunce, & prayers done saue Math. vi.
 Soules that haue sinned, seuen sythes deadly for not (y. b.)
 And to truste to these trentals, truly me thinketh Iugement
 Is not so siker for the soule, as to do well
 Therfore I red you renkes, that rich be on this earth
 Upon truste of treasure, trientales to haue
 Be ye neuer the bolder, to bzeake the renhestes
 And namely ye maisters, mayres and iudges
 That haue the welch of this world, & for wise mē be
 To purchase you pardōs, & the popes buls (holdē
A. iii.
A.

Passus octauus.

a couplet
At the dreadfull dome, when the dead shall arise
And commen all tofore Christ, accountes for to yede
How thou ledest thi lyfe here, and his lawes kepest
And how thou didest day by day, þ dome wil reherse
A poke full of pardon there, ne prouinciall letters
Though ye be souden in þ fraternitie, of þ. llii. orders
And haue indulgēce an. C. fold, but if do wel you help
I beset your patentēs & your pardons, at a pies hele
Therfore I counsell all christen, to crye god mercy
And make Christe our meane, that hath made emēds
That god gyue vs grace here, or we go hence
Such woakes to worke, while we ben here
That after our deathes daye, do wel reherse
At the day of dome, we did as he hyght.

Passus octauus de visione.

Et hic incipit inquisitio prima de do well.

Thus robed in russet, I comed aboute
All a Somer season, for to seeke do well
And freyned full oft, of folke that I mette
If any wight wiste, wher do wel was at inne
And what man he might be, of many man I asked
Was neuer wight as I went, that me wyth could
Where this ladde langed, lesse or more.
Tyll it befell on a fryday, two fryers I mette
Maisters of the Pinours, men of grete wytte
I halled hem hendelyr, as I had learned
And prayed hem for charite, or they passed further
If they knewe any courte, or contrye as they went
Where that do well dwelleth, do me so wytte
For they be me on this mould, that most wide walke
And

And knowe contries & courtes, & many kinnes places
 Both pynnes palaces, and poze mens cotes
 And do wel & do euil, where they dwel both.
 Amongest vs of the mynours, that man is dwellinge
 And euer hath as I hope, and euer shall hereafter,
 Contra quod I, as a clarke, and cumsed to disputen
 And iayde hym sorhly, Septies in die cadit iustus. 131ou. 24.
 Seuen sythes sayeth the boke, synneth the rightfull.
 And who so synneth I saye, doth euil as me thinketh
 And do wel and do euil, may not dwel together,
 Ergo he is not alwaye, among you fryers
 He is other whyle els where, to wythen the people.
 I shall say the my sonne, sayed the frier than,
 Howe seuen sythes the sadde man, on a day synneth.
 By a forbisne quod the frier, I shall the faire the we
 Let byng a man in a boote, amyd the brode water
 The wynde and the water, and the boote wagging
 Make a man many tyme, to fall and to stande
 For stand he neuer so stiffe, he stumblith if he moue
 And yet is he safe and sound, and so hym behoueth,
 For if he ne arise the rather, and raght to the stee,
 The wind would to the water, the boote ouerthrowe
 And tha were his life lost, through latches of him self
 And thus it falleth quod þe frier, bi folk here on erth
 The water is likned to þe world, þe waneth & weyeth
 The goodes of this world, ar likned to þe grete waues
 That was wynds and wethers, walken about.
 The boote is likened to our body, þe bytt is of kynd
 That through the fleshe, and the fragile worlde
 Synneth the sadde man, a day seuen tymes
 And deadly synne doeth he not, for do wel him kepeth
 And þe is charicle þe chāpion, chlete helpe agayne synne
 For

a praye fgo
 rec

His opi-
nion of
freewyll.

For he strengtheþ man to stand, & stirreth many soule
And thoughe thy body bothe, as bothe doth in water,
Aye is thy soule safe, but if thou wylt thy selfe
Do a deadly synne, and drenchen so thy soule
God wyll suffer wel thy slouth, if thy selfe lyketh
For he gaf the two yeres gifts, to tyme well thy selfe
And þis is wille & freewill, to euery wight a portoun
To stryngge foules, to fishes, and to bestes
And man hath mooste therof, and most is to blame
But if he worth wel ther to, as Dowel hym teacheth.
I haue no kind knyng of I, to conceyue all your wo,
And if I may liue & loke, I shall go learne better (Des
I bikenne the Christ, that on the crosse dyed
And I said the same, saue you from mischaunce
And giue you grace on this ground good me to worth
And thus I went wyde, wher walking mine one
By a wyde weldernes, and by a woddes syde
Blisse of the birdes brought me on slepe,
And vnder a lynde on a land, lened I a stounde
To lyth the layes, tho lovely fowles made
Myrthe of her mouthes, made me there to slepe
The marueloulest metelles, mette me than
That euer dreined wyght, in world as I wene.
A much man as me thought, and like to my selfe
Came and called me, by my kinde name
What art þu quoth I tho, thou þu my name knowest
That thou worstest wel quoth he, and no wight better
Wot I what thou art: Thought sayd he than,
I haue sued the this leuen yeres, se þu me no rather
Art thou Thought of I tho, thou couldest me withe
Wher þu Dowel dwelleth, & do me that to knowe
Dowel, & Dobetter, & Dobest the thirde, quod he

Are

Dowel do
better þu
best

Are thye saye vertues, and be not farre to finde,
 Who so is true of hys tonge, & of his two handes
 And thzough his laboz oꝝ his lōd, his liuelod wineth
 And is trusty of his saylyng, taketh but his owne
 And is no drunkelewe ne dedigulous, do wel him solo
 Dobet doth ryght thus, & he doth much more (with
 He is as lowe as a lambe, and louely of speache
 And helpeth all men, after that hem needeth
 The bagges & the bigirdles, he hath to bryck hem all,
 That the Cyle Avarous, helde and hys heyres
 And thus w inā mōs mony, he hath made him frēdes
 And is runne to religion, and hath rendred the Bible
 And pyracheth to the people, saynre Pauls wordes
I libenter sufferis insipientis cum sitis ipse sapientes.
 And suffereth the vnwyse, wyth you soꝝ to lyue
 And w glad wil doeth hē good, soꝝ so god you hoteth
 Dobest is aboue boeth, and beateih a bishops crosse
 Is heked on that one ende, to halpe men from hell
 A pyke is on the poient, to pull downe the wyched
 That wayten anye wychednes, do well to trene
 And do well and do bet, amongst hem haue oꝝ deyned
 To crowne one to be kynge, to rule hem boeth
 That if do well and do bet, arne agaynst do best
 Than shall the kynge come, and caste hem in yrons
 And but if do best byd soꝝ hem, they be there soꝝ euer
 Thus do well and do bet, and do best the thyrd
 Crowned one to be kynge, to kepen hem all
 And to rule the realme, by her thye wytes
 And none other wise, but as they thye assented,
 I thanked Thought tho, that he me thus taught
 And yet sauozeth me not thy suging, I court to lerne
 How do wel do best & do better, done among þ people
 A l. But

But wot can wyth the q thought, toher tho. iiii. dwell
 Els wot I none that can tell, that no we is alyue.
 Thought and I thus, thre dayes we yeden
 Disputynge bpon Dowell, daye after other
 And ere we were ware, with wot gan we mete
 He was longe and leane, lyke to none other
 Was no pryde on hys apparell, ne pouerty nether
 Sadde of hys semblaunce, and of soft chere
 I durste not moue no matter, to make hym to fangle
 But as I bade thought tho, be meane betwene
 And put forth some purpose, to prouen his wots
 What was dowel fro dobet, & dobest fro hem both
 Than thought in that tyme, sayd these wordes
 Whether dowel dobet, and dobest ben in land
 Here is wyl wold wot, if it could teach him
 And whether he be mā oz womā, this mā same wold
 And wotch as they thre wold, this is his enēt (espy

wot wyl
 haue none
 excelle.

Passus nonus de uisione. Et primus de dowell.



Ere dowel dwelleth q wit, not a day hence
 In a castel y kind made, of four king things
 Of earth & ayre is it mad, mingled togithers
 Wyth wind & w water, witterly enioyned.
 Rynde hath closed therein, craftely withall
 A Lemman that he loueth, lyke to him selfe
 Anima she hyght, and Enuie her hateth
 I proude prycker of fraunce, princeps huius mundi
 And woulde wyne her away, w willes & he myghte
 And kind knoweth thys well, & kepech her the better
 And dothe her w sir dowel, is duke of thys marches
 Dobet is her damosell, sir Dowels daughter
 To serue this lady lelly, both late and rathe.

Dobeste

wot dowel
 dwelleth

anima y
 dowel wyl

Dowel is
 keper of
 soule,

Dobest is aboue boeth, a bythops pre
 That he byd moote he do, he ruleth hem all
 Anima that lady, is led by his lerning.
 And þe cōstable of þe castell, that kepeth all þe watche,
 Is a wyse knight withall, sit In wyte he hight
 And hath fyue fayre sonnes, by his fyrst wyfe
 Syr Seewell and Saywel, and hartwell the ende
 Syr woꝛchwel wth chy hand, a wight man of strenght
 And syr Godfrey go well, great lordes forsoth
 These fyue beue set, to saue this lady Anima
 Tyl kind come oꝛ send, to saue her for euer
 What kins thing is kind q̄ I, canst thou me tell?
 Kynd q̄ wyte is a creatoꝛ, of all kinnis thinges
 Father and foimer of all, that euer was makyd
 And that is the great god, that gynnyn had neuer
 Loꝛde of lyfe and of light, of blys and of payne
 Angels and all thing, arue at his wyl,
 And man is him moſte like, of marke and of shape,
 For thꝛough þe woꝛd that he spake, werẽ forth bestes

In wyte
 hath fyue
 sonnes, whose
 yb for dany.

god made man
 lyke vnto hym
 fol. lxxxii

Dirit et facta sunt.

And made Adam, likest to him selfe one
 And Cue of his ribbe bone, wythout any meane
 For he was singuler him selfe, and sayde faciamus
 As who saye moze must hereto, then my woꝛde one
 My myght must helpe, no w with my speche
 Cue as a loꝛd shuld make leters, & he lackid perct me
 Though he could wyte neuer so wel, if he had no p̄
 The letters for al his loꝛdship, I leue wer neuer ima-
 And so it semeth by him, as the bible tellith. (ked
 There he sayde.

Goddes
 myghte
 must help
 his woꝛd.

Dirit et facta sunt,

He must woꝛch wyth his woꝛde, and hys wyte the we
 And in this maner was mā made, by might of God
 A.ii. (almighty

Wyt his word & his workmāship, and to life to last
 And thus god gaue him a goste, of þ godhed of heus
 And of his great grace, graunted him blyss
 And þ is life that eye shall last, to al our linage after
 And þ is the castell þ kynde made, Caro it hight
 And is as much to meane, as man with a soule
 And that he wrought with work, & with word both
 Throughe might of the maiesty, man was made
 In wyte and all wyte, closed bene therein
 For loue of the ladie Anima that life is nempned
 Ouer all in mans body, she walketh and wandreth
 And in the herte is her home, and hir most rest
 And Inwyt is in the head, and to the herte loketh
 What Anima is leef or loth, he leaderh byr at his wyl
 For after the grace of god, the greatest is Inwyt
 Much wo worth þ man that misruleth his Inwyte
 And þ bene glotons globberis, her god is her wombe

Whil. iiii.

Quorum deus venter est.

For seruen they Sathan, their soules shal he haue
 They liue in sinfull lyfe here, hir soules is like þ deuil
 And all that liuen good life, are like to God almighty

4. No. iiii.

Qui manet in charitate, in deo manet.

Wlas that drink shall fordo, that god dere boughte
 And doth god forsake him, þ he hope to his likeness
 Amen dico vobis, nescio vos. Et alibi Et dimisi eos secundum desiderata eorum.

Mat. xxv

Foolles that fauten Inwyt, I find that holy church
 Shuld finde he in that fauten, & fatherles children
 And wydowes þ haue nought, wher to win hē her
 Hande men and maydens that helples were (foode
 All these lacke Inwyt, and loze behoueth.

Wo be to
 you that
 the riches
 to private
 be.

Of this matter I might, make a long tale

And

And finden fell wytnesses, amonge the four doctours
 That I lye not on þ þ I learne þ, Luke bereth witnes
 Godfathers & godmothers, þ sene her godchildren
 At missease and at mischiese, and moune hem amende
 Shal haue penaunce in purgatoire, but they hem help
 For moze belögeth to þ litle barne, oz he þ lath know
 Than nempning of a name, and he neuer the wyser
 Should no chrissten creature, crye at the gate
 He sayle paine ne potage, & prelats did as they shulde
 A Jewe wol not see a Jew, go langling for default
 For al þ mouables on this mold, & he amed it might
 Alas þ a chrissten creature, shalbe unkynd to an other
 Sythen Jewes that we iudge, Judas felowes
 Eche of hem helpe other of þ that hem nedeth
 Why wilnot we chrisste, of Christs good be as kynd
 As Jewes that be our lozes men, shame to vs all.
 The Comune for his unkindnes I drede me shal able
 Bishops shalbe blamed, for beggers sake
 He is woꝛsethen Judas, that geueth Japers syluer,
 And bidderh the begger go, for his broken clothes.
 Proditoz est prelatus cum Juda qui patrimonium Chri-
 sti minus distribuit. Et alibi, Perniciosus dispensatoꝝ est
 qui res pauperum Christi in utiliter consumit.
 He doeth not wel þ doeth so, ne dzedith God of might
 He loueth not Salomōs sawes that sapience taught
 Initium Sapientie timoꝝ domini.
 That dzedith god he doeth wel, þ dzedith him for loue
 And not for drede of begeaunce, doth therfore þ be
 He doeth be it that wdꝛaweth him, by day & by night
 To spyl any speche, oz any space of tyme.
 Qui offendit in uno, in omnibus est reus
 Lefyng of tyme, cruth wotes the sothe

Benowe
 Pour sp-
 ches as
 pon are
 bounde to
 do.

a goodly
 note for
 marke

Eccle. 1.

þ drede of
 god

Jaco. 1.

A. iii.

Is

Is moste hated apon earth, of hem that be in heauen
And sithen to spyll sheach, that enspired is of grace
And gods gleman, and a game of heauen,
Wold neuer þ faithful father, his fyde were vntem
Ne his gleman a gadlinge, a goer to sauene, (perd
To all true tiddy men, that trauell desyren
Our lord loueth hem a lente clowd other styl)
Grace to go to hem, and agene her lyfelode

psa. 34.

Marriage
is praised

Inquirentes autem domini, non minuentur omni bono.
True weddid liuing folke, in this world is do well,
For they moote worke and win, & the world susteyne
For of her kind they come, that cosfoures be nepned
Kynge and knightes, Caylers and cherles
Maydens and martires, out of one man come
The wyfe was made the way, to helpe to worch
And thus was wedlocke wzought w a meane persō
First by the fathers wyll and the frendes counsell,
And sithē by the assent of hē self, as thci might accorde
And thus was wedlocke wzought, & god hym self se
In earth & in heuen, hym selfe was the wyner (made
And false folke faythles, thurs and lyers,
Wastours and wretches, out of wedloke I trowe
Cōceiued ben in yll tyme, as Cayne was of Eue, not
Of such synfull shrewes, the psalter maketh mynde

psal. vii.

Learn to
chose the
a wyfe.

Concepit in dolore et peperit iniquitatem,
And al that come of that Cayne: come to euell ende
For god sent to Sem, and sayd by an aungell
Thine issue in thine issue, I wyl that they be ioyned,
And not thy kind in Cains kind, coupled nor spoused
Yet Sem agayne the solid, of our sauoute of heauen
Cains kind and his kind, coupled togithers
Til god wzothed for her workes, & such a word sayd
That

That I made man, now it me forthynketh,

Benitet me, fecit ille hominem,

And came to Nor anone, and bade him not let
Swythe go shape a shyp, of shydes and of bozdes

Gene. vi,

Thy selfe, a thy song thre, a sithen your wpyes

Buske you to that bore, and byde you therein,

Tyl forty dayes be fulfilled, y the floud have swashed

Cleane away y cursed bloud, that Cayne hath made,

Brastes that nowe ben, shall banne the tyme

That ever that cursed Cayne, came on thys earth

All shall dye for hys dedes, by dales and by dowues

And the fowles that flowe forth, wyth other beastes

Except onely, of euery kynde a couple,

That in thy shingled shyppe, shall be isaued

Here bought the barne, the belspyes gyltes

And all for her fozefathers, fareden the worse

The gospell is here agayne, in one degre I finde,

Filius non portabit iniquitatem patris,

Et pater non portabit iniquitatem filii.

Eze. xliii

And I fynde if the father, be false and a whetwe

That somdrole the sonne, shall have the syys rutches

Impe on an elderne, and if thynne apple be swete

Much maruayle me thynketh, and moze of a whetwe

That byngyth forth any barne, but if it be the same

And haue a sauour after y syre, seld seest thou other

Non colligitur de spinis bua, nec de tribulis ficus.

Luke. vi,

And thus through cursed Cayne, came care apd earth

And al for they wrought, wedlocke ayenst gods wyl

Forthy haue they maugre of her mariges, y mary so

For some as I see, now soth for to tell (her childre

For couetise of cattell, unkindlich be wedded

And carefull conception, cometh of suche mariages

As befell of the folke, that I before tolde

For

Passus nonus

For good shold wed good, though they no good had

Ioh. xliii I am etia et veritas, sayth Chyriste, I maye auauce all

It is an vncomely couple, by Chyrist as me thinketh

To geue a yonge wench, to an olde feble

Or wedden any wyddowe for wealth of her goodes

That shall neuer barne beare, but if it be in armes

Many a pair luthē p pestilēce, hath plight hē togyther

The frute that they byynge forth, are soule woꝝdes

In ielousye to peles, and ianglen abed

Haue thei no childꝛe but chesys, & clapping thē betwē

And though thei do hē to dōmow, but if p deuil help

To follow after the fliche, fcthe they it neuer

And but they both be forsworne that, bacon thei tyne

Forthy I coucell al chyristen, couer not to beweddid

For couris of cattell, ne of kinned ryche

And maydens and maydens, matche you togythers

Wydores and wydores woꝝke the same

For no landes but for loue, loke ye be wedded

And than get ye p grace of god, a good inough to liue

And euery man seculer, that may not coneyne (with

Witely goo wed, and ware him from synne

For lecherie in lokyng, is lyne yarde of hell

Whyles thou art yonge, and thy weheapon kene

Take the w wyueyng, if thou wilt be excused

Dum sis hic fortis, ne des tua robora scortis

Scribitur in portis meretricis est Janua mortis

Whan ye haue wyued, be ware and werch in tyme

Not as Adam & Eue, whan Cayne was yngendꝛed

For in one tyme truly betwene, man and woman

He shuld no bourd on bed be, but if they both were

Both of lyfe & of soule, and in perfite charytie (cleane

That ylike betwene dede, do no man ne shoulde

And

*Unmoyt
marriage*

*The frutes of wic
ked mari-
age.*

*for we shold
be marryed*

*The ma-
ryed cou-
ple muste
kepe them
selues cle-
ane.*

102

not

And if they lead thus their life, it liketh god almighty,
For he made we bloke fyrste, and hym selfe salde

Bonum est ut unusquisque uxorem suam habeat propter I. Cor. 1. 10.
fornicationem.

And they þ other gates be gete, for gedlings ben hold *Bastards*

As false folke, fudlinges, faytours and liars

Ungratious to get good, or loue of the people

And then and wailen, what they cathe maye

A gayne do wel they do euyl, & the deuyl serue,

And after their deaths daye, shall dwell in the same

But god grue hem grace here, hem selues to amende.

To well my frende is to done, as lawes teachen

To loue thy frende and thy foe, leue me þ is do bet.

To geue vnto mermie both, yonge and olde

To healen and to helpen, is do best of all,

And do well is to drede god, and do bette to suffer

And so cometh do best of both, & bringeth adwone the

And þ is wycked will, þ many work shendeth (modie)

And dryueth awaye do well, through deadly synes.

Passus decimus de bisione,

Et secundus de dowell.



Thā had wit a wyfe, as hote dame study, *My vntea.*

That leue was of lere, and of liche boeth *wyfe*

She was woderit wzoght wit me so teched

*** And al starung dame study farnely sayde

Wel art þ wyfe & she to wyt, any wysdomes so ill

To flatterers or to soles, that freutye be of wytes

And blamed him and banned him, & bade him. be syl

woyth such wyfe wordes, to wythe any lottes

And sayde, *Holt mittere mā Margaryt Pearls,*

Amonge hogges, that haue howes at will.

They do but daniel theron, dize were him leet,

Thā al precious Pearls that in Paratice waxeth.

Passus decimus.

By theit
wozkes
know the

I saye it by such. quoth he, þ she wote it by her woorkes
That hem were leuer land, and lordshipp on earth
O: rychez o: rentes, and rest at her wyll
Than al the soth sawes, that Solomon sayde euer
Wysedome and wytte, nowe is not wozth a kerse
But if it be carded to couetis, as clothers hem be her
Who so ca cōrrupe deceites, & cōspyre wozgs (woule
And lead forth a loue daye, to let wyth truth
He that such craftes can, is oft cleped to counsel
They lead Lordz wyth leasing es, and belseth truth
Job the gentle in his gestes, greatly wytnesteth
That wycked mē weldē, þ wealth of this world
And þ they be lordes of ech lond, þ out of law lyueth

Psal. cxli

Quare imprecantur, bene est omnibus qui preuaricantur et inique agunt.

Psal. cx

The Psalter sayeth the same, by such as done euyl.
Ecce ipsi peccatores habūdātes in seculo obtinuerūt diuitias
Lo sayth holy lecture, which lordes be these wyrewoes
Thike that god geueth most, lest good they dealcth
And most unkind be to þ cōmē, þ most catel welderth.

Psal. cx

Que perfecisti destruxerunt, iustus autem. &c.

On þ di-
uinitie ha-
th no re-
ward

Harlots for her harlotrye, maye haue of her goodes
And tapers and iudgelers, and iangelers of iestes
And he that hath holy wyte, aye in his mouth
And can tell of Tobie, and of the twelue Apostles
O: preache of þ penaunce, þ Pilate falsely wrought
To Jesu the gentle, that Jewes rod & awe;
Lyttle is he loued, that suche a lesson sheweth
O: daunten o: drawe forth, I do it on god him selfe
But cho that saue hem soles, and wylth fasting lyueth
Agayne the lawe of our lozde, and lien on hem selfe
Spitten and spuen, and speake foule wordes
Drynken and druelen, and do men for to gape

Alphen

Lyken men, & lye on hem, þ' leuerh hem no gytes
 They can no moze minstrelly, ne mulyhe men to glad
 Than Bunde the milner, of *agusta fecit deus*
 He were hit byle harlotry, haue god my trowth
 Shoulde neuer kyng ne knight, ne canon of Doules
 Gyue hem to her newyeres gyfte, gyfte of a grate,
 And myrth & minstrelly, amongst men is nough
 Lechery, losenchery, and losols tales,
 Glotony and grat othes, this mirthe they loueth,
 And if thei carpe of Chyist, these clerkes & these lewd.
 And they meet in her mirth, whan minstrels ben wyll
 Than telleth they of the trinite, a tale of swalne
 And byngeth forth a blade reason, etake Bernard to
 And put forth a p̄s̄uption, to p̄ue þ' loth (wines)
 Thus they d̄ruell at her dayle, the d̄rle to scozne
 And gnawen god w̄ byz gozge, whan her gues fallen
 And the carfull may crye, and carpen at the gate
 Both a synger and a fute, and for chel quake
 Is none to nymen hem nere, his noye to amend
 But huntyn hym as a hounde, & hotten hym go hence,
 Little loueth he that Lorde, that lent hym all þ' blyse,
 That thus parteth, w̄ the poze, apercel wha hym ne
 He were mercy to mean men, moze than in rich (beth
 Mendynautes meates, myght go to bedde.
 God is much in the gozge, of these grete maisters,
 And amanges meane men, his mercy & his wothes
 And so sayeth the psalter, I haue sene it off.

*for myrth
no gyte*

*all men
loue baw
dye,*

*Ecce audiuimus eum in ecclesia, inuentibus eum
in campis silue.*

Clothes and other kinnes men, catpep of god for
 And haue him much in þ' mouth, & meane men in bert
 friers and faptozs, haue fouben such questions
 To plese wyth the p̄zoud men, lich the pestilence time

Passus sextus

And preachen at S. Paules, for pure enui so clarks
 That to be is not firmid in the fardye, ne free of her
 Ne soz for her synners, so is pryde waken, (gooddes
 In religyon, a in al the teame, amogest rich a poze
 That prayers have no powre, the pestilence to lette
 And yet þ wretches of this worlde, are none ware by
 Ne for drede of þ death, wheraw not her prid (other
 Ne ben plentious to the poze, as pure charite wold
 But in gaires a i glotony, for glote her goodes he selfe
 And breketh not to the begger, as the boke teacheth.

Eccl. lvi

Frangite esurienti panem tuum, &c.

And þ more he wyynth, a wereth welch in ryches
 And lordeth in landes, the lesse good he dealeth
 Tobie telleth you not so, take hede ye ryche
 Howe the byble boke, of hym beareth wytnes

Tobie. liii

Si tibi sit copia habundanter tribue

Si autem eriguum, illud impertiri stude libenter

Who so hath much spend in aly, so meaneth Tobie
 And who so lytle weldeth, rule hym thereafter,

For we haue no letter of our lyfe, how long it shal end
 Suche lessons lordes, shoulde loue to heare (dure

And how he myght most meyny, manlych synde
 Not to fare as a fideler, or a frier to seke feastes

Homely at other mens houses, and baten her owne
 Elenge is the hal, euery day in the weke

There the Lorde ne the lady, lyketh not to sytte
 Howe hath eche ryche a rule, so caren by hem selfe

In a priu parier, for poore mens sake
 Or in chambze wyth a chymney, and leaue the chiese

That was made for meales, men to seate in (bat
 And all so spate to spende, that spyll shall an other

I haue heard heigh men, eatynge at the table

Carpem

Carpē as they clarkes were, of Christ & of his might
And leide saut vpon the father, that formed vs al
And carpen againe clarkes, crabbed wordes
Why would our sauour suffer, such a woyme in his
That begyled the woman, & the man after blisse
Through wich wiles & wordes, they went to hel
And al her seide for her synne, the same death suffered
Here lieth your loie, these lordes begynnerh to dispute
Of þe clarkes vs kenneth, of Christ by the gospel.

Nullus non portabit iniquitatem patris.

Why should we that now be, for the works of Ada
Koten and corente, reasone would it neuer

Qualisquisque portabit onus suum

Such mortuies thei moue, these masters in her gloze
And make men to misbeleue, that muse on her wordes
Imaginative here afterward, shall answere to your
Austen to such arguers, telleth this tyme. (purpose

Non plus sapere, quam oportet

Wynnerh neuer to wytte, whye that God woulde

Suffer Sathan, hys seide to begyle,

And beleue lelly, in the looze of holy kyke

And praye hym of pardon, and penaunce in thy lyfe

And for hys muche mercy, to amende you here

For who þe wynnerh to wote, þe wales of god almighty

I would hys eye were in his ars, & his finger after

That euer wynnerh to wytte, why that god would

Suffer Sathan, hys seide to begyle

O: Judas to the Jewes, Jesu betraye

All was as thou woudest lord, worshyp be thou

And al worth as thou wold, what so we dispute

And cho þe vse these hanylowes, to blidde mēs witte

What is do wel fro dobet, nowe dese mote he worthe

Eze. xliii
I vnderstand
Gods not sef
Salat. 16

Item. cii.

Sith he wylneth to wit, which they be both
 But it be true in the life, that longeth to dowel
 For I dare be his bold bozow, y dobet wyl he neuer
 Though do best draw on hym, day after other
 And whā y wyte was ware, what dame studie told
 He became so confuse, he cūneth not loke
 And as dome as death, and dretw him acere
 And for no carping I cold after, ne kneeling to therth
 I myght get no grayne, of his great wyttis
 But al laughynge he loued, and looked upon study
 In sygne that I shulde, beseechen hyr of grace
 And whē I was ware of his wyl, to his wylle I loutid
 And sayde mercie madame, your mā shal I worch
 As longe as I liue, both late and rathe
 For to worchen your wyl, the whyle mi life endureth
 With y that ye ken me kindly, to know to what is dowel
 For thi mekenes mā q the, a for thi milde spech
 I shal ken the to my cosen, that clergye is hoten
 He hath weddyd a wyfe, win these syr moneths
 Is syb to the seued artes, Scriptur is hyr name
 They two as I hope, after my teachinge
 Shal withen the dowel; I dare vnder take
 Than wos I as fayne, as foule of fayr mozow
 And glader then the gleman, that golde hath to gyfte
 And asked hir the high way, where that clergi, dwelt
 And tel me some token q I, for tyme is that I wend
 Aske the hygh waye quod she, hence to suffre
 Both wel and wo e, if that thou wylt learne
 And ryde for the by riches, and rest thou not therin
 For if y coulest y therwith to clergie comest I neuer
 And also the lycours lande that lechery hight
 Leauē it on thy left half, a large mile and moze,

The ma-
 net of the
 y be in of-
 fice,

to way
 to clerge
 not

Tyll thou come to a court, kepe well thy tounge
 Fro leasinges & lyther speach, & licozys drinckes
 Tha shalt thou se sobyette, and simplicitie of speache
 That ech wight be in his wyll, hys wytte to shewe
 And thus shalt þu come to clargye, þu canst many thynges
 Saye hym thys signe, I sette him to schole
 And that I grete wel his wyse, for I wrot her many Studye
 And set her to Sapience, & to the psalter glose (booke) teacheth,
 Logike I learned her, and manye other lawes al thynges
 And all the vnisons in musicke, I made her to knowe
 Plato the poete, I put him first to boke
 Aristotle and other moe, to argue I taughte
 Grammer for gydes, I garde first to wyte
 And beat hem w a bales, but if they would learne
 Of all kinnes craftes, I contriued tooles
 Of carpenters of caruers, and compassed Masons
 And lerned hem leuel and line, though I loke dimme
 And Theologie hath tened me, seuen score times
 The moze I muse therein, the mistier it seemeth
 And the deper I deupne, the darker me it thynketh
 A full lethye thyng it were, if that loue nere
 And for it leet beste by loue, I loue it the better
 For there as loue is Leader, ne lacketh neuer grace
 Like thou loue lellis, if the liketh Dowell
 For Dobet and Dobeft, bene of lowes kynne
 In other science it sayth, I sawe it in Caton
 Qui similat verbis, nec corde est fidus amicus
 tu quoque fac simile, sic ars deluditur arte. Cato.
 Who so gloseth as Gylours done, go me to þu same
 And so shalt thou false folke, and faethles begyle
 Thys is Catons kenning, to clerkes that be lernethe
 And Theologie teacheth not so, who so taketh hede

He kenneth the contrary, agayne Catones wordes
 For he biddeth vs be as brethre, & bid for our enemies
 And loue he þat lye on vs, & lede hem whan they neede
 And do good agayne euyl. god him selfe hofeth

Galat. vi

¶ um tempus habemus optemus bonum ad omnes,
 ¶ arime autem ad domesticos fidoi.

Paulie preached the people, that perfitenes loued
 To do good for gods loue, and gyue men that asken
 And namely to such, that sueth out beleue
 And alþ vs lacke of lye, our Lord techeth vs to loue
 And not to greue he þat greue vs, god him selfe forbade it
 ¶ hi bñdictam, et ego distribuam.

or carse ab
 willy forgo

¶ ere fore loke thou loue, as long as thou durest
 For is no sciēce vnder þe sūne, so souerain for thy soule
 And astronomie is a harde thinge and euyl for to know
 Geometrie and geomansye, so gylfull of speache
 Who so thinketh woꝛch wþ tho two, thyneth but late
 For Sozerte is þe souerainst boke, þe sciēce belōgith
 ¶ arther sechichers in sozcers, of fel mens making
 Experimentes of alchimie, the people to deceiuen
 ¶ f thou thynke to do wel, dele ther wþ neuer
 ¶ these sciences ¶ me selfe, soꝛeled & ozdered
 And founded him for mest, folke to disceyue
 ¶ el Clargy these tokens, and scripture & fre
 To counceel the kyndlye, to knowen what is do wel.
 ¶ sayde graund mercy madame, & mekely her grate
 ¶ nd went wightly aware, wout more letinge
 ¶ nd til ¶ came to clergie ¶ cou'de neuer stinte
 And grate wel the good man, as study me taught
 And afterwarde the wyfe, and woꝛshipped he both
 And tolde hem the techers, that me taught were
 ¶ as much gem in this ground lich god mad & world
 sayre

The bari
 eto sciēce

fayrer byderfongen, ne frundherat eke
 Than my selfe forthy, lone to be wyffe
 That I was of wyllys house, and to his holle dame
 I sayd to be forthy, & lone was I thurber. (Scudre
 Dowell and Dohet, and Dohet to learne
 It is comendile of Charge, on holy church to beleue
 With all p articles of y faith, y fallerh to be knowen
 And that is to beleue selfe, both learned and leude.
 On the grete God, that gynnynge had neuer
 And on the sothfast Sonne, that saued mankynde
 From the deadly deeth, and from the deuyls power
 Through y helpe of y holy goste, y which gost is of
 Thre persons, and not in plurell numbre. (both
 For all is but one god, and ech is god hym selfe
 Deus pater, Deus filius, Deus spiritus sanctus
 God the father god y sonne, god the holy gost of both
 Dohet of mankynde, and of beastes bothe
 A lysten the olde, herenof made booke
 And hym selfe ordeined, to saue vs in beleue.
 Who was his auctour all the four e uangelistes
 And Christ cleped hym selfe so, y Euangelist, beareth
 Al y clarks vnder Christ, ne could this astelle (wines
 But this belogith to beleue, to lewed y wold dowell
 For had neuer freke fure wits, the faith to dyspute
 He man had no merite, myght it be preued.

*Fides non habet meritum, vbi humana ratio prebet ex-
perimentum.*

Than is do bet to suffer, for thy soules sake
 All that the holy boke bte, by holys kithes reachinge
 And that is man by thy might, for mercies sake
 Loke thou worke it in work, that thy word shewith
 Such as thou semeest in sight, be in assaye found,

Appare quod es, bel esto quod appares.

A.I.

And

And let no bodye be, by thy beakinge blyghed
But be suche in thy soule, as thou seemest woth out
Than is best to be bolde, to blame the gyfte
Sithen thou seest thy selfe, as in soule cleane
And blame thou neuer body, and þe blame woth

*Si culpare bellis, culpabilis esse cauebis
Dogma tuum sordeat, cum te tua culpa remordet.*

God in the gospell, greuoulye reprenech

All that lacken any life, and lackes haue he in selfe

Take. vi.

*Quid consideras festucam in oculo fratris tui, trabem
in oculo tuo. &c.*

Why meuest þi mode, for a mote in thy brotheres eye

Sithen a beame in thyn owne, blindeth thy selfe

Ellice prima trabem in oculo tuo.

Why chylesteth the to loke, lesse or more

I reade ech a blinde bullarde, do boote to him selfe

For Abbots & for priers, and for all maner prelates

As persons & parish priests, þe preach should & teach

All maner men, to amend, by his might

Thys text was tolde you, to beware ere ye taught

That ye were such as ye sayde, to salu e with other

For gods word wold not be lost, for þe wo:cherh euer

If it auailed not þe comen, it might auaille your selfe

And it seemeth now sothly, to the worlds sight

That gods word wo:kerh not, on lerne dne on letod

But in such maner, as Mathew meneth in the gospel

Uum cecus ducit cecum, ambo in foueam cadunt.

Math. 23.

Agaynst

lewed

priestes

Letwed men may liken you thus, þe beame lieth in

And the festue is fallen, for your defaut (your eye

In all maner of men, throug mauyed priestes

The bible beareth witness, that al the folke of Israell

Wetterly bought the giltes, of two bad priestes

Q. 111.

Offyn and fynes, for her couetise
 Wech adri mychopped, and ell brake bys necke
 Forbi se correctors clato here, a correct first your self
 And the mai se safely sai, as Dauid p made p psalter.
 Etiam inique quod pro tur simlis, argum te, et statum psalm. 1.
 contra faciem tuam.

The thal butel clarks be valsed, you to blae of greue
 And carpen not as they carpe now, a cal you demme
 Causa mult non balentes latere.

And to lacke you to a word, your wozkmanthyp to let
 But be pesser at your plater, the to a pound of noblis
 And all for your holnes, haue you this in here

In schole there is skoller, but if a clark wyll learne
 And great loue a liking, for ech of hem loueth other
 And nowe is religion a rids, a remer by strate

A leader of louedays, and a loude begger
 A pucker on a palfrey, from Daner to Daner
 Au heape of houndes at his arse, as he a lorde were

And but if hys knawe knole, that thal his cope byng
 He loued on him & asked, who taughte him curtesye
 A lile bad lordes to done, to giue landes from her heirs

To religious p haue no rimb, if it raine on her altars
 In many places ther they persos be, bi he self at ease
 Of the poze haue they no pry, and that is her charitie

And they letten hem as lordes, her landes lye so brod
 And there thal come a king, and cofesse you religious
 And beate you as the bible telleth, for byching of your

And amende moniales, monkes, and chanons (rule
 And put hem to her genauice, p. Supplicium datum ice
 And becons to eske, beo hem through, Beatus vits

That her barnes claime, a blame you foule cirching
 It in curribus, ee bit in equis ipsi obligati sunt. a c.
 And

amand
 p
 mad
 p
 p
 p

boundes
 & stat. 104
 make
 for
 Beate
 thys

The sup
 p
 of
 Abbayes,
 app

A. H.
 p. Supplicium datum

10 cal. xxi

The Ab-
bot of A-
bington

Esa, ciii.

High de-
gre hel-
peth no-
thinge to
heaven-
warde.

And than friers in here lere, shall find a key
Of Constantynes cotes, in which is the key
That Gregories godchylde, had all dispended
And that that a boi of Abington, at his illure, ever
Have a knocke of a kyng, and incurable the wound
That this worthfoll seke ye, that oft ouer se þe bible
Quomodo cessauit exactor quicquid tributum coëruit dominus
Vacatū rumpitū bre jā dominatū, cedetū piaga infatigabī
And ere that kyng come, Cayne shall awake
And Dowel that bing hem down, a differt of his myght
The is Dowel & do bet of I, dominus & kingheth
I wyll not skorne quod scripture, but I certifiers the
Kynghode ne kyngthode, by ought I ca a water
Helpeth not to heauenwarde, one heres ende
He ryches ryght naught ne ryallie of lordes
Paule preueth it impossible, rich men to haue beauen
Solomon sayth also, that siluer is worst to loue.
Nihil iniquius quam amare pecunia n.
And Catō kēeth vs to couete it naught, but as nede
Dilige deuariam sed parce dilige comam (teacheth
And patriarches and prophets, and poets bothe
Wryten to wythe vs, to wyllyng ryches
And prais pouert to pactere, thapostils beate witness
That they haue heritage in heuen, and by true right
Ther rich mē no right may claim, but of such a grate
Contra quod I, by Christ that can I repleue
And preuen it by Peter, and by Paul bothe
That ben baptised be saued, be he ryche or pore.
That is in extremis quod scripture, amōg farades
They mo be sauyd for þis ouer beleue (a Jewes
That an vchrysten in that case, may oblyte an heathē
And for his lely beleue, whan he the lyfe rynech

Pauc

Have the heritage of heauen, as any man christen
And christen men wouste moze, that not come to haue
For Christ for christen me died, & confirmed the lawe,
That who so woult and wollet, with Christ to asille
Si cum Christo faceretis: &c.

He shoulde loue and leue, and the lawe fulfyll
That is loue the lord god, leuest above al thyng,
And after all christe creatures, in comē ech mā other.
And thus him logeth to loue, that leueth to be saued
And but we do thus in tede, ere the day of dome,
It shall bestien vs ful soze, the syluer that we kepe
And our bocks þ mostrate be, & se beggers go naked
Oz belite vs in wine & wildfoule, & wot ent in defaute
For every christen creature, shoulde be kinde to other,
And sithen heathen to helpe, in hope of amendment
God hoteth boeth hyght & lowe, þ no man hurt other
And sayth sea not þ se blable is, to mine o'wne likenes
But if I send the some token and saye, Non nocueris
I sea not but suffer, and all for the beste
For I shall punyche hem in purgatorie, oz in þ pyt of
Euerye man for his misdeedes, but if mercy it lee, (hel
Thys is alonge lesson of I, and litle I the wyser
Where do well is oz do bet, darkely ye shewen,
Many tales ye tell, that Theology leueth,
And that I man made was, and my name entred
In the legend of lyfe, longe ere I were,
Orels' wrytten for some wyckednes, as holpe wryte
Nemo ascendit ad celum, nisi qui de celo descendit, (manaceth) Job. iiii
I leue it wel of our lord quod I, and no letter better
For Solomon the sage, that Sapience taught
God gaue hym grace of wyse, and al his goods after
He de med wel and wysely as, holy wrytte telleth.

Is affus decimus

Bristole and he, who wysshed men better
Pastors that of gods mercy, teachen me & preachen
Of her wordes they wylth us, for wisest as in her time
And al holy kyrke, holdeth hem both dampned
And if I shold worke, bi her works, to wyne me heuen
That for her workes and wyte, wonneth in payne
Than wrought I vnwysely, what so euer ye prach
And of felle wytt in fayth, lytle sarkly I haue
Though her gost be vngacious, god for to please
For many men on this molde, more setten her heres,
In good thā in god, therfore hem grace sayleth
At hyr moste mischiese, whan they shall lyfe lete,
As Solc mō did a such other, þæt he wed grete wyts
And her workes as holi wyte saith, it ere euer þæt cōtra
Therfore wyse witted me, a wel leetred clarkes (eye
As they say hem selus, selde done thereafter.

Math. 23.

Supra cathedram moysi .a. c.

I he that
made the
e a shippe
were brou-
sauced

And I went to workes of manys, as was in Noes
Tho he hope that ship, of wyldes & of byrdes (yme
No wight þæt wrought theren was saue, ne ani workman
But byrdes and beastes, and the blessed Noe, (els
And his wyfe wyth his serues, & also her wyues,
Of wights that it wrought, was none of hem saued
God leue it fate not so by folke, that þæt sayth tracherh,
Of holy kirke þæt he be so we is, a gods house to saue
And shilden us from shame therin, as Noes ship did
And me þæt made it, emyd þæt flood he drowned (beastes
The Culoz of this clause, curate is to meane,
That ben carpēters, holy kirke to make, for Christes
Domines et iumenta saluabis domine (owne beastes
In good fryday I finde, a felon was saued,

Isaiah. 36

Domines et iumenta saluabis domine

(owne beastes

That

That had liued all his life, in leaſinge & with cheſte,
 And for he beknew on þe croſſe, & to Chriſt he ſawe him
 He was ſouer ſaued, than ſaint Iohn the Baptiſte
 And o: Adam o: Iſai, o: any of the prophets.
 That had lyen wyth Lucifer, many longe yeres,
 A robber was raiſomed, rather than they all,
 Withoute any penaunce of purgatorie, to perpetual
 Tha Mari Magdalen, what womā did worſe (bliſſe
 O: who worſe tha Dauid, þe Iudas deſch conſpired.
 O: Paul the Apoſtle, that no pity had,
 Muche chriſten kynde, to put to death
 And now be theſe as ſouerains, & ſayntes in heauen.
 Tho þe wroughte wickedleſt, in worlde tho they were
 And tho that wiſely worde, and wiſſen many bokeſ
 Of wit & of wyſedome, to dampned ſoules wōneth,
 That Soloimō ſaith I know be ſoth, & certē of vs al
 Sunt iuſti atque ſapientes, et opera eorum in manu dei ſunt
 There are wiſſy & wellearned, & her workes ben hid
 In the handes of almighty god, and he wor þe ſothe
 Wherefore a mā worþe alowed ther, & his leſſe workes
 O: elſe for his yll wiſſ, and for enuy of herte,
 And be alowed as he liued, for by yll, mē know god.
 For how wiſſ mē what is white, if al thiſ blaſk were
 And who wer a goodmā, but if ther wer ſome ſhrew
 Therfore I pue we ſoth, to other mē, I leue ſew ben
 For want oportet bient emplace, il nrad que pati. (good
 And he that may all amend, haue mercy on vs all
 For þe ſorhiſt word þe euer god ſaid, was nemo bonus
 Cleargye tho of chriſtes mouth, cōmēded was litle,
 For he ſayd to ſaint Peter, and to ſuch as he loued,
 Cum ſeteritis ante reges et principes. &c.

The theſ
 was ſa-
 ued b. fore
 any of the
 prophets

Eccles. i.

Though yecome befoze kinges, & clarks, of þe lawe,

Mat. xi.

Be

Be not abashed, for I shall be in your mouths
 And give you wit & will, and cunning to conclude
 Him al that agaynst you, of chrysendome disputen
 Dauid maketh mention, he spake amongst kinges
 And might no king overcome him, as bicuning spech
 But wyf and wisdom, wan neuer the maistris
 Whan man was at myschiese, wout the more grace
 The douries doctour, and dymour of diuinite
 Was Austen the old, and heighest of the foure
 Sayd thus in a sermon, I se it wrytten once.

Eccc ipsi idiores captiunt celum, bdi nos sapientes in inferno merguntur.

And is to meane to Englishe men, to more and to lesse
 Are none rather rauished, from the right beleue
 Than are these cuning clarkes, that can many bokes
 Be none souer saued, ne sadder of beleue
 Than plowmen and pastours, & pore comen laborers
 Sowters and shepcherds, & such lewed Juries
 Percen wyth a pater noster, the palaice of heauen
 And passe purgatoz penanceles, at her hece parting
 Into the blisse of Paradise, for her pure beleue
 That vnperfetelye here knew, and ke lued
 Yea men knowe clarkes, that cursed the tyme
 That euer they could or knew more the credo in deum
 And pricipalli her pater noster. man a persō hath wy
 I se exaples my selfe, & so maye many other (Wed
 That seruantes pseruen lordes, seido fal in arrages
 But ho that kepe the lordes carell, clarkes & reues,
 Ryght so lewde men, and of lytle knowynge,
 Selde fall they so foule, and so ferre in synne,
 As clarkes of holy church, p kepe Chyrlles treasure,
 The which is mas soule to saue, as god sayth in p go

Math. 22

Itc bos in bincam meam.

(spell

Ihan Scripture scozned me, & ashille lohed
And lacked me in latine, & light by me the set
And sayd, Multi multa sciunt, et scriptos nesciunt,
Tho wept I for wo, & wrauth of hit speache.
And in a wynginge wrauth, wexed I allepe.
And marueylous metals, mette me than
That I was rauished right there, & fortune me set
And into the land of Longing, alone for me brought
In a mirrour bright Midle earth, she made me to loke
Siche she said to me, here mightest thou se wonders
And know that þe couetist, & come therto peraduētūre
Than had fortune folowing her, two fair damosels
Concupiscencia carnis, men called the rider mayde.
And Couetis of eyes, called was the tother
Wyde of perfitte luyng, pursued hem both
And bade me for my couēnauce, accout cleargy lichte
Concupiscencia carnis, colled me about the necke
And said thou art yong & yemp, & haste yeres inowe
For to līue longe, and Ladyes to loue
And in this myrrour þe might se, mirthes ful many
That leaden the willy wisse, to līking al thy life time
The seconde sayde the same, I shal sue thy wyll
Tyll thou be a lord and haue land, let the I nell
That I ne shal folow thi felowshyp, if Fortune it like
He shal finde me hys frende, quod Fortune thereafter
The freke that foloweth my wil, failed neuer blyss.
Thā was ther one y hight Eld, þe heauy was of chere
Man quod he if I were with the, by Mary of heauen
Thou shalt finde fortune the fayle, at thy most neede
And Concupiscencia carnis, cleane the forsaie
Bitterly shalt thou banne hem, both day and nyght

D. l.

Couet:

fortune
the dam
sels of
fortune.
Concupiscencia
carnis.
Couetis
wyde
luyng.

Passus undecimus.

The con-
sel of
eccles

Couetise of eye, that euer thou hye knetwe
And pyd of perſite. liuing, to much perell the bynge
Pea rech þ not q rechles, & stode forth in raged clothys
Folow forth þ fortune wol, thou hast wel far til Eld
A mā may stoupe time inough, whā Eld shal tyme thy
Homo proponit ꝑ a poete, & Plato he hight (crowne
And Deus disponit, quoth he, let god do his wyll
If Truth do witnes it is wel done, fortune to folow
Concupiscentia carnis, ne Couetis of eyes
Ne shall greue the greatly, ne but ꝑ wille begyle the.
Pea fare wel Whyp ꝑ sanctitie, & forth gan me draw
Till Concupiscentia carnis, accozded all my woꝝkes
Alas Eigne quod Elde, and holines both
That wyrt shall turne to wretchednes, for wille to haue
Couetise of eyes, cōforted me anone after (his liking
And folowed me forty winter, oz fifty and moze
That of do well ne do bet, no deinty me thought
I had no liking ne no luste, of hē ought to know
Couetise of eyes, came after in my mind
Than do well oz do bet, amonge my beades all
Couetise of eyes, confortd me oft
And sayd haue no conscience, how thou come to good
So confesse the to some frier, & shew hym thy synnes
For while fortune is thy frend friers wil the loue
And fetch the to their fraternitie, and for the besече
To her Prior prouincial, a pardon to haue
And pray for the pole by pole, if thou be pecuniosus.

Sed pena pecuniaria non sufficit, pro spiritualibus de-
lictis

age fatte
time fere

By wishing of this wēch I wrought, his words wer
Till I forgate youth, & yarne into Elde Cso swete
And than was fortune my foe, for al her faire behest
And

And pouertie pursued me, and and put me lowe
 And tho found I the flier aserde, and flyting bothe
 Agaynste our fynde forwarde, for I sayde I nolde
 Be buried at her house, but at my parische church
 For I heard once, how conscience it tolde
 That kind wold me be buried, ther ther were churche
 Or where he wer parische, & ther he shold be grauen
 And for I sayd thus to fliers, a sole they me helden
 And louch me the lesse, for my lely speache
 And yet I cried on my confessour, & helde him self cu-
 By mi fayth, flier & I ye fare like these wotwets (nig fliers
 That wed none widdows, but for to weld her goods did not
 Ryght so by the rode, rought you neurt seke & bo
 Where my body were buried, by so ye had my siluer monie,
 I haue much matuallie of you, & so hath many other
 Why your counte courteith, to confesse and burye
 Rather then to baptise barres, that be catechisinges
 Baptisyng and buryng, both be needfull
 And much more meritorie me thiketh, it is to baptise
 For a baptised man may, as these massers tellich
 Throughe contritiō come to p high heuē, sola contricione
 And barne without baptism, may not be saued
 Nisi quis renatus fuerit, loke ye leterd me, wher I lye John. iii.
 And leauti loked on me, & I leut daster (or denot
 Wherfore lourest & & leauty, & loked on me hard
 If I durste & I amongeste me, these metels auowe
 P's bi Peter & bi Poule & he, & toke be both to wyt-
 Non oderis fratres in corde tuo secretē. (neg I cut. etc
 sed publice argue illos.
 They wll aledge also quod I, & by the gospel p'ue
 Nolite iudicare quemquam. Rom. ii.
 And wherof seruikly I am & leautie, if no life vnder
 D. ii. (loke it

fallenes ne flatterye, for some what thapostle sayd.
Non odoris fratre, & in the psalter also, saith Dauid the

Mat. 215.

Crismasti inique, quod ero tui similis. (prophet.

It is lefull for lewde men, to say the sothe
If hem liketh and luste, ech a lawe it grauteth
Except persons and priesies, & prelates of holy kirke
It falleth not for that folke, no tales to tell
Thoughe the tale weret true, and it touched synne
Thing y al y worlde wot, wherfore shouldest y spare
And reden it in Rethorike, to arate deadly sinne
And be neuer moze first, the defaute to blame
Though y se I, say it not first, be soz y it nere amēdid
No thyng that is pryue, publishe thou it neuer
Ne pther for loue laude it not, ne lacke it for enuy
Darum lauda bitupera percus
He sayeth soth & scripture tho, & skipte by & preached
And y matter y he meaned, if lewde me it knewe
The lesse as I leue, louen it they would.

disparat in
nothing but
it may be fouly
of ear

This was her theme, & hir text, I toke ful good hede
Multi to a mangery, and to the meare were sūpted
Whā y people were plener come, y oꝛpter vupend the
And plucked in pauci, pryuly, & let y renaūt go (gate
And for tene of her text, trembled my herte
And in a were gan I wepe, & wyth my selfe to dispute
Whether I were chose oꝛ not, on holy kirke I thoght
That vnderfonged me at y fōt, for one of gods chose
For Chyste cleped ys al, come if we woulde
Sarcyns & Scismatikes, and so he did the Jewes

Math. 22
and. 2211

Mat. 16.

O vos omnes sitientes venite. &c.

And badde hem sonke for sinne, safely at hys bzeast
And dryncke bote for bale, brooke it toho so myght
Thā may all chyste come quod I, & claime her enter

By þe bloude þe bought vs to, & through baptisme

Qui crediderit, et baptizatus fuerit

(after Mat. xvi.)

For though a chrysten mā coucted, his chrystēdome to
 Ryghtfullye to reney, no reason it woulde, (rente
 For may no cherle charter make, ne hys catell sell
 Wythout leaue of his Lord, no lawe wyll it graunte
 And he may runne in arerages, and runne so fro home
 And as a reneyed kaypfe, recheles runnen aboute
 And reason shall reke wyth him, & cast him in arerage
 And put him after in a prison, in purgatoꝝ to byenne
 For his arerages rewarde hym there, tyll domes day
 But if contricion wyll come, and crie by hys lyue
 Mercy for his mysdoinges, with mouth or wyth hert
 That is sothe sayde scrypture, maye no synne lette
 Mercy all amende, and mekenes hys felowe
 For thei be as our bokes telleth, aboue gods werks

Misericordia eius super omnia opera eius.

Psal. 4.

Yea haue for bookes & one, was broke out of hel,
 I Troianus a true knight, toke wytnes at a pope
 Howe I was dead, & dampned to dwell in paine
 For an vnchrysten creature, clerkes witten þe sothe
 That al þe clergi vnder Christ, ne might me cratch fro
 But only loue & leaue, & my lawful domes (hel
 Gregoꝝ wyll wel that, and wylned to my soule
 Saluation for sothnes, that he se in my woꝝkes
 And after that he wepte, & wylned me were graunted
 Grace wout any bedebidding, his bone was vnder
 And I saued as yese, wout synging of masses (foge
 By loue and by leadynge, of my lyuyng in truerh
 Brought me fro bitter paine, ther no bidding might
 Lo yelozds what lenty did, bi an emperour of Rome
 That was an vnchrysten creature, as clarkes finde in
 D. iii. Boke

Gregorye Not throught praiser of a pope, but for his pure truth
Was y^e sarazin saured, as .i. Gregory beareth witness
Wel oughrē lordys y^e lawys kepe, y^e lessō hold in mynde
And on Troianus truth to think, & do truth to y^e puple
Lawe wout loue quod Troianus, ley there abeane
Oz any science vnder the sunne, the seven artes and al
But they be learned for our lordys loue, lost is thi time
For no cause to catch syluer by, oz be called a master
But all for loue of our lord, & the bet to loue y^e people
For saynt John sayd it, and soth are hys wordes.

leue letr for
one of our lord

i. Jch. iii

Qui non diligit, manet in morte.

Who so rurr loueth me not, liueth in death dyng
And that all maner of men, enemies and frendes
Loue cyther other, and lene him as hem selfe
Who so leueth not he leueth not, god wet the sothe
And cūmaūdereth ech creature, to cōforme him to loue
And souerainely the poze people, & her enemies after
For hem that haten vs, is our merite to loue
And poze prople to please, her praisers may vs helpe
And our ioyr, and our health, Jesu Chryste of heauen
In a poze mans apparayle, pursued vs after
And loked on vs in hys likenes, & that so lowely chere
To knowe vs by our kynd here, & casting of our ien

Chryste
was poze

hasty foldbe
mayd to y^e poze
not only to y^e
loue Luk. xiiii

Whether we loue y^e lordys here, before the lord of blisse
And exchiteth vs by y^e euāgelie, y^e whā we make feasts
We should not clepen our kinne thereto, ne no kynnes
Cum facitis ebrius, nolite inuitare amicos. (cyche
And call the careful thereto, the croked & the poze.
For your frendes wil feden you, & found you to quite
Your festig & your fayr gift, ech frēd quiceth so other
And for the poze I shal pay, & wel quite her traunyle
That geue hē meat oz monie, and loue hē for int lye
For

For the best ben some ryche, & some beggers & poore
 For we al are Christes creatures, & of his cofers rich
 And brethre as of one bloud, as wel beggers as Chies
 For on Caluery of christis blud, christe dome ga spig
 And bloudy brethre we became ther, of one bodi won
 As quasi modo geniti, and gentsimen eche one
 No bgger nor no boy among vs, but if sinne it make

Joh. viii.

- Qui facit peccatum, seruus est peccati,

In the olde lawe, as holy letter telleth
 Whennes sonnes, menne called vs ech one
 Of Adames s. tur and Eve, nye till god mandped
 And after his resurreccion, redemptor was his name
 And we his brethre by him bought, both rich & poore
 Forthy loue we as true brethre, & ech man lene other
 And of ech man may for bare, amed ther it nedeth
 And euerpe man helpe other, for hence shal we al

len the brother
 & may for bare

Galat. vi

Alter alterius onera portate.

And be we not unkind of our catel, ne of our cuning
 For wot no mā how nie it is, to be binome fro both
 Therfore lacke no others life, though he more latine
 He vnderstode not so wile, for is nō wout fault (know
 For what ener clarkes carpe, of christendome oꝝ els
 Christ to a cōmen woman sold, in cōmune at the feast
 That s. iohes sua should saue hie, & saluē hie of al sinnes
 Then is beleue a lilly helpe, aboue logyke oꝝ lawe
 Of logyke oꝝ lawe in Legend & Sanctozum
 Is litle alowauce made, but if beleue hem helpe
 For it is ouer longe oꝝ logyke, any lesson aswoyle
 And lawe is loth to loue, but if he lacke siluer
 Boeth logike and law, that loueth not to lye
 I counsell all christen, cleane not thereon to soze
 For some words I find writ, were of saythys teachig

lacke woman
 for s. ioh. luffet
 s. ioh. luffet

That

Ergo not throught prater of a pope, but for his pure truth
Was þe sarazin saured, as .i. Gregoꝝ beareth witness
Wel oughte lordes þe lawes kepe, þe lest hold in mynde
And on Troianus truth to think, & do truth to þe puple
Lawe without loue quod Troianus, ley there a beane
Of any science vnder the sunne, the seven artes and al
But they be learned for our lordes loue, lost is thi time
For no cause to catch syluer by, or be called a master
But all for loue of our lord, & the bet to loue þe puple
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Loue cyther other, and lene hym as hym selfe
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And cūmaūderth ech creature, to cōsoꝛme hym to loue
And souerainely the poze people, & her enemies after
For hem that haten vs, is our merite to loue
And poze puple to please, her praters may vs helpe
And our ioyr, and our health, Jesu Chyſte of heauen
In a poze mans apparayle, put suer vs after
And loked on vs in hyr likenes, & that so lowely chere
To knowe vs by our kynd hert, & casting of our ien
Whether we loue þe lordes here, before the lord of blisse
And exerceþ vs by þe euāgelie, þe whā we make feasts
We should not clepen our kinne therto, ne no kynnes

*Chyſte
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Your festig & your fayr gift, ech frēd quiceth so other
And for the poze I shal pay, & wel quite her trauayle
That geue he meat of monie, and loue he for int sake

For

*flaſt of gold
mand to þe poze
& not only to þe
kyne Luk. xiiii*

for the best ben some rych, & some beggers & poze
 for we al are Christes creatures, & of his cofers rich
 And brethre as of one bloud, as wel beggers as Riches
 for on Caluery of chrystis blud, chryste dome ga spig
 And bloudy brethre we became ther, of one bodi won
 As quasi modo geniti, and gentlemen eche one
 No bigger nor no boy among vs, but if sinne it make

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And we his brethre by him bought, both rich & poze

Forthy loue we as leue brethre, & ech man leue other

And of e ch man may for bare, amed ther it nedeth

And euerpe man helpe other, for hence shal we al

Alter alterius onera portate.

Galat. 6

And be we not unkind of our catel, ne of our cuning

for wot no mā how nie it is, to be binome fro both

Therefore lacke no others life, though he moze latine

He vnderstode not so wile, for is no wout fault (know)

for what enen clarkes carpe, of chrystendome oz els

Christ to a comen woman said, in comen at the feast

That fides sua should save his, & salue his of al sinnes

Then is beleue a lilly helpe, aboue logyke oz lawe

Of logyke oz lawe in Legend & sanctozum

Is lile alowauce made, but if beleue hem helpe

for it is ouer longe oz logyke, any lesson aswoyle

And lawe is loth to loue, but if he lacke siluer

Boeth logike and law, that loueth not to lye

I counsell all chrysten, cleane not thecon to soze

for some words I find writ, were of saythys teachig

That

Mat. xiii.

That saued sinfull men, saint John bereth witness

Eadem mensura qua mensi fueritis remetietur vobis.

Therefore learne we y^e law of loue, as our lord taught
And as saynt Grego^ry sayd, for mans soules health.

Agelius scrutari scelera nostra, qua naturas rerum.

Why I meane thys matter, is moste for the poze
For in her likenes our Lo^rde, of it hath bene known.
At ymes in Paske weke, when he yede to Emaus
Cleophas ne knew him not, that he Christ were
For his poze apparrell, and pilgrimes wedes

Till he blessed and brake, the bread that they eaten
So by these works, they wist that he was Iesus
And bi clothing they knew him not, ne by carping of
And all was in example, to vs sinfull here (tong

That we shoulde be lowe, and lowely of speach

And apparel vs not proude, for pilgrimes are we al

And in the apparel of a poze maⁿ, a pilgrimes lykenes

Many tymes god hath ben met, among nedye people

There neuer segge him see, in sette of the rych

S. John & other saintes, were sene in poze clothynge

And as poze pilgrimes, prayden mens goodes

Iesu Christ on a Jewes daughier light, geile though

Was a poze maid, & on a poze maⁿ wedded (she were

Martha on Mary Magdalen, an hudge playnet she

And to our saulour selfe, sayd these words (made

Lub. xi.

Domine non est tibi cure quod soror mea reliquit me sola ministrare?

And hastely God answerd, and eithers wyl folowed

Both Marthaas & Maries, as Mat. bereth witness

And pouertie god put before. and praysed that better

Maria optimam partem elegit que non. &c.

And al the wise that ruer were, by ought I espye

Praysen pouerty for best lyfe, if patience folowe

And

be gentyll of speeche
of p^rettye in
clothe & house
the degree

not

And both better & blessed, by many fold than riches
 And though it be sour to suffer, yet after cometh sweet
 As on a walnutte wythout, is a bytter barke *a wallnut & y fyg*
 And after that bitter barke, be the shell alwaye
 Is a kernell of conforste, lyfe to restore

So is after pouertye and penaunce, patiently taken
 For it maketh a mā to haue mind in god, & a gret will
 To wepe and to wel bid, to herof waxeth mercy
 Of whych Christ is a kernel, to conforste the soule
 And well liker he sleepeth, the man that is poze
 And lesse he dreaderth death, and darke to be robbed
 Than he that is right rych, reason bereth wytnes

Pauper ego ludo, dum tu diues meditaris.

All though Solomon sayth, as folke seyth in the bible
Duitias uer paupertates.

Wiser than Solomō was, bereth wytnes & taught *13:ou. 223*
 That perfite pouertye was no possession to haue
 And list most liking to god, as Luke bereth witnes

Si his perfectus esse, uade et vende. & c.

And is to meane to men, that on this moulde liuen *13:at. 212.*
 Who so will be pure perfite, muste possessions forsake
 Or sell it as sayeth the booke, and the siluer deale
 To beggers y gone & beg, & bidde good for gods loue
 For failed neuer mā meate, that mightful god serued
 As Dauid saith in y psalter, so such as bene in wyll
 To serue god goodlich, ne greth hem in penaunce

Nulli impossibile uolenti.

Ne lacketh neuer liuelode, liuen ne tobliss.

Inqui rentes autem dominum non inueniuntur omni bono *13:al. 34.*

If prestes were perfite, they would no siluer take
 For masses ne for matiens, ne her meates of vsurers
 Ne ether herte ne cote, though thi for cold shold die

Passus undecimus.

And they hit deuour did, as David saith in þ þ psalter:

Isa. xliii

Judica me deus, et decerne causam meam.

Spera in deo spekesth of priests, þ haue no speding siluer
Thā if they trauel truly, & trusten in god almighty
hem should lacke no liuelode, nether wollen nor liuen
And þ title they toke orders bi, telleth thei be aduāced
Thā nede not you to take siluer, for masses þ ye singe
for he þ tok you your title, shold paie you your wage
Or the bishop that blessed you, if that ye be worthe
for made neuer kig a knight, but he had catel to spēd
As befell for a knight, or found him for hys strength
It is a carefull knight, & of a kaytise kynges makynge
That hath no land ne linage rich, ne good loos of his
The same I saye forsoth, by al suche priestes (hādes
That haue neither cūning ne kinne, but a crowne one
And a title a tale of nought, to liue by at his mischiese
He hath moze beleue I leue, to larch by hys crowne
Cure than for kēning, or knowynge, or for clene bering
I haue wonder why, and wherfoze the bishop
Maketh such priestes, that lewed men betrayen
A charter is chalengeable, befoze achiese Justice
If false latine be in that letter, the law it impungeth
Or painted pentrelniacke, or percell overshipped
The gome þ gloseth so chartes, for a gok is holden
So it is a gok by god, that in hys gospel sayeth
Or in masse or mattens, maketh any defaute

Qui offendit in uno, in omnibus est reus

Jacob. ii.

Also in the psalter, sayth David to overshippes

Psallite deo nostro psalter, quoniam rex terre deus Is-
rael, psallite sapienter.

Isa. xliiii

The bishope shall be blamed, befoze god as I leue
That crowneth such gods knyghtes, þ cā not sapienter

þ bishope yt is blamed y maketh
suche priestes Spurge

Synge ne psalme read, ne say a masse of the daye
 And neuer nether is blamles, the bishop or þe chaplen
 For ever ether is indited, & that is ignozantia
 Non excusat episcopos, nec diotres p̄iestes
 This lokyng on lewe p̄iestes, I am leapt fro powertis
 Which I praise, her patieñce is moze perfit thā riches
 And much moze in metyng thus, to me gā one disput
 And slepyng I se all thys, and sythen came kynd
 And named me by my name, and bad me nimen hede.
 And through the wōders of this woꝛlde, wot to take
 And on a moūtain þe mydle erth hight, as me though
 I was sette forth, by ensamples to know
 Thꝛough ech a creature & kynd, my creatour to loue.
 I se the sunne & the sea, and the sonde after
 And wher that byrdes & beastes by her makes they
 Wyld woꝛmes in woodes, & wōderful sowles (p̄des)
 Wyth fleked fetheres, and of fell colours
 Man and bys make, I myght bothe behold
 Pouertye and plenty, both peace and warre
 Blyss and bale bothe, I se al at once
 And howe men toke mede, and merce refused
 Reason I see sothlye, sewen all beastes
 In eatyng & dꝛynkyng, & in engendryng of kynde
 And after course of cōception, none toke kepe of other
 As whā they had rydē in rote tyme, right anone after
 Males dꝛa to hē to males, on moꝛnyng bi hem selfe
 And in euentynges also the males ben fro the females
 There ne was cowe ne co we kynde, þe concerned had
 That wold a bello to after boles, ne boze after some
 Both hoꝛse and houndes, & all other beastes
 Medled not wyth her makes, that to sole were
 Byrdes I behelde, that in bushes made nestes

*seye came in
 Nature
 teacheth
 man
 myde erthe*

Had neuer wyghte wytte, to worke the leste
 I had wonder at whome, and where the wile learned
 To lygge the stiches in whiche, she layeth & breadeth
 His wyghte as I wene, coude worch hir nest to pay
 If ani mase made a mold therto, much woder it were
 And yet me maruelled moze, howe many other birds
 Hydden and hylden, her egges ful derne
 In maryes and mozes, for men should hem not fynd
 And hydden her egges, whan they therfro went,
 For feare of other fowles, and for wyld beasts
 And some treden her markes, and on trees breden
 And broughte forth hyr byrds so, all aboue þ ground
 And some byrds at þ byl, throug brything coceyued
 And some cauked I toke kepe, howe pecocks bzeade
 Much marueyled me, what master they had
 And who taught hem, on trees to tymbzen so hyghe
 That neither barne ne beast, maye hyr byrdes rechen
 And sith I loked on the sea, & so forth apō þ starres
 Many selkoughthes I see, be not to se now
 I see floures, in the frythe, and her fayre colours
 And how amōg þ grene grasse, growed so many huls
 And some soure, & some swete, selkough me thought
 Of her kindes & of her colours, to carpe it wer to lōg
 And that most meued me, and my mode chaunged
 That reason rewarded, and ruled al beastes
 Saue man and hys make, manye tyme and ofte
 No reason hem folowed, and than I rebuked
 Reason and right, tyl bym selfe I sayde
 I haue wonder of the quod I, that wyttē art holde
 Whi þ ne suiste mā & his make, þ no myffent he folowe
 And reason arated me, and sayd retche the neuer
 Why I suffer or not suffer, thy selfe hast not to do
 Amende

not for
 man & wyfe

Amende þ it if thou myght, for my tyme is to abide
 Suffraunce is a suffraim vertue, and a swifte begetaunce
 Who suffreth more thā god & he, no gome as I leue
 He might amēd in a minut while, al þ amisse stādeth
 And he suffreth for some mā's good, & so is our better
 The wyse and the wytry, wrote thus in the byble

De re que te non molestat, noli certare.

For be a man sayre or foule, it falleth not for to lacke
 The shampe ne the shape, that god shope hym selfe
 For al þ he dōd was wel do, as holy write witnesseth

Eccle. xl.

Et vidit deus cuncta que fecerat, et erant valde bona.

Gene. i.

And bade euery creature, in hys kynde encrease
 All to mythe with man, that most worth holpe
 In foundynge of the fleshe, and of the fende bothe
 For mā was made of such a matter, he mai not well
 That ne sōtime hym bited, to folowē his kind (astare
 Caton accozdeth ther with, *Nemo sine crimine biuit.*
 Tho caught I colour anone, & cōsed to be, ashamed
 And awakēd therewith, wo was me than
 That I in metelis ne myght, more haue knowen
 And than sayde I to my selfe, and chyde that tyme
 How do I ken dowel & I, by dere god as me thinke
 And as I cast by my eyen, one lokēd on me & asked
 Of me what thyng it were I wyth, syz I sayd.
 To se much and suffer more, certes quod I, is dowel
 Haddest thou suffred he saide, slepyng tho thou were
 Thē hadst þ hēde þ Clergy can, & kend more by reson
 For resō wold haue rehearsed þ, right as cleargi said
 And for thy inter mitting, here art thou forlake.

Philosophus esset, si tacuisset. &c.

Adam while he spake not, had paradise at wyl
 But whā he mā bld about meat, & ētermittid to knowe

D. lxx.

Thc

*For the
fall
of man
the
will*

*For the
suffer more*

*Adam
for the
man*

Passus undecimus

The wisdom & þe wyrt of god, he was put fro blis
 And ryght so fared resō wth the, thou wth thy rude spech
 Lokedst & losedst, thyng that longed not to be, done
 Tho had he no lyking, for to learne the more
 Wydnow & p̄s̄uption, peradventure wol me appele
 That cleargie thy company, ne kepeth not to the
 Shal neuer chalēgyng ne chydng, chaſt a mā so sone
 As shal shame and shēden hym, & shape hym to amēd
 For let a Drunken Dasse, in a Dyke fal
 Let hym ligge loke not on hym, tyl hym lyst to aryse
 For though resō rebuked hym thā, it wet but pure sin
 And whē nede nimereth hym bp, for doubt lest he serue
 And shame shaketh hys clothes, & hys skyn washeth
 Thā wot the Drōken Dasse, wherfore he is to blame,
 Ye sayen sothe quod I, sche haue sene it ofte.
 There smiteth nought so smarte, ne smelleth so soure.
 As shame ther he sheweth him, for ech mā hym shōtth
 Why ye wish me thus & I, was for I rebuked resō
 Certes & he that is sothe, and shope him for to walke
 And I arose bp̄right wth that, and folowed hym after
 And prayed hym of hys curtesye, to tel me hys name

Shame
 is the best
 remedye
 for dron-
 kenes.

Passus duodecimus de bi sione.



I am I imaginatiue quod he, idle was I neuer
 Though I sit bi mi selfe, in sikenes & in helth
 I haue folowed þe in fayth, thys .xlv. wynter
 And oftines haue meued þe, to think on thine
 And how fel ferniers are faren, & so fetw to comē (end
 And of thy wild wantōnes, tho thou yong were
 To amende it in thi middle age, lest might the sayled
 In thyne olde Elde, that euil can suffer
 Pouertye or penaunce, or prayer bydde

in gold wor
 kye

Si non in prima vigilia, nec in secunda
 Amēd the while thou may, thou hast ben warnd oft ^{god sothe pro}
 With pounties of pestilēces, w pouerty and w angers ^{unse the}
 And wpyth these bitter baleises, god beateh his deare ^{se love}
 Quem diligo castigo. (childrene Apoc. iii.)

And David in þ psalter sayth, of such þloueth Jesus
 Virga tua et baculus tuus, ipsa ne consolati sunt ^{psa. cxiii}
 Although thou strike w thy staffe, w stycke o: wylth
 It is but mirth as for me, to amēd my soule (parde
 And þ medlist w makigs, & mightst go salthi psalter
 And bid for hem þ giue the bread, for ther are bokes
 To tel me what do wel is, & do bet do be & both, inow
 And prechers to preuen what it is, of many a pett frs
 He wel he said þ soth, & some what me to excuse (ers
 I saide Caton cōforted hys sōne, þ clacke thoughe he
 To solace him so in tyme, as I do whā I make (were

Interpone tuis, interdum gaudia curis
 And of holy men I heard of I, howe they other while
 Pleyden, the perfitter to be in many places. ^{Holy mē}
 And if there were anye wyght, that would me tell ^{bled recre}
 What were do well and do bet, and do best at the last ^{ation.}

Woulde I neuer do worke, but wende to holy kiche
 And there bid my beades, but whan I ate o: sepe ^{idol spib}
 Paule in his pistle quod he, preueth what is do well ^{ritati}
 Fides spes charitas, maior horum. & c. ^{1. Cor. xiii}

Fayeth hope and charite, and all be good
 And sauen mē sōdy tymes, & none so sone as charitye
 For he doeth wel woutē dout, þ doth as leui techer
 That is if thou be man marped, thy make thou loue ^{that}
 And lye forth as lawe wyll, whyle you lyuen both ^{fab, takyn}
 Right so if thou be religious, ren thou neuer further ^{lypt}
 To Rome ne Roch mad o: but as thy rule teacheth ^{do well}
 And

a gaudy, uce

Obedience to King
way to heaven

Passus undecimus

And hold the vnder obediēce, þ high waye is to heauē
And if thou be maiden to mary, & might wel cōtinue
Seke neuer no saynt further, for thy soules health
For what made Lucifer, to lese the hygh heuen?
Or Solomō his sapiēce, or Sampson his strength?
Job the Jewe his ioye, deare he it bought?
Aristotle and other mo, Hypocrates and Virgil,
Alexander that all wanne, elengelych ended.

Catell and kinde wyf, was combzaunce to hem all
felice hyz fayzenes, fell hem all to schlaunder
And Rosamonde right so, rusfully to beleue
The beauty of hyz body, in badnes she dispended
Of many such I may read, of men and women
That wyse wordes wold she w, and work the cōtrary

Sunt homines nequam, bene de virtute loquentes.

And ryche reukes ryght so, gaderen and sparen
And tho men þ they most haten, minister it at þ last
And for they suffren and se, so many uedye folkes
And loue not as our lord byd, lesen her soules.

Luke, vi.

Dare et dabitur vobis.

And ryches right so, but if the rote be true
And grace is a grasse therof, tho greuaūces to abate
And grace ne groweth, not, but amonges lowe
Patience and pouertie, the place is there it groweth
And in lilly liuyng men, and in lyfe holpe
And thzough þ gift of þ holy gost, as þ gospel telleth

Spiritus vbi vult spirat.

Clargy and kinde wyf, cometh of sight & teaching
As the boke bereth wytnes, to barnes þ can read.

Quod scimus loquimur, quod vidimus testamur.

Of quod scimus, cometh clargy, & cunnyng of heauē
And of quod vidimus, cometh kinde wit of sight of di
(uerse people

wisdom groweth

John, iii.

And grace a gyfte of god, & of great love springeth
Knew neuer clark how it cometh, ne kind wit þ' waies

Rescit aliquis unde venit, aut quo uadit

And yet is cleargy to commend, and kinde wit bothe

And namly cleargy for chrystys loue, þ' of cleargy is rote

For Moses witnesseth þ' god wrote, þ' puple to wit

In thold law as þ' letter telleth, þ' was þ' law of Jurs

That what womā wer take in auouris, rich or poze

With stones me should strike her, & stone her to death

A woman as we finden, was gilty that death

And Christ of his curtesy, throughe cleargy hir saued

And throughe caracis that Chysie wrote, the Jewes

Blissit as afore god, & greater in sinne (knew he selfe

Than the woman þ' ther was, & wet away for shame

The cleargy that there was, consozted the woman

Holy kyth knoweth this, þ' chrystys writing saued hir

So cleargy is consozt, to creatures that repenten

And to mansede men, mischiese at her ende

For bread of gods bodi, myght not be about cleargy

The which bread is, both boete to the rightful

And death and dempnation, to hym that dyrcull.

And chrystis caracis cōsoztid, & both culpable thewid

The womā that þ' Jexs brought, þ' Jesus thought

Non te iudicare, et non iudicabimini. (to saue.

Right so gods body brythre, but it be worthely sake

Danith vs at þ' dal of dome, as þ' caracis did þ' Jurs

Therfore I counsel the for chrystes sake, cleargy þ' thou

For kinde wit is of his kin, & nigh colins both, (loue

To our Lord leue me, therfore loue hem I read

For both ben as n yzous, to amend our desauies

And leaders for lorde men, and for lettered both

Therfore lacke I neuer logyke, laue ne bys endomes

Joh. 111.

True clea

sp is me

csull.

not

Luke, 12.

gondly not

The holy
gost is the
autour
of booke

He counterplede clarkes, I counsell the for euer
For as a man maye not see, that misseth his eyne
No more can no clark, but if he caught it fyrst bi booke
Although men made booke, god was the maister
And .i. spirit þe sãplare, & said what me shold wyte
Ryght so leadech lecture, lewde men to reason
And as a blind mā in battel, bereth weapō to fight
And hath no happe with his axe, hys enemy to hytte
No more can a kind wittie mā, but clarkes him teach
Come for all his kind wit, to chrystedome & be saued
Which is þe cofer of Chrystes treasure, & clarkes kepe þe
To vnlock it at her liking, & to þe lewde puple (kayes
Gyue mercy for her misdeades, if men wil it aske
Buxomely and beningly, and bidden it of grace
Archa dei in the olde lawe, Leuites it kepten
Had neuer lewd man leane, to liggē hād on that chesse
But he were prest oꝝ priestes sōne, patriarke oꝝ pro
For cleargy is keper, vnder Chryste of heauen Cphet
Was ther neuer knight, but cleargy him made
And kinde wyte cometh, of all kyndes syghres
Of birde & of beastes, of tastes of truch & of deceltes
Lyuers afoꝛne bz, bleden to make
Selden that they sene, her sones for to teach
And helden it an high science, her wyttes to know
And throughe her science sothli, was neuer no soul sa
He brought by her booke, to blyssne to lope, (ued
For al her kind knowings, come but of diuerse sightes
Patriarkes and prophetes, repꝛeueð hie science
And sayde her wordz ne her counsell, was but foly
As to þe Cleargy of Chryst, couēted it but a trifle.

Sapientia huius mundi, stulticia est apud deum.

For the hygge holy gost, heauen shal rocleane,

And

And loue shall lepen out after, into this low earth
And cleannes shall cathe it, & clarkes shall it fynde

pastores loquebantur ad inimicem.

Luce. 11.

He speaketh nought ther of rich mē, ne of right wyte
He of lordes þ were lewde mē, but of þ hye the lettered
Abant Magi ab oriente.

If ante fryer wer found ther, I gine you siue shillings
He in no beggers cote, was that barne bozne
But in burgeis place, in Bethleem the brise.

Matth. 11

Sed nō erat ei locus in diuersorio, et pauper non habet diuersorium.

To pastours and to poets, appeared the angel
And bad hem go to Bethleem, gods birth to honour
And songen a sōg of solace, blōte in cecelsis deo.

Luce. 11.

& George of cory

Clarkes knewe it wel, & commen wyth her presences
And dyd homage honozabl, to hym þ was almighty
Why I haue tolde al this, I take ful good hed
Howe thou cōtrivedest I cargie w crabbed wordes
How þ lewde mē lyght lucker, thā lettered wer saued
Than clarkes oz kinde witted men, of chyslen people
And thou saydest soth of some, & se in what maner.

Take two stronge men, and in Ternes cast hem

Two men

And both naked as a nedle, ther non sikerer thā other

caste into

The one hath cunnyng, and can swymme and dyue

Acemes.

The other is lewde of þ labour, lerned neuer to swym

Which rowest þ of those two, in Ternes is most in

He þ neuer dīd, ne nought cā of swymmyng (dred

Oz the swymmer that is safe, be so hym selfe lyke

There hys felow flete forth, as the flowd liketh

And is in dread to drench, that neuer did swymmer

That swymme can not I sayd, it semeth to my wyte

a prate of cory

Ryght so quod the reuke, Reason the woth

That he that knoweth clerg, can souer arise

Q. 11.

D. 11.

Out of synne and he be safe, though he be synne ofe
 If hym lyketh and lute, than any lewde lelly
 For if the clarke be cūnity, he knoweth what is synne
 And howe cōtriciō wout cōfession, cōforteth the soule
 As thou see it in þ p̄salter, in psalmes one or twayne
 How cōtriciō is cōmended, for it catcheth a way synne
 Beati quorū remissa sūt iniquitates, et quorū recta sunt. &c.
 And this cōforteth ech a clarke, & couereth hi frō wā
 In which floode þ fend, fōndeth a mā hardest (hope
 There the lewde lither still, and loketh after lente
 And repenteth not befoze Chyiste, & thā cā he litle tell
 And as his lozes mā leareth hi, belcueth & trobeth
 And that is persō & parish prest, & peraduenture he is
 Uncūning to lerne lewde mē, as Luke beareth wītnes

Luke .vi.

Dum cecus ducit cecum. &c.

Who was him marked, that wade must w the lewde
 Well maye the barne hem blesse, that him to boke set
 That liuing after lecture, saueth bi both life & soule
 Dominus pars hereditatis mee, is a mery verse
 That hath taken from Tiburne. xx. stronge theues
 Ther leud theues be lolled bp, loke how thei be saued
 The thef þ had gods grace on good friday, as þ spak
 Was for he knew Chyist on þ cros, & knowleged his
 And grace asked of god, & he is euer ready (synne
 That buxomlych byddeth it, & bē in will to amēd hē
 And though þ these had heauen, he had no hie blisse
 As saint John & other sayntes, þ deserued had better
 Right as if a mā giue me meat, & set me amid þ floze
 I haue meat moze thē inough, & not so much woꝝship
 As thei þ sit at side tables, or w souteignes of þ hal
 But sit as a begger boudles, bi my selfe on þ ground
 So it fareth by þ felō, that on good friday was saued

De

contritio

psal. 32.

a goodly note
for repentance

pray for synners
in intercessio
psal. 136

He sitteth neither with saint John, Simon ne Jude:
 Ne wth maidēs, ne wth martirs, cōfessours ne wido^ws
 But by hym selfe as a solayne, and serued vpon erth
 For he that is once a chiefe, is evermoze in daunger
 And as lawe lyketh, to lyue or dye

De peccato propitiato noli esse sine metu.

And for to seruen a laynt, and such a thefe togythers
 It were neyther resō ne right, to reward hē both like
 And as Troian, p^r true knight, dwelt not so dep in hel
 But our lord had hī lighty out, so leue I p^r thef be in
 For he is in p^r lowest heuē, if our bileue be true (heuē
 And well losellych he lollith ther, by law of holi k^rste

Qui reddit unicuique iuxta opera sua.

And why p^r one thefe on p^r cros, creant gan him yelde
 Rather thē the other thef, though p^r wouldest appose
 All the clarkes vnder Christ, ne could the skil assoyle.

Quare placuit: quia voluit.

And so I saye by the, that sekest after the wayes
 And reasonest reason, a rebukinge as it were
 And of the floures in the frith, and of her fayre betwes
 Wherof they catch hit coloures, so faire & so bright
 And woldest of blyds & beasts, & hit breeding to know
 Why some be a low & some aloft, thy lyking, it were
 And of p^r stons & of the sters, thou studiest as I leue

How every beast & byrd, hath sober wyttes
 Cleargy ne kynde wytte, ne knew neuer the cause
 And kind knoweth the cause him selfe, no creature else
 He is the wies patron, and putte it in hit eare
 That there the thornes it thickest, to build & bread
 And kind keneth the Decoke, to canken in such a kind
 And kenne d Adam to know his pryue membris
 And taught him and Cue, to heale hem with leues

Q. iii.

Leude

*not for
degrees in
heaven.*

Mat. xxi.

*And god
knoweth
p^r causes
of thyngs*

Rich me
be compa-
red to the
Pecocke.

Lured men many times, in aliers they appoynt
 For by Adā ne hilled not sit sit, his mouth p̄rat p̄ apple
 Rather thā his likā alowe, lewde axen thus clathes,
 Kynd knoweth why he did so, and no clathes els
 And of byrdes and of beastes, men by olde tyme
 Ensamples tokē and termes, as tellen the poetes
 And that the fayrest foule, fouled turgent p̄eth
 And feblst foule of flight is, p̄ flyeth oʒ swyn: meth
 And p̄ Pecock & the pete, p̄oud rich mē they beiche
 For the Pecok & mē pursue him, he may not fly high
 For the trailynge of his tayle, overtake is he sone
 And hys flicke is foule flicke, and his feet both
 And vnlourly of let en, and layeth for to heare
 Right so the rich, if he hys riches kepe
 And delecth it not ill hys deiths day, p̄ talle of al soze
 Right as p̄ p̄sc in p̄ peacock, paineth him in his flight
 So is possession paine of pnce, and of nobles
 To al hem that it holderth, tyl her talle be plucked
 And though the rich repent thā, and bitue p̄ tyme
 That euer he gathered so great, & gaue therof so litle
 Though he cry to Chyist than. W̄ keene wyll I leue.
 It is leden hē in our lordes rate, lyk a p̄tes chattering
 And when his carion shall cc me, in caue to be buried
 I leue it to some full foule, the folde all about
 And all p̄ other there it lyeth, enuenimed thzough his
 By p̄ polere is vnderstād, as I haue lerned in Auenet
 Executors, false frendes, that fulfyll not hys wyll
 That was writtē & thei wolting, to werk al p̄ it wold
 And thus the poet p̄ueth, p̄ the peacock for tethers
 Right so the rich, by resō of hys goods (is reuerēd
 The lakē p̄ is a lesse foule, is moze lously of leadne
 And wyll away of wyng, swyfter than the pecocke
 And

And of he he by fell folde, fatter and sweeter
 To lowe lyeinge men, is resembled the lacke
 Aristotle the grete clark, suche tales he telleth
 Thus he likeneth in hys logyke, the lest foule out
 And whether he be safe or not, the sath wor no clergy
 Ne of Socrates ne of Solomon, no Scripture can tel
 And god is so good I hope, that sith he gaue he wyls
 To withē vs wales ther wyls wyls us to be saued
 And the better for her bokes, to bidden we be holden
 That god of his grace, gve her soules reste
 For letted menne were lewd yet, ne were loze of her
 And these clarkes & I tho, p on Christ leuen (bokes
 Welthe in her sermons, p nether Sarasins ne Jewes
 Ne creature of christes liknes, worth safe bychrystend
 Contra quod Imaginatur tho, & comsed for to loue
 And said Saluabitur hic iustus in die iudicii.

1. Pet. lxiij

Ergo saluabitur quod he, and said no moze latine
 Troianus was a true knight, & roke neuer chrystend
 And he is safe sayth the bok, and his soule in heauen
 For ther is fulling in font, & falling in blud shedinge
 And through fire is fullynge, that is fit me beleue
 aduentu ignis diuinus non comburens sed illuminans. &c.
 And truth p trespaced neuer, ne trasuerled agast his
 But knith as p teacheth, & leueth ther be no beter (lat
 And if ther were, he would amēd, and in such wyl dpe
 Ne would neuer true god, but trueth were alowed
 And were it worth or worth not, p belese of lets gree
 And an hope hāgig therein, to haue mede for his trueth
 For mens dicunt, quasi dās bitā eternā sātis, hoc est fidelibz
 Et alibi, si ambulauero in medio bmbre mortis
 The glose graūeth apō p verse, a grete mede to truth
 And wyl & wisdom & p wight, was sōme treasure
 Co

And the text
 And the text
 And the text

Isa. lxiij

To kep with a comune, no cattell was hold better
And much miche & māhode, & right w that he bany
(shed

Passus. xiii. de visione:



And I awaked ther w, wiles nere hand
And as a fcke p tre were, forth gā I walke
In maner of a mēdinaunt, many a yere after
And of this meting mani time, much thoght
I pnt how fortune me failed, at my most ned (I had
And howe p Elde manaced me, might we euer meten
And how the xryers folowed, folke that was ryche
And folke that was poze, at litle pze they set
And no cozs in hir kyzke yad, noz kirke was buried
But quik he bequeth hē oght, oz quit part of hir detz
And howe that couetise euer came, clarkes & priestes
And how p liwde men be ladde, but our lord hē help
Through buunning creatures, to incurable paines
And how that imaginatiue, in dze mes me tolde
Of kind & of his cūning, & how curtille he is to beaſts
And how louing he is to beaſts, on lande & on water
Leaureth he no lyfe, leſſe ne moze.

The creatures that crepen, of kinde they be engēdred
And ſithē how imaginatiue ſayde, wic ſaluabitur iuſs.
And when he had ſayd ſo, how ſodenly he paſſed
I laye longe in thys thought, and at the laſt I ſlepte
And as Chriſt wold coſciēce came, to coſort me p time
And bade me come to his curt, w clargy ſhold I dine
And ſoz coſciēce of clargy ſpake, I came wel p rather
And ther I ſe a maſter, what man he was I niſt
That to me he looted, and louelye to ſcripture
Conſcience knew him wel, and welecmed him ſayre
Ther waſhen and wyppen, and went to the dyne
And

And patience in the palace, rode in pilgrimes clothes
 And prayed meate for charite, for a poore hermitre
 Conscience called him in, and curteslie sayde
 Welcome wyght go and washe, thou shalt sit sone
 Thys maister was made sit, as for the most worthy
 And thā Cleargy & Conscience, & Patience came after
 Patience and I, were put to be matches
 And sitten by our selues, at the side bourde
 Conscience called after meate, & than came scripture
 And serued hem thus sone, of sondry meates many
 Of Austē of Ambrose, and of the four Euangelistes.

*what meat congreub
 they had
 what meat congreub
 they had*

Edentes et bibentes: que apud illos sunt.

Luke 14

And this maister & his man, no maner fleshe eaten
 And they ate meate of more cost, moztreulx & porage
 Of that men miswonne, they made hem well at ease
 And their sauce was ouer sour, and vnsauerly groud
 In a moztier post moztrem, of many bytter paynes
 But if they singe for tho soules, and wepe salt teares

vos qui peccata hominum comeditis, nisi pro eis lacrimas et orationes effunderitis, ea que in delictis comeditis, in tormentis euometis.

Conscience full curtesye tho, commaunded scripture
 Befoze patience bread to bring, & me y was his match
 He set a sour lose befoze vs & sayde, Agite penitentia,
 And sicke he brought vs drinke, Diapersseuerance
 As longe quod I as I lyue, and likam man endure
 Here is prett seluice & Patience, no price ca fare better
 The brought he forth a mes of meat, of miserere mei
 And he brought vs of Beati quod, of Beatus vics mas
 Et quorum tectasunt peccata in a dyshe

(kyng psal, 13)

Of Dernes whiste Diti, and Confitebor tibi,
 Byng Patience some piraunce prauily & Conscience
 And

1515. 31

1516. 11.

1517. 6.

1518. 11.

1519. 11.

And thā had Patience a piteaunce, 1520 hac orabit ad te. 1521
And Cōscience cōforted vs, and carped vs mery tales

Coz contritum et humiliatum deus non despiciet
Patience was proude, of that propre seruice
And made hi merpe w his meat, & I mourned euer
For this doctour on þ hie deise, dranche wine so faste.

Ue bobis qui potentes estis, ad bibendum vinum.
He ate many sondry meates, mortrix & puddinges
Wom be clouts & wild brawne, & eggs fried w grese
Than sayde I to my selfe, so Patience it harde
It is not four daies that this freke, befoze þ deane of
Preched of penaunce, þ Doule thapostle suffred (poules
In fame et frigore, and flappes of scourges

Et Cesus sum et a Iudeis quinquies quadragintes.
And one word they ourthipped, at ech time that they
That Doule in his pistle, to al the puple told (preach
periculum est, in falsis fratribus.

Holy wyte bid men beware, I wyl not wyte it here
In English on auenture, it should be rehearsed to ote
And greue ther w good mē, & gramariās sholde read
Unusquisque a fratre se custodiat, quia ut dicitur per-
iculum est in falsis fratribus.

And I wist neuer freke, þ as a frier read befoze mē in
Take it for her theme, & tel it wout leasyngs (english
They preach that penaunce, is profitable to the soule
And what mischefe & male ease, Christ for mā tholed
And this gods glotton quod I, w hys great chekes
Hath no pryde on vs poze, he persourmeth euyl
That he preacheth he preueth not, to Patience I told
And wyshed full wytterlye, wyth wyl full eger
That dythes and doubters, befoze this like doctoure
Were molten leade in his mawe, & Hahound amids
I shall tangle to this Iurdan, with his lute wombe
To tel me what penaunce is, of which he preched rath

Patience perceived what I thought, & winked on me
 And said thou shalt se this sone, whē he may no moze a good de
 He shal haue a penaunce in his passyng, & put at ech word ^{uine.}
 And then shal his guts gottlen, & he shal gulpe after
 For now he hath droncke so depe, he wold diuine sone
 And proue it by his pocalips, & passion of. S. Iuan
 That nether bacō ne brawne, blacke manger ne moze
 Is neither fysh ne flesch, but sode for a penaunce (treulx
 And thē shal he testify of þe trinite, & take his selow to
 What he found in a fraile, after a friers liuyng (witnes
 And but he first liue by leasinges, leue me neuer after
 And than is tyme to take, and to appose thys doctour
 Of dowel and of dobet, and if dobest be any penaunce
 And I late still as Patience said, & thus sone this doc-
 As ruddye as a rose, rubbed his chekes (cours
 Coughed and carped, and Conscience hym heard
 And told hem of þe Trinite, and towarde vs he looked *all the*
 What is dowel sir doctour & I, is dowel ani penaunce
 Dowel quod this doctour, & toke the cup & dranche
 Is do no euill to thine euenchristen, not to thy power
 By this daye syz doctour & I then, ye be not in dowel
 For ye haue harmed vs two, in þe ye haue eatē the pud
 Doretreulx & other meate, & we no moze had (dyng
 And if ye fare so in your farmarpe, ferly me thynketh
 But cheft be ther chacrif shold be, & childre durst plein
 I wold permutē in penaunce to you, for I am in poit
 Thē I osclēce curtesly a coutenaunce made (to do wel
 And preynt apon Patience, to praye me to be still
 And sayde hym selfe syz doctoure, and it be your wyll
 What is dowell and dobet, ye diuinours knowe
 Dowell quod thys doctoure, is do as clarkes teache
 And dobet is he þe teacheth, & traueleth to teach other
 22. 11. And

Passus decimus tercius.

And do beste doth him selfe so, as he sayth & precheth

Math. v.
Cleargye
hath seuen
sonnes, &
is the. bi
sciences.

Qui facit et docuerit, magnus vocabitur in regno celorum

Now þ Conscience & Cleargy, carpest what is do wel

I haue seuen sonnes he sayd, seruen in a castell

Ther the lord of life wōneth, to learne what is do wel

Tyll I see the seuen, and my selfe accorden

I am vnhardy quod he, to any wyght to preue it

For one Pierce the Ploughmā, hath impūgned vs al

And set al sciences at a Soupe, saue loue onelye

And no text ne taketh, to maintayne hys cause

But Dilige deum, And Domine quis habitabit

Isa. xlv.

And sayeth that do wel and do bet, are two infinites

Which infinites with sayeth, fynde out do best

Which shal saue mā's soul, thus saith Pierce ploughmā

I cā not here one & Cōscience, & I know wel Pierce

He wil not gainsaie holi writ, I dare wel vnder take

Thā passe we ouer til Pierce come, & preue it in dede

Patience hath ben in many places, & peraduenture mou-

That no clark ne can, as Chyist beareth witness (thed

Patientes vincunt.

And your praiser & Patience tho, so no mā displese him

Disce quod he, Doce and Dilige inimicos.

Disce and do wel, Doce and do bet, Dilige and do beste

thus taught me once.

A lemmā that I loued, loue was hys name

With wordes & wōrkes & the, & will of thy hert

Thou loue lelly thy soule, al thy lyfe tyme

And so þ learne the to loue, for the lordes loue of heuē

Thyne enemies in al wyse, euē forth w thy selfe

Cast coles on hys heade, and all kynde of sprache

Both w wōrkes & w wordes, found hys loue to wyn

And lay on hym thus w loue, tyl he laughe on the

And

And but he bow: for this bearing, blind might he be
 And for to fare thus w thy frende, folye it were
 For he that loueth the lylle, lytle of thyn coueteth
 Kynde loue coueteth not no cattel, but speache
 Wyth halfe a lampe line in latine & bi transitionis.

I bare therein aboute, faste bounde Dowell

In a sygne of the saturday, that set first the kalender

And al the wyt of the wenisday, of þ next weke after

The middle of the mone, is the myght of bothe

And ther wylch I am welcome, there I haue it w me a goudy net

Under it let thys doctour deme, if dowel be ther i

For by him tht me m ide, myght neuer pouerty

Mysease ne michiese, ne man wyth hys tonge

Colde ne care, ne company of theues

Ne nether heate ne hayle, ne none helle Dowle

Ne nether fyre ne floude, ne feare of thyn enemye

Tene the any time, and thou take it wyth the

Charitas nihil timet.

1. Cor. xii

It is but a Dido quod thys doctour, a disertes tale

All the wyt of thys world, and wight mens strenght

Can not cofirme a peace, betwene þ pope & his enimes

Ne betwene. ii. chrisse kings, can no wight peace make

Profitable to either people, & put the table fro hym

And toke cleargy and conscience, to counsel as it were

That patience tho must passe, for pilgrimes can wel lye

And Conscience carped loude, and currellye sayd

Frendes fare wel, and saye spake to Cleargy

For I wyl go w this gome, if god wyl giue me grace Cleargye

And be pilgrame w patience til I haue preued more is loth þ

What of cleargy to conscience, are ye couetouse no wer Conscience

After yeresegyt or gyftes, or yernen to read riddels should go

I shal bynge you a byble, a boke of the olde lawe w patience

13. ill,

And

And lerne you if you lyke, the least poynt to know
 That Patience the pylgryme, perfittlye knewe neuer
 Nay by Christ & Conscience to Cleargy, god þ foryeld
 For al that Patience me pzofereth, pzoude am I little
 And the wyll of the boye, and the wyll of folke here
 Hath meued my mode, to mourne for my synnes
 The good wyll of a wyght, was neuer bought to the
 For there is no treasure therto, to a true wyll (full
 Had not Bagdalen moze, for a boze of salue
 Thā zechrus for he said, *timidium bonozū meozū do pau*
 And the poze wydowe, for a payz of mites (*peribus,*
 Than all tho that offred into Bazophilacium?
 Thus curte nye Conscience, conglyed fyrst the fryer
 And sythen softlye he sayd, in Cleargies eare
 We were leuer by our lord, and I lyue shoulde
 Haue Patience perfect, then halfe thy pack of bohes
 Cleargy of Conscience, no congy would take
 But sayd full soberlye, thou shalt se the tyme
 When thou arte werpe for walking, will me to counsel
 That is sothe sayd Conscience, so me god helpe
 If Patience be our parting felow, & pzeuler by both
 There nis wo in this world, that we ne shoulde amēd
 And confirmen kynges to peace, and al kinnes londes
 Sarazens & Surrey, & so forth al the Jewes
 Turne into the true fayth, and into one beleue
 That is soth & Cleargye, I se what thou meaneste
 I shal dwell as I do, my deuour to shewen
 And cōfyzmen fauntekyng, and other folke learned
 Till Patience haue pzeued the, and perfect the made
 Conscience tho w patience, passed pilgrimes as it were
 Thā had patience as pilgrimes haue, in his poke vital
 Sobyetie and simple speach, and sothfast beleue.

Luke. xix.

Luke. xxi.

Patience
 passeth a
 packe of
 bohes

To

To conforthe him and Conscience, if they come in place
 There bakindenes & couetise is, hūgry conterpes both
 And as they went by the way, of do well they carped
 They mette wyth a minstrell, as me tho thought
 Patience posed him forste, and praled he should tell
 To cōsciēce what craft he could, & whether he would
 I am a minstrel quod that mā, mi name is actiua vita
 All idle I hate, for of actiue is my name
 I waferer wyll ye wytte, and serue many Lordes
 And fewe robes I fonge, oz furred gownes
 Could I lye to do men laugh, than lachen I ne shold
 Oher mantill oz money, & nōges Lordes minstrels
 And for I can nether taber ne trūpe, ne tel no gestes
 Fatten ne fisten at feastes, ne harpen
 Iape ne iuggele, ne gentyllye pype
 Ne nether saylen ne saute, ne synge to the gyterne
 I haue no good gistes, of these greate Lordes
 For no bred þ I bring forth, saue a benisō on þ sūday
 Whā þ priest praieth þ people, þ Water no. to saye
 For pierce the plowmā, and that him profit waite
 And that am I actiue, that idlenes hate
 For al true traouellers, and tyllers of the earth
 Fro Nighelmas to Nighelmas, I synd hem to my
 Beggars and bidders, of my bread crauen (waferes
 Faytours and friers and folke wyth brode crotones
 I find pane for the Pope, & prouender for his pastrey
 And I had neuer of him, haue god in þ truethe
 Nether prouender ne parsonage, yet of þ Popes gife
 Saue a pardō to a piece of leade, & two poles amids
 Had I a clärke þ could wyte, I would cast him a bill
 That he sēte me vnder his scale, a salue for þ pestilēce
 And þ his blessing & his buls, botches might destroy

A lottes
 ters lyte

was a mon
 fyre to con
 crent, p page

Passus decimus tertius

Mat. xxi.

In nomine meo demonia eicient, et super egros manus
imponent, et bene habebunt

And thā wold I be prest, so þ puple paast to make
And burome and busse, about bzead and Drynke
For him and for all his, found I that his pardon
Myght lechen a man, as I beleue it shoulde
For lith he hath the power, that Peter had him selfe,
He hath the pot wyth the salur, truly as me thinketh.

Argentum et aurum non est mihi, quod habeo tibi do.

In nomine domini surge et ambula.

Act. iii.

And if might of miracle him faile, it is for men be not
To haue grace of god, & no gilt of the Pope (worth
For may no blessing done vs bote, but if we will amēd
There may no mā make peace, among christē people
Til pryde be purely fordo, & through payne de faute
For ere I haue bzeade, a meale of mote I swere
And ere þ comē haue corne inough, mani cold moznig
So ere my wafers ben wrought, much too I tholy
All London I leue, liketh well my wafers
And loure whan they lacke hem, it is not long passed
Ther was a careful comō, whē no cart came to to wn
With bzead frō Stratford, tho gan beggers wepe
And workmē were agast a litle, this wol be thought
In date of our dryght, in a drye Aprill (longe
A thousande and threhundred, & wyse twenty & ten
My wafers ther wer gette, whā Chcester was Mare
I roke good kepe bi Christ, and Conscience boch
Of Hankyn the actyue man, and how he was clothed
He had a cote of christendome, as holy kirke beleuech
And it was moled in mani places to mani sōdyr plots
Of pryde here a plotte, & ther a plot of vnbuxome spech
Of scorning & of scoffinge, & of vnskilful bearinge.
As in apparel & in porte, proude amonge the puple
Other

affore of
A deare
ere,

Other wise then he hath with hert, or sight shewinge
 Him willing þat al men wēd, he were that he is not
 For why, he bolstereth & braggeth, w many bold othes
 And is vnobedient to be vndernome, of any lyfe liuing
 And none so singular by him selfe, nor so pope holy
 In habite as an hermit, an order by hym selfe
 Religion sans rule, and vnrasonable obedience
 Lacked lettered men, and lewde men bothe
 In lykinge of lely lyfe, and a lyer in Soule
 With inwyte and outwyte, imaginyn and studie
 As beste for hys body be, to haue a bad name
 And entermeten hym ouer all, there he hath not to do
 Wyllynge that men wend, hys witte were the beste
 And if he glue ought to poze goms, iel what he delith
 Poze of possession in purse, and in cofer both
 And as a Lyon on to loke, and Lordly of speach
 Boldest of beggers, a bolster that nought hath
 In towne and in tauernes, tales to tell
 And saye thynge þat he neuer se, and forsoth swere it
 Of dedes that he neuer dyd, dcmen and bollen
 And of workes that he wel dyd, wynges and siggen
 Loe if ye leue me not, or that I lye to men
 Aske at hym or at hym, and he the can tell
 What I suffred and see, and sometimes had
 And what I could and knew, & what kin I came of
 Al he would þat men wyte of workes and of wordes
 Whiche myght please the people, & prayse him selfe
 Si hominibus placerem Christi seruus non essem,
 Et alibi. Nemo potest duobus dominis seruire.
 By Christ quod Conscience tho, thi best cote Hankyn
 Hath many moles and spottes, it must be washed
 Yea, who so tteke hede of Hankyn, bihinde & bifore

S. I.

So hat

Passus decimus tertius

Hankins
garment
is foule.

a vaty. not
to vedy

Cal, r.

What on back & what on body halfe, & bi þ two sides
 He should find many frownces, & many foule plots
 And he turned him as Tit, and than toke I hede
 It was forwler by fell folde, then it fyrste semed
 It was bydropped with wrathe, and wycked wyll
 Wyth Enuy and euyl sprache, entysynge to fyght
 Lyng and laughynge, and lese tonge to chyde
 All that he wyste wycked by anye wyght, tellen it
 And blame me behind her back, & bidde he mischaunce
 And that he wyst by Wyll, tellen it to Warte
 And that Warte wyst, Wyll wyte it after
 And made of frendes foes, throughe a false tonge
 O wyth might of mouth, o throughe mas strength
 Juenge me fell tymes, other frete my selfe
 Within as a shepsters there, I shrewed men & cursed
 Cuius maledictione os plenum est, et amaritudine, sub
 lingua eius laboꝝ et doloꝝ. et alibi. Filii hominu detes
 eoru arma et sagitte, et lingua eoru gladius acutus.
 There is no lyfe that me loueth, lasting any whyle
 For tales that I tel, no man trusteth to me
 And whā I may not haueþ mastery, such metācholle
 That I catch þ crāpe, þ cardiake somtyme (I take
 O an ague in suche an anger, and sometyme a feuer
 That taketh me al a tweluemoneth, til þ I despise
 Lechcraft of our lozde, and leue of a witche
 And say that no clarkene can, ne Christ as I leue
 To þ soztry of Southwarke, oꝝ of thort dycty Dame
 And seg þ no gods word gaue me neuer bore (Cme
 But throughe a charme had I chaunce, & mani chiese
 I wayted wiðloker, and than was it soyled (heale
 Wyth lykynge of lechery, as by lokinge of his eyghe
 For ech amaid that he met, he made hys to sygne

Sei

Hemynge to synnewarde, and sometime he gan taste
 About the mouth or bench, begynneth to groppe
 Tyll eythers will waxeth bene, & to the werke yeden
 As wel in fastigdaies & frydayes, & for bodē nightes
 And as well in lent as out of lent, all tymes plyke
 Such werkes wyth hem, were neuer out of season
 Tyll they myght no more, and then merve tales
 And howe that lechours leueth, laughen and iapen
 And of her harlotrye and hoisedome, in her age tellen
 Than patience percepued, of poyntes of thys cote
 Was culmy throughe couetise, & vnkynde desierunge
 More to good than to god, the gomme his loue caste
 And imagined howe he it might haue,
 With false mesures and mete, and w false weightes
 Leued for lone of the wedde, and loth to do trowth
 And awayte by whych waye, he myght begyle
 And menged his marchandise, & made a good mastery
 The worst within was, a greaſe wytte I leete it
 And if my neighbour had any hynde, or any brast eis
 More profitable then myne, many slerghies I made
 Howe I myght haue it, all my witte I caste
 And but if I had by other waye, at last I stole it
 Or pryulye his purse stole, vnpyked hys lockes
 Or by night or by daye, a house was sche crier
 Throughe gyle to gadren, the goodes that ich haue
 If I yede to the ploughe, I prynched so narre to
 That a fore lande or a furcwe, fetchen I would
 Of my nexte neighbour, nimen of hys earth
 And if I scape euer reachen, & gave he read & repen
 And se to me with his spile, that I sowed neure
 And who so bozched of me, at cut the tyme
 I yly ptesentes pryulye, or paye some certayne

Yonge lechours
 about old
 bauder,

The
 spottes
 of Iudas
 his cote,

false weightes
 and
 measures

The I
mage of a
wozldlyg

So would he or would he not, wyemen I would
And both to kitch & to kynne, unkind of that ich had
And who so cheped my chaffer, chiden I would
But he profered to pay, a peny or twayne
More than it was worth, and yet would I swere
That it coste me much more, swate many othes
In holy dayes at holy kiche, whan ich had masse
Hadde I neuer wyll wor god, witterly to besech
Mercy of my misdeades, that I ne mourned soze
For losse of good leue me, than for my lykam gyltes
And if I had deadly synne done, I dzed not þ so soze
As whē I lēded & leued it lost, or lōg ere it wer paled
So if I kiddle any kindnes, mine euēchrystē to helpe
Upon a cruell couetise, mine herte gan hange
And if I sente ouer sea, my seruaunces to Byrges
Or into Brucelande my prentice, my profite to waitē
To marchaūden with mony, & make her exchaūges
Myght neuer me conforten, in the meane whyle
Neither masse ne mattens, ne no maner syghtes
Ne neither penaunce perfozmed, ne Vater nost. sayde
That my minde ne was more, on mi good in a doubt
Than in the grace of god, and in hys greate helpe

Math. vi

Ubi the laurus tuus, ibi et cor tuum.

Whych ben the brāūches, that byrynge a mā to slouth
He þ mourneth not for his misse, ne maketh no sorow
And penaūce that the prest inloyneth, perfourmeth ill
Doth no almesdedes, dreade hym of no synne
Lpueth agayne the beleue, and no lawe holdeth
Eche day is holy daye to hym, or an hygge fery
And if he ought wyll heare, it is an harlots tonge
When men carpen of Christ, or of clennes of soules
He waxeth wroth & wil not here, but words of miche

103

an Exell
Loffe

Denounce and poze men, and the passion of sayntes
 He hateth to heare therof, and all that he telleth
 These be vntowles be wate, þe bringeth a mā to wā.
 The lordes & þe ladies, and legates of holy kirk (hope
 That feden folles sages, flatterers and lyers
 And haue liking to lichen hem, to do you to laugh.

De vobis qui ridetis. &c.

Luke. vi.

And giue hem meat & mede, and poze men to refuse
 In your death dyspge, I feare me full soze
 Lest tho the maner of me, to much sorow you bring

Consentientes et agentes pari pena punientur.

Patriarkes & prophetes, and prechers of gods word
 Sauen throughe her sermons, mang soule fro hell
 Right so flatterers & folles, arne the fendes disciples
 To entise men throughe hir tales, to sinne & harlotrye
 And clarkes that knowen holy write, shold ken lordes
 What Dauid said of such men, as the psalter telleth

*Non habitabit in medio domus mee, qui facit superbiam
 et qui loquitur iniqua.* psal. xl.

Should no harlot haue audience, in hall ne in chābye
 There wylmen were, witnessen gods wordes
 He no misproud man, among lordes be allowed
 And flatterers and folles, throughe her lewde wordes
 Leden tho that loue hem, to Lucifers feast
 Wpþ Turpilqueto. a laye of sorowe, & Lucifers fidele
 Thus Hankyn the actiue man, had soyled hys cote
 Till Cōscience acouped him therof, in a curteis maner
 Why he had ne washed it, or wipped it wþ a brushe

Passus. xxiij. de visione.



Have but one hole harris quod Hākin, I am
 the lesse to blame
 Thoughte he be soyled and fidele cleane, I depō
 therein on nyghtes,

S. iii.

And

Passus decimus quattus

And also I haue an huswife, betwen and chyldezen

Luk. xliii

Uxorem duri et ideo non possum uenire.

**That wollen bymollen it manye tymes, maugry my
chekes,**

**Dankins
cote wyl
not be
cleane.**

**It hath bene laued in lente, and out of lent bothe
Wich þ soupe of sickenes, that sekerh wóders depe.**

And with the losse of cattell, lothe for to agyle

God or anye good man, by ought that I wyte

And was thyuen of a priest, that gaf me for my sins

To penaunce Patience, and poze men to fede

Al for couetise of mi chystedome, in clenness to kepe it

And could I neuer by Christ, kepe it cleane an houre

That I ne soyled it w sight, or with some idle speach

Or throughe woꝝke or woꝝd, or wyl of my herte

That I ne slobet it foule, from moꝝtrowe till euen

And I shall ken the quod Conscience, of contricion to

That shal clawe thy cote, of al kindes of filch (make

Cordis contricio. &c.

**Dowel shall washe it and wyngre it, throughe a wyse
confessoure.**

Ovis confessio.

Dobet shal beat it & boke it, as bryght as any scarlet

And engraue it w good wyl, a gods grace to amede þ

And sicken sed the to satisfaccion, for to soþwe it after

Satisfactio debet.

Shal neuer chest bymollen it, ne mought after bite it

Ne sende ne false man, defoulen it in thy lyfe

Shall no heraulde ne harper, haue a sayzer garment

I han þākin þe actiue mā, & thou do bi my teaching

Ne no minstrell be moꝝe worth, among poze & ryche

That Dankins wylle shewen it, with his actiua bica

And I shal puruey þ paast & phyltre, throughe no ploter

cat.

M.C.

etpe

*ganhous þe
manice
conterroun
hert clome þe
lyn cootte*

*dowel shall
washe þe
cootte*

*dobet shall
wage þe*

*2 satisfactyon
shall wage þe
þolwe*

And flour to fede folke withal, as best be for þe soule
 Though neuer grene growed, ne grape upon vyne
 All that liued and loked, liuelode would I fynd
 And that inough shal none faile, of this þe hem nedeth
 We should not be to busye, about our liuelode

*Re solliciti sitis. &c. Volucres celi deas pascit. &c. pa: Mat. bl.
 tientes vincunt.*

Than laughed Hakin a litle, and lightly gan sware
 Who so leueth you by our lord, I leue not he be bleste
 No þe Conscience patiently, and out of his poke hent
 Wytales of grete vertues, for all maner beastes
 And said so here liuelode inough, if our beliefe be true
 For lent neuer was life, but lyuelode were shapen
 Whereof or wherefore, or wherby to lyue
 For the wyld worme, vnder wete earth
 Fische to liue in the floude, and in the fire the creket
 The kurlow bi kind of hem, are clenest flesh of birdes
 And beastes by grase & by grene, and by grene rotes
 In meaninge that all men, might the same do
 Liue through lilly beleue, & loue as god wytnesse

God ge-
 ueth not
 lyfe, but
 he prou-
 det y-tode.

*Kurlows are
 y-cleynest fliche
 of birdes*

*Quodcumque petieritis a patre in nomine meo. &c:
 Et alibi Non solo pane viuit homo, sed in omni verbo
 quod procedit de ore dei.*

And I loked what liuelod it was, þe patieñce so praised
 And it was a piece of þe Water nost. Fiat voluntas tua.
 Haue Hakin þe Patieñce, & eat this whā thou hūgest
 Or whan thou clumstest for colde, or chyngeest for dyte
 Shall neuer giues the grene, ne grent lordes wraeth
 Wyson ne paine, for Patientes vincunt,
 By so that thou be sober, of sight and of tonge
 In eating and in handelyng, and in all thy fine wyts
 Drest thou neuer care for coine, ne lūne cloth ne wolē
 Be for drynke ne deaths dread, but dre as god liketh

*patience lyu-
 lynd*

Or;

Passus decimus quartus

Oz through hunger oz through heat, at his wil be le
foz if thou live after hys loze, the shorter life þ better

Si quis amat Christum, mundum non diligit eum.

foz through his breath bras was waxed, & abrode yede
Dixit et facta sunt.

Ergo through hys breath, may men & brastres liven.
As holy wyte wolte steth, whan men se in her graces
Aperis tu manum tuam et implebis omne animal benedictione
It is found that fori wnter, folk lived wout tilling
And out of þ flint spzoge the floud, þ folk and beastes
And in Helies tyme, heauen was closed (Dronke
That no raine ne ronne, thus trade men in bokes

Forty pe-
res with-
out tyl-
lage.

That many wynter men lyued, & no meate ne tiliden
Seven slept as sayth the boke, seven hūdzed wynter
And lyued wout lyuode, and at the last they woken
If me liuid as mesure wold, shold no moze be defaut
Amonge chzisten creaturs, if chzistles words be true
And unkindnes Caritia. maketh amōge chzistē puple
And ouer plenty maketh pryde, amonges poze & ryche
Therfor mesure is so much worth, it cā not be to dere
foz the mischise & the mischaunce amōgs me of Sodo
Wext throughe plenty of pane, and of pure Slouth.

Lacke of
measure
is cause of
scarcitie.

moste use
of note

O ciositas et habundantia panis, peccatum turpissimum
nurtiuit.

foz they measured not hē selfe, of þ they ate & dranke
They dyd deadly synne, that the deuyll liked.
So vengeance fell apon hem, for her vyle synnes
They sonken into hell, the cleyes eche one
Therfore mesure we vs wel, & make faith our feltron
And through faith cometh cōrticlon, cōsciēce wot wel
Whych driueth away deadly syn, & doth it to ventall
And though a mā might not speke, cōrtitiō might saue
And bring his soule to blissh, by so þ faith were witnes

Conteynyng a mane to feare
of falshe te wnter

That

Neuer
creature
was with
out ioye
here and
vence so.

That al her life haue liued, in langour and in despayre
But god sent hem sometyme, some maner ioye
O here o here, kynde would it neuer
For to ouermuch wo was he wrought, & neuer was
Angels þ in hel now be, had ioy sometyme (ioy shap
And Diues in deyntis liued, and in Douce vie
Right so reason she weth, that the men that were rich
And her makes also, liued hir lyues in myrthe
And god is of a woderous wil, by þ kind wot she weth
To giue mani mā merccimony, ere he it hath deserued
Right so fareth god by some rich, rich me it thinkeþ
For they haue her hire here, and heauen as it were
And great liking to liue, without labour of the bodye
And whē he dyeth is disallowed, as Dauid said in the

Psal. 76.

Dormierunt, et nihil inuenerunt.

(psalter

And in an other stede also, Velunt sompnum surgentium.

In ciuitate tua, et ad nichillum rediges.

(domine.

Was that ryches shall reue, and robbe mans soule
From the loue of our Lorde at hys laste ende
Belowen that haue her hire before, are euermore nedye
And selde dieth he out of det, & dineth o he deserue it
And tyll he haue done hys deuour, & hys dayes iorney
For whā a workmā hath wrought, the mē say þ loth
What he were worthy for his worke, & what he hath
And not to fig before, for dred of disantullig (deserued
So I say by you rich, it semeth not that ye should
Hane heauen in your here beying, and heuen hereafter
Right as a seruāt taketh his salar before, & sich wold
As he þ none had, & hard hire at þ had. (claime more
It may not be ye rich men, o Dauid on god lyeth.

De deliciis ad delicias, difficile est transire.

And if ye ryche haue ruth, and rewarde well the pore
And

Robert

that fatter

well

of uice

of work

Mat. 13.

in an offer

of doo at

ature

And lyke as lawe watheth, done leauy to hem al
 Christ of hys currey, that confort you at the laste
 And reward you al double riches, y-casul here haue
 And as an hyne that had hys hyre, ere he begane
 Whē he hath dōe his deuour wel mē do him ouerbois
 Giue him a cote aboute his conenafit, right so Christe
 Both to rich & not rich, y-casul lyueth & geueth heuē
 And al y-doulyt deuour wel, han double hire for hire
 Here forgiuenes for her sins, a heuē blis after (travail
 And it is but seld sene, as by sayntis bokes
 That god rewarded double rest, to any rich man
 For much myrth is among rich, as in meat & clothes
 And much myrth in May, is amongest wyld beastes
 And so forth y-while somer lasteth, her solace durth
 And beggers aboute midsummer, breadles thet soupe
 And yet is winter for hē woyle, for weithod thet gāg
 A furst soze, and a syngred, and soyle rebuked
 And rated of ryche men, that rich is to heare
 Now Lord send hem somer, and some maner soye
 Menen after her hence goyng, y-here haue such defaile
 For all mightest y-haue made, none meaner thā ot her
 And lyke wyte and wyse, if the rich had lyked
 And saue rich of these rich mē, y-reward not thet pilla
 Of the good that y-him giueth, ingrattē mant (nere
 And god of thy goodnes, giue hem grace to amend
 For maina derch hē deare, brought her here y-giue
 Auerbes heate ne hails, haue they her healeth
 Of thā they wyl and toquid, wadeth hem inot here
 And poys puple thet prische is lord, in p-plr of mischē
 Conforte the creators, that much care sufferē
 Through deth a through drough, at her dayes here
 For ome dōmē hūmē, for wantyng of clothes

The rich
 that be
 myrrour
 that haue
 heauen,

police - 5 x
 false vnder
 standing in
 lyke

Conforte
carefull

Stat. xlv.

And in somer tyme selde, soupen to the full
Conforte thy careful, Christe in thy ryches
For how þe cōfortest al creatures, clarkes hereth wile

Conuertimini ad me, et salui eritis

(neg)

Thus in general of generyes Jesu Christ sayde
To robbers and to reuers, to rich and to poze
Thou taughtest hem in the crinicle, to take baptisme
And be cleane throug þe chysening, of al kins synnes
And if vs fell throug foly, to fal in synne after
Confession and knowledging, and craving thy mercy
Shold aimed vs as many fishes, as man wold desyre
And if the Pope would plede here againe, and punish
vs in conscience

He should take the acquitaunce as quych and to the

A chylren
mans pa-
sente.

quered shew it, pater. et. per passionē domini
And put of so the pouke, and pzeuen vs vnder bozob
And the parchmin of the Patente, of pouerty be must
And of pure patience, and perfect beleue

Of pompe and of pryde, the parcemyn declareth
And pynclialtie of al people, but thei be poze of hert
Eis is al idle, and all that euer we wyrtē

Pater noster and penance, a pylgrimages to Rome
But our spenses and spending, sprynge of true wyll
Eis is all our labour losse, lo howe men wyrtē

In fenestres at the fyers, if false be the fundamēt
Therefore chylren shold be in comē ryche, none couetise
For seuē synnes þe ther be, assailē vs euer (for hym selfe
The fend foloweth hem al, and foundeth hem to help
And w riches that rybaunde, he rather men beglieth

For there that ryches raggueth, reuerence foloweth
And that is pleasant to pryde, in poze and in ryche
And the ryche is reuerenced, by reason of his ryches

And

a farthing
you w fee
will yb, lett
then a pound
w forw lone

Byget yb, Reuer-
enced. more
povarty

And the poze is put behynd, & peradventure ca more
Of wyte and of wisedome, that farre away is better
Than ryches of rialte, and rather hard in heuen
For p rich hath much to reke, & right ofte him p wals
The hye way to heuenward, ryches him letterly heth

wyt got, not
be wellse

ryches, lett p
fynally, p
ven

There the poze preieth befoze p rich, w a pake at his

apo. c. llii

Opera enim illorum sequuntur illos, (rygge

Batally, as beggers done, & boldly he craueth
For hys pouerty and his patience, a pertual blyss.

luke. 14

Benti pauperis, quoniam ipsorum est regnum celorum

And p pride in riches calgneth, rather than in pouertye

Erst in the master o: in p ma, some mantid he haueh

And in pouerty there patience is, pride hath no might

At none of the seven synes, for ne may there longe

For the poze is aye piete, to pleak the ryche

And buxome at hys byddage, for hys broke loues

And buxomnes and bolt, are euer more at warre

And eithet hateth other, in al maner woikes

If tozath tozelle to the poze, he hath the woise ende

And if they both plegne, the poze is but seble

And if he chode of chatter, hym cheneh the woise

And if couerise catch p poze, they mainot come toge

And by the nehe namet, ther no mai het other (ther

for men knoown well that couerise is of hene toyl

And hath hande and armes, of a longe length

Pouertis but a perk thing, apperith not to his name

And louelike was yet neuer bitwen, p long & p shor

Though auarice wole angry p poze, he hath but lile

For poze hath bur pokis, to put in his good (might

Ther auarice hath almaries, and leon bounde colers

C. iii.

And

a pake com
pact for be
turne p
p p p

And whether be lighter to breake, a lasse booke maketh
A beggers bagge, than an yron bound cofe.

Lecherp loueth him not, for he grutch but litle bluer
As deck him not bluer

Ne doth hym not dine delectatye, ne dzyntie wynt of

A straw for the Stewes, it stops not A trope

ad thei nothig but of poezme, her hounke floode untill
 And thenek that from

And though through our poverty, we see not god's pay

His master, and maketh him to chyncke
That had to his greatest helpe.

That god is his greatest helpe, and no gome else.

And he lvs saygunt as he sayth, and of his fute bech
And whether he be a true, he sayth, I am a true

And whether he be or not, he beareth þe sygne of po:
And in þe facts our sounoure founde

And in þe secte our sauour, saued al mankind: (urceþ
 @ hre for al poverte that perisshid: (urceþ

Before a juvenile that patient is, may claim and
a first let subph here, have such a bl...

a fice het endyng here, heuenlyche blyffe. (acken
 Auch hardick met hoefte & hancen

Such hardier was he as he, & here might have his will
In lordship and in law, and to let him be.

In londre and in leith, and in lyking of body
And for gods love keneht of land /

And for gods love I trust at end live it as a begger
Singes a man for more love his mother for his

And as a mayd for mans loue, his mother forsaketh
 Her father and all her friends, & followeth him whome

¶ y^e father and all y^e frendes, & foloweth by make
 Much more is the love of him: that such a watch

much more is the love of him, that such one taketh
than a maiden is, that is married, because he

than a maiden is, that is married through hostage
 is a innocent of kidnapping and slavery to be 14

For for constant of good, thank'd, love, & flesh.

It is far better to be conscious of good, than blind love of both.

So it fareth by eche pacion, that possiſſion for faſteth
And not how to be patiente, and nevere had both.

And put hym to be patiente, and poverly weddeth
Such is fybbe to god him selfe, and to his folow

Such is fybbe to god him selfe, and to his saluacion.
 Haue god inough. By his mercie forgiue me.

What is poverty in America? What is poverty in the world?

What is povertry to Doffence, & he properly to menet
paupers as quid Doffence, & exultation.

paupertas quod dicitur, et odibile bonum
in morio curatum, possessio sine calumpnia. Eorum dei. 8. 2.

Amoribus curatum, potestis sine calumpnia, Et omni dei, Sa-
nitatis mater, Absque sollicitudine temita, Sapientie revera

trix, negotium sine damno, incerta fortuna, absque sollicitu-

...felicitas, ...

Fol. 127b

a diffn
you & my
of
Franklin
patience

The price of products

you are
family
of 1000
1000

[illegible]

in godly
grace & be
geven & po
Lumpkin

Passus decimus quartus.

In gods
grace
you y simple
possess in grace

For there that povertie passeth, peace foloweth after
And ever y lesse that he bereth, y harder he is of herte
Therefore saith Seneca, paupertas e absque sollicitudine
And an hardi mā of hert, amōg an heape of of thurys
Cantabat paupertas, coram latrone blatore.

The. vii. is well of wisdom, & few wordis sheweth
Therefore Lordis alow hym little, or listē to his reaso
For he reperieth his tong to truthward, & no treasure
Sapientie temperatix. (contereth)

The eyght is a lellye labourer, and loth to take moze
Than he well deserueth, in somer or in wynter

And if he chaffreth he chargeth no losse, may he charle
Negocium sine damno. (the volume)

Patience
seeth po
uertye.

The nyth is swete to the soule, no sugar is sweter
For Patience is pane, for povertye hym selfe
And sobryte swete drynke, and good leche in sycknes
Thus learned me a lettered mā, for our lordis loue of
S. Austyn a blessed life, thout busines ledde (heuen
For body and for soule, absque sollicitudine felicitas.

Now god that al good geueth, graunt his soule rest
That this first wrote to wille me what poverty was
Alas y haue y acutue mā tho, y after my chastydom
I ne had be dead and doluel, for do welis sake
So hard it is for y ankin to live, & to do no synne
Synne sueth ys ever quod he, and so y gan to wepe
And wepe water with his eyen, & wayled the tyme
That euer he did dede, that deare God displeased
Adorned and lobbod, and fygged full of he
Charunt he had londe, lord shryne lesse or moze
Or maiesty ouer anye in an moe then of hym selfe
I were not worthy to of god y ankin, to weare any
Ne nyth shryne ne thoo, save to y same onell (clothes)

To

To couer my caroen quod he, and cried mercy fast
And wepte and wayled, and therwith I waked.

Passus. xv. de dowel, et incipit dobet.

After my waking, it was wonders long
Ere I could kindly know, what was Dowel
And so my witte were & wained, til I a sole
And some lacked mi self, allowed it few (wee
And litten me for a lozell, and loth to reuerence
Lordes oz ladyes, oz any life els
As persons in pelure, wyth pendants of siluer
To sergeauntes ne to suche, sayde I not once
God loke you lordes, ne loued fayre
That folke helden me a fele, & in that folke I reigned
Tyl reason had ruth on me, & rocked me a slepe
Tyll I se as it sozerye were. a softe chynge wythall
One wythoute tong oz teth, told me whither I shold
And wherof he came and of what kynne, I conured
hym at the laste

If he were Chyestes creature, anone me to tellen
I am chyestes creature & he, & chyste in many a place
In chyestes court I know well, & of his kin a parry
Is neither Peter & poier, ne Poule w hys fauchon
That will defend me the doze, ding I neuer so late
At midnight, at middaye, my boyce is so knowe
That ech a creature of his court, welcometh me fast.
What ar ye called & I in p court, amog chysts puple
The whils I quickē p cours & he, called am I Anima
And whan I wil and woulde, animo iche hight
And for that I can and knowe, called am I Mens
And whē I make mone to god, memoria is mi name
And when I deme Domes, & do as truerh teacheth

of maner

Chan

I suer a cro
offices of
the soule, not
of anima
living & me
p memoria

Ratio also
refus

conscience

amor

spiritus

by fable of man

Bishops
have ma-
ny names

Than is Ratio my ryght name, reason in Englishe
And whē I fele þ folke tellith, mi first name is Iesus
And that is wyt and wisdomē, the well of all craftes
And when I chalenge or chalēge not, chepe or refuse
Than am I cōscience called, gods clerke & his notary
And when I loue lelly, our lord and al other:

Than is Leli loue my name, and in latin Amoz
And when I flee from þ flesh, and forsake the carion
Than am I spirite specheles, spiritus than iche byte
Auln and Iodorus, eyther of them bothe
Named me thus to name, now thou might chese

How þ couetist to cal me, now þ knowst al mi names
Anima pro diuersis actionib⁹, diuersa nomina sortitur, dum
blussificat corpus, anima est, dum vult animus est, dū. scit mēs
est, dum recollit me nozia est, dum iudicat ratio est, dum sentit
sensus est, dum amat amor est, dum negat, vel consentit, cōsci
entia est, dum spreat spiritus est.

Ye bene as a byshop quod I, all bourding that tyme

For bishops blest, they beare many names

Presul and Pontifex, and metro politanus

And other names an hepe, Episcopus and Pastor.

That is soth sayd he, now I seth by wyll

Thou woldest know a ken, þ cause of al their names

And of mine if thou mightest, me thinke by thi speach

Yea sir I sayde, by so no man were greued

All the sciences vnder sunne, and all the suttel crafte

I wold I knew and coud, kindly in mine herte

Than arte þ imperfite q he, and one of pryds knyghtes

For such a lust and liking, Lucifer fel from heauen

Donā pedem in aquilone, et similis ero altissimo.

It were agaynst kind quod he, and kinnes reason

That any creature shuld benne all, except Christ one

Agayn

Agayne suche Solomō speaketh, & dispiseth her to is

And saith Sicut qui mel comedit mulcum, nō est ei bonum. p. 10. rrb.

Sic qui scrutator est matris opprimitur a gloria

That is to mean to englissh mē, p mowē speke & hear

Thema p much bonie eateth, his maw is englemed

And the moze that a man, of good matter heareth

But he do therfoze, it doeth him double scarbe

Beatus est sayeth saint Barnarde, qui scripturam legit.

Et verba vertit in opera, fully to hys power

Couetise to kenne, and to knowe science

Putte out of Paradise, Adam and Eue.

Scientie appetitus hominē immortalitatis gloria spoliavit.

And right as honi is euil to defy, & englissheth p maw

Right so he p thzough reason, wold p rote knowe

Of God & of his great mights, hys graces it letteth

f o: in the liking lyeth a pyd, and likames couetyse

Against Christs counsel, and al clerkes teaching

That is. Non plus sapere quam oportet,

friers & fel other masters, p to p lewd men pzeachen

Wouen matters inmesurable, to tel of the Trynytie

That oftymes p lewd people, of their beliste dounen

Better to leaue were many docters, such teching

And tel mē of p. comāndemēt, & touchē p seuē synis

And of p bzāches p budde of thē, & bzingē mē to Hell

And how that folke in folkes, mispend they: fine wite

As wel friers as other folke, folish spenen

In housing in hateryng, & into high clergie thewying

Moze fo: pompe thē fo: pure charitie, p peple wote p

That I lye not so, fo: lozds they plesen

And reuerencen the rich, the ra ther fo: their siluer.

Confundantur omnes qui adorant sculptilia. Et alibi, ut

quid diligitis vanitatem et queritis mendacium?

Go to the glose of the verse, ye grate Clarkes
 If I lye on you to mi lewed wit, lead me to brenning
 For as it semeth ye for sake, no mans almes
 Of blurers of whores, of auarous chapmen
 And loutē to these lordes, that maye lene you nobles,
 Againe your rule and religion, I take record at Jesus
 That said to his disciples *Ne sitis personarū acceptores.*
 Of thys matter I might, make a longe byble
 And of curats of chryste peple, as clerks bear witness
 I shal tellē it for truths sake, take hede who so lybth
 As holines & honesty, out of holy church spredith,
 Through lelly lening men, that Gods lawe teachen
 Ryght so out of holy church, al euels spredith
 That imperfyt presthode is, prechers and techers
 I se it by ensample, in sommer time on trees
 There some bowes bene leaved, and some bear none
 There is a mischefe in y more, of such maner bowes
 Right so of parsons & priests, & prechers of holy kyke
 That are roote of the right fayth, to rule the peple
 And there the rote is rotten, reason wote the sorh
 Shall neuer floure ne fruite, ne fayre lese be grene
 Therefore wold ye letted mē, leaue y lecheri of clothig
 And be kind as besel for clarkes, & curteis of Chrysts
 True of your tonge, and of your tayle both (goodes
 And hate to heare harlotrye, and not to vnderfonge
 Cythes but of true thinge, riled oz chaffered
 Nothe were lewde men, but they your loze folowed
 And amende hem y misdoone, more for your ensamples
 Then to preach and proue it not, hypocrisie it semeth
 For hypocrisie in latine, is likened to a dunghyll
 That were beine wed with snowe, and snakes whin
 Or to a wal y were whistled thour, & foule whin

might

fall let na
 offer for fere
 more for favor
 but rebuke for
 wiser not wa
 Mat. xx.

what fructif
 out of folo
 quicquid

Prechers
 muste do
 as they
 preac)

preyall
 not

for Christ

Ryght ſo manye pꝛieſtes, pꝛeachers and pꝛelates
Are enblaunched wth Belpetropis, & wth clothes alſo
And your woꝝks & your woꝝds, theꝛu^{der} are ful vn-
John Chyſoſtome of clarks ſpekth a pꝛieſts (lonely Chyſoſto

*Sicut de teplo omne bonum progreditur. sic de teplo omne mag-
num procedit. Si sacerdotum incoeritum fuerit: tota flo-
ret ecclesia. Si autem corrupti fuerint: totum fides marce-
bit. Si sacerdotum fuerit in peccatis: totus populus corru-
perit. et deperit. Sicut cum videtur arborem pauidam et
maledictam intelliges quod bledum habet in radice. Ita cum
videtur populum in disciplina et religioſum, sine dubio
sacerdotum eius non est sanum.*

If lewde men wiſt, what this laten meaueth
And who was mine auctour, much woude me thinke
But if many pꝛieſts been for his baſtards & her brochis
A payre of beades in theiꝛ handys, & a boke vnder theiꝛ
Sir John & ſir Jeffery, hath a giedle of ſiluer (arme
A baſelard oꝝ a halloche kniſe, wth bottons ouergilt
And a portus ſhuld be his plow, wth lace to to ſynge
Had he neuer ſeruyce to ſaye ſiluer theꝛto, ſeiſe it wth
Alas ye lewde men, much leſe ye on pꝛieſts (idle wiſt
And a thing that wickedly is won, & wth falſe ſeighes
Woude neuer wit of w^{it}ty God, but wickid me it had
The which ar pꝛieſts imperfite, & pꝛeachers after ſiluer
That wth gile is gotten, vngꝛaciouſly is ſpende
Executoꝝ & ſodemes, ſamones & theiꝛ lemmans,
So harlots and hooꝝes, are holpen wth ſuch goods
And Gods folks for deſaute theꝛof, for ſarē & ſpill
Curatoꝝ of holy kyꝛke, as clerkes ſh^{uld} ben auarous
Lightly that theꝛ leauen, loſels it habbeth
Oꝝ dieth in teſtat, and the biſhop entere
And maketh m^{it}ch theꝛmidde, and his men bothe
And ſigge he was an nigard, ſ^h no good might ſpace
To frendly to frendly, the ſende haue his ſoule

not
preſent meane
Euil got
ten eap
ſpent
groude
low & expenſe
ſung for & ſoule
of & byge

Is affus decimus quintus.

For a wretched house he byld, all his lyfe time
And þ he sparid and blisped, spent we in mirth
By leained and by lewde, that loth is to spend
Thus gone their goods, be the gost faren
And for good men God wot, great dole men maken
And beweareth good meat geuers, & in mind haureth
In prayers, and in penance, and in peffle charitie.
What is charitie & I cho. A childish thing he sayd.

Mata. 18,

Nisi efficiamini sicut paruuli non intrabitis regnum celorum
Without faulter o2 folte, fre liberall will;

Wher shuld men finde such a frind, with so fre a herte?

I haue lyued in londe & I, my name is long & yll

And founde I neuer full charite, before ne behynde

When be merriable to mednauing, and to poze

And wollen lene there they leue, lely to be payed

Rom. xiii

Charite þ woul praissh best, most plesig to our God

Is ad inflatur, non est ambicio, non querit que sua sunt.

I se neuer such a man, so god me helpe.

That he ne wold aske after hy, & other wyle couet!

Thynge that neded by mior, & nyne is if he myght,

Clarke kenne me that Chust, is in all places

And I se hi neuer sothly, but as mi selfe in a myproz

1. Cor. xiii

In enigmate, tunc facis ad faciem.

And so I itowe it yre, by that men tell of charitie

It is not champions spght, ne chaffer as I itowe

Charite & he chaffreth not, ne chalégeth ne cranteth

As proude of a pny, as of a poude of golde

And is as glade, of a gobne of grape tuffet

As of a tunicle of tars, o2 of tried scarlet

He is glad to all glade, and good to all wicked

And leueth and loueth, all that our lord made

Curseth no creature, ne he can brate no wrath

Al

As no llypynge hath to lye, ne laughe men to skorne
 All that men same he lete it soth, & in solace taketh
 And all maner mischiese, in mildnes he suffreth
 Couereth he no earthly good, but heauenlich blisse
 Hath he any rentes or ryches, ne retcherh he neuer
 For a scend y funderh him, failerh hym neuer at nede
 Fiat voluntas tua, funderh hym euer more

And if he soupe, he eateth but a soupe of Spere in deo,
 He ca portrey wel y Water no ster, & paine it w pyre
 And other while he is w inne, to wead on pilgrim age
 Ther poze me a prisoners liggen, her pardon to haue
 Though he beat he no bread, he beaterh sweter fode
 Louerh he as our Lord badz, & loketh how they fare
 And whē he is wery of y worke, thā wolle he soryne
 Labour in laundrye, well the length of a myle
 And yarne into yough, and pepely speake
 Wyde w all chappertenaces, pake hem toglyhers
 And boken hem at his breste, and brate hem cleane
 And liggen on longe, wyth Labour in gemitu meo,
 And w warne water at his eyen, waschen hem afre
 And than he syngech, when he doerh so
 And someryme sayerh wepyng

For confectum et humilitatem deus non despicias
 Bi Christ I wold I knewe him & I, no creature leue
 Wythout the helpe of Pierce plowman & god he, his
 person seest thou neuer.

Where clarkes knowe him & y, y kepen holy kythe
 Clarks haue no knowig y he, but bi works & word
 And Pierce the plowman, perceiuerh more depely
 What is the will & wherefore y many wyght suffreth

Et bide cogitationes eorum.
 For there areful proude herded men, patient of tong

And

Passus decimus quintus.

And burcme es of beringe, to burgesis & to lordes
And to poze people, haue pepper in the nose
And as a Lyon he loketh, there men lacke his woꝝks
For ther are beggers & bidders, bedemen as it wote
Loken as lambes, and slemen liue holpe,
And it is moze to haue her meat, w such a easi maner
The for penaunce oꝝ perfitnes, y pouert y such taketh
Thefor by colour ne by cleargy, know shalt y neuer
Nether throug woꝝks oꝝ woꝝds, but throug will
And y knoweth no clark, ne creature on earth (one

But Pierce the plowman Petrus id est Christus
For he is not w lese's, ne w landlipers her mets
He w ances there a boze hangeth, al such they faste
Ipe on kapiors, and Infautores suos,

Of chari-
tic.

For charite is gods chapton, & as a good child hende
And the merest of mouth, at meate w here he seireth
The lone y liche in his heart, maketh him ligh of spech
And is compaignable and cofortatue, as Chri byd
Solite fieri sicut hypocrite tristes. (him selfe

Mat. vi.

For I haue sene him in sylke, & sometime in russet
Both in grave and in grysse, and in a gilt harness
And as gladly he is gaye, to gounes chat it neded
Gounes and Edward, ether were kynges
And famies set, for charite hem folowed
I haue sene charite also syngyng and redyng
Rydyng and runnyng, in ragged weedys
And hydden as beggers, behelde I hym neuer
And in ryche robes, rached he walketh
Called and Cismised, and his crowne shaweth
And in a fryers froke, he was found once
And it is seine ago, in saynt frances tyme
In that seci syth, to selde hath he be known

Riche

Pierce plowman
Secunde name

in fat papper all
gareyne fatts
ours fere in

Richemen he recomendeth, & of thes robes taketh
That withouten wylles, ledeth her lyues

Beatus est diues qui. &c.

In kings court he cometh oft, ther the counsel is true
And if coueris be of counsell, he wil not come ther in
In court amōges tapers, he cometh not but selde
For brawling & backbiting, and bearing false wynges
In p̄cōsitiō before p̄comissari, he cometh not ful oft
For their law dureth ouerlong, but if they lache siluer
And matrimony for money, maken and unmaken
And that conscience and Christ, hath knite fast
They vndone it unwoorthely, the docters of law
And I ne lacke no lyue, but loȝde amend vs all
And geue vs grace good God, charitie to folowe
For who so might mete to him such maners hi alleth
Neither he blameth ne banneth, boasteth ne prayseth
Lacketh he ne loseth, ne loberh by sterne
Crauerh ne coueteth, ne crieth after moze

In pace in idipsum dormiam et requiescam.

The most liuelode he liueth by, is loue in gods passio Isal. lxi.
Neither he biddeth ne beggeth, ne bozoweth to yelde,
Whidoth he no man, ne wisch his mouth greueth
Amongest chrislen men, this mildnes shuld last
In al maner angers, haue this in herte
That though he suffered all this, God suffrid for vs
In exāple we shuld do so, & take no vegrāce (moze
Of our foes p̄ done vs falsens, p̄ is ovr fathers will
For wel may eueri mā wit, if god had wold him selfe
Shuld neuer Judas ne Jew, haue Jesu dōe on rode
Ne haue martrid Peter ne Paule, ne in prison holden
And he suffred in exāple, that we shulde suffre also
And said to such p̄ suffre wold, that patientes vincunt

¶.

¶.

What cha-
pan? cha-
ritie has-
seth.

Life of Christ

The Legend of sayntes, be leue it if ye luste.

Merbi gracia, quod he, and verye examples many
In Legenda sanctorum, the lyfe of holye sayntes
What penaunce and pouertye, & passion they suffered
In honger in heate, in all maner angers
Antonye and Egedye, and other holye fathers
Wendynge in wyldernes, amonge wyld beastes
Monkes and mendinautes, men by hem selfe
In spekes and spelunkes, seldom speken togyders
And neyther Antony no? Egedi, ne hermitte that tyme
Of Lyons ne of Leopardes, no lyuelode to take
But of fowles that flyeth, this finden men in bokes
Excepte that Egedi, after an hynde cried
And throughe the milke of that mylde beast, the man
was susteyned.

And day by day had neuer nought, his honger to slake
But selde & sundry tymes, as sayth þe boke & tracheth
Antonye eche a daye, aboute none time
Had a byrd that brought hym bread, that he by liued
And though the gome had a gest, God found hem both
Doule prius he remica, had provoked hym selfe
That no man myght him se, for mosse and for leues
Fowles hem fedde, fell wyntres wythall
Tyll he founded fryers, of Austens order
Doule after hys preachinge, paniers he made
And wonne wyth his hands, that hys wombe neded
Peter fished for hys fode, and hys felowe Andrew
Some they sold & some they soth, & so thei liued both
And also Mary magdalen, by moores liued & dewes
And most throughe deuotio, & mind of god almighty
I shoulde not these seuen dayes, seggen hem all
That liued thus for our lords loue, many long yeres
And ther ne was Lyon ne Leopard, þe on lands went
Neyther

in living of
saints in
the world

Neither beare boze, ne other beastes wilde
 That ne fell to their fere, & fawned with their tales
 And if they could haue carped, by Christ as I crowe
 They wold haue fed that folke, befoze wold fowles
 And God set the foode by foules, & by no fierse beastes
 In meanyng that meke thinge, mild thinge shuld fede
 As who say religious, ryghtfull men shoulde fynde
 And lawfull men to lyfe holy men, lyuelode byyng
 And than wold Lozdes and ladies, be loth to agylte
 And to take of her tenauntes, moze than truch wold
 Found they that friers wold, forsaake her almes
 And bidden hem beare it, there it was bozowed
 For we bene gods foles, and abiden alwaye
 Till byzdes byyngc vs, that we shoulde liue by
 For had ye potage & pane inough, & peniale to drynke
 And a mes there a mid, of one maner kynde
 Ye had right inough ye religie vs, so your rule me told

A lctd for
 them that
 take benis
 fices at
 wyched
 me hades
 goudly shoulde
 for y. d. lxxxi

*Runquid (dicit Job) rugit Onager cum herba habuerit. Aut mugiet bos, cum ante plenum prescepe steterit. Bui-
 torum animalium natura te edepnat, quia cum eis pabulum
 commune sufficit, ex adipe producit iniquitas tua.*

Job. vi.

If lewde me knew this late, thei wold loke who they
 And aduice hem befoze, a ffue dayes or syxe (grue
 Ere they amoztised to monkes, or chanons her rents
 Alas Lozdes and Ladies, lewde counsel haue ye
 To gyue from your heyres, that your elders you left
 And gyue it to bydde for you, to such as ben crche
 And ben founden and fedde eke, to bydde for other
 Who perfourmeth this prophecy, of p people

landyt gylt
 in more may

Dispersit debet pauperibus.

(liuerth 10cal. iii)

If any people perfozme p text, it are these poze fliers
 For that they degge about, in building they sprude it

of our ffolde
 yd. lxxxi
 ffolde ffolde

F.ii.

And

And on hem selfe some, and such as be her labourers
And of he that haue not they take, & geueth he & bath
And clarkes & knyghtes, and comuners that ben ryche
fell of you fareth, as if I a foreste hadde

That were full of fayre trees, and I found a caste

Howe I myght mo therein, amonge hem sette

Ryght so ye ryche, ye robbe that ben ryche

And helpeth he y helpe you, & geueth there no nede is

As who so fylleth a tunne, of a freshe ryuer

And went forth w that water, to woke with Camise

Ryghte so ye ryche, ye robbe and ferde

Hem that haue as ye haue, hem ye make at ease

And religious that ryche ben, hold rather fast begers

Then Burgesis that ryche bene, as the boke telleth.

Quia sacrilegium est res pauperum non pauperibus dare

Item peccatoribus dare est demonibus immolare

Item Monache, si indiges et accipis potius das quam accipis

Si autem non indiges et accipis, rapis. Porro non

Indiget Monachus, si habeat quod nature sufficit.

Therefore I counsel al chryste, to cofirme he to charitie

For charitie wout chalengyng, yncharge the soule

And mani prisoners bi his praiser, he pulleth fro paine

And there is a defaut in y folke, that the sayth kepeth

Wherfore folke is the febler, and not firme of beleue

As in Luthburth is a luther alay, yet loketh like ster-

The marke of y money is good, & y metel feble (ling

So fareth it bi some folke now, they haue a fair spech

Crowne and chrystendome, the kings marke of heuen

And the marke of y is mans soule, w sinne is soule alaied

Both letted and lewed, ben arayed now with synne

That no lyfe loueth other, ne ouer as it seemeth

For by war & wicked works, & weders vni-

Caste wa-
ter into
femes.

Wise & Ryche
Golden & Ryche

not

Whether wythpyppers, and wyttye clarkes also
 Hauene beleue to þe list, ne to þe lore of Philosophers
 Astronomers all dape, in her arte saylen
 That whilome warned befoze, what shold fall after
 Shipme & shepehearde, þe wyth Gyp & shepe wöten
 Wythen by the welken, what shoulde betide
 As of weders and wyndes, they warned men oft
 Tyllers that tyllid the earth, tolde her maisters
 By the seede that they sowe, what they sell myghte
 And what to leaue & what to lye by, þe land was so
 Now failleth þe folk of þe floud, & of þe land both (true
 Sepehearde and Gypmen, and so do these tyllers
 Neether they canerh ne knoweth, one cours befoze an
 Astronomers also, are at her wyttys ende (other
 Of þe w is caluled of chelemet, the cötrary they fynd
 Grammer the ground of al, begileth now the childre
 For it is non of these new clarks, who so nimerh hede
 Not one among an hūdyed, that an auter cā construe
 He read a letter in ani lāgag, but in latine or englysh
 So now we to any degree, and but if gyle be in lister
 And flatterer his felow, vnder hym to fourmen
 Make wonder me thynketh, amonge vs all
 Discours of degrees, and of diuinitie maisters
 That shoulde kenne and knowe, all kynnes cleargye
 And answer to argumentes, and also to a quod libet.
 I dare not say it for shame, if suche were apposed
 They shoulde sayle of hie philosophy, & phisike both
 Therefore I am afrayed, of folke of holpe kyke
 Lest thei ouerhip as other done, in officis & in hours
 And if they ouerhip as I hope not, our belefe suffreth
 As clarkes in Corpus Christi feast, singen and readen
 That sola fides saluificet, so saye wyth lewde people

al is our
of frame.

not all thys

a tabule

The be-
ginning
of Maho-
mers law

And so may Saracines be saued, scribes and Jewes
Alas than but oure lores men, lyued as they serue vs
And for her liuyng þ lewde me be, þ locher god agyle
For Saracines haue somwhat, seming to our beleue
For they loue and beleue, one god almyghtye
And we lerned and lewed, in one god beleue,
And one Mahomet a man, in misbeleue broughte
Saracines of Surrey, and se in what maner:
At the first he was chrisse, & for he might not be pope
Into Surrey he sought, & throughe hyr sottile wyse
Daunted a doue, and daye and nyght her fed
The corne that she cropped, he cast in his eare
And if he among the puple preched, or in places come
Than woulde the Culuer come, to the clarkes rate.
Menig as after meat, thus Mahomet her enchaunted
Thā did folk fal on knees, for he swore in his prechig
That the Culuer that came so, came fro god of heuen
As messenger to Mahomet, men for to teach
And thus throughe wyles of his wyte, & a white doue
Mahomet in misbeleue, men and women broughte
That liued tho ther and lyue yet, leuing on his lawes
And sith our sautour suffred, þ Saracenes so begyled
Throughe a chrissten clarke, accursed in hyr soule
For dread of death, I dare not tell truth
How englishe clarkes a Culuer fede, þ couettise byte
And ben manered of Mahomet, þ no mā vserh truth
Ancres and hermits, monkes and friers
Peren to Apostles, throughe her perfite liuyng
Wold neuer the faithfull father, þ his ministers hold
Of tyrantes that teneth true men, take any almes
But done as Anthony did, Dominike & Francis
Benet and Barnarde, the which he first taught

To

How englishe
clarkes
fed a culuer
& howe couetise

not for

Salus declinat quineus,

Pol lxxviii

To lyue by litle & in low houses, by lelly mens almes
Grasse should grow and be grene, through her good
And folkys shold find þ ben in diuers sikenes (liuing
The better for her byddynge, in bode and in soule
Their prayes & their penaunces, to peace shold byng
All that ben at Debate, and bed: nen were true.

Petite et accipietis. &c.

Luke. xi.

Salte sauerth cattell, sayeth these wyues.

Gos estis sal terre.

Math. v.

The heades of holpe churche, and they holy were
Christe calleth hem salte, for Christen soules.

Et si sal euangeliu in quo salietur.

For freshe fleshe other fysh, when it salt sayleth

It is vnsauerye for sothe, sodde or baked

So is mans soule sothly, that seeth no good exemple

Of hem of holy kyke, þ the hygh waye shold teache

And begyde and go before, as a good rauenour

And hardē hem þ behind ben, & giue hē good euidēce

A leuen holpe men, all the world turned

Into lelly beleue, the lyghtloker me thynketh

Should at maner of men, we haue so many maisters

Bystles and preachers, and a Pope aboue

That Gods salte should be, to salte mans soule

All was heathennes sometyme, England & Wales

Tyll Gregory gard clarkes, to go here and preach

Auten at Cantarburpe, christened the kyngs

And bi myracles as inē mai rede, al þ marth be turned

To Christ and to christendome, & crosse to bonour

And filled folke faste, and the sayeth taught

More through myracles, thā through much prechig

As wel through workes, as through his holl wordis

And sayd hem what fullinge, and saith was to meane

Clothe

Passus decimus quintus.

*Allego
re facit
dome*

*Full the
child be
instructe
d in
Christ is
is but as
a wilde
beaste*

Math. xx

*Ecce ego
mitto
vos in
omnem
terram
et euangelizate*

*not
e. euangelizate
of
tristeb*

Mar. xvi

Cloth that cometh fro the weyng, is not comely to
Till it be fulled vnder fote, or in fulling stocks (weat
Washen well with water, and with rasels cratched
Couked and trynted, and vnder taylozs hand
And so it fareth by a barme, that bozne is of a wombe
Till it be christned in christs name, confirmed of bishop
It is hethē as to heuēward, & helpleg to the soule
Ethen is to meane, after heath and vntilled earth
As in wilde wildernes, waxeth wilde beastes
Rude and vnreasonable, runnyng without cropers
Ye menen wel how Mathew sayth, how a mā made a
He fed hē w no venison, ne fesautes baked (fraste
But w fowls y fro him nold, but folowed his whist
Ecce altitia mea, et omnia parata sunt. (lynge
And with calues fleshe he fedde, y folke that he loued
The calfe betokeneth clēnes, in hē that kepeth lawes
For as y cow throug kind milke, y calfe nourtisheth
So loue & leauty, lelly men susteyneth (til an oxe
And maydens and mylde men, mercy desierē.
Ryght as the cowe calfe, coueterth swete milke
So done rightfull men, mercye and trueth
And who so y excuseth hem, that ar persōs & priestes
That beneds of holy kyke bē, that haue her will here
Without trauel y tith deale, that true men bistwinkē
Thei wold wroth for I wryte this, & to wtnes take
Both Mathew & Marke, and Memento domine dauid
What pope or prelāt now, performeth y christ hight
Ite in vniuersum mundū, et predicate euangelium.
Alas that mē so longe, on Makometh should beleue
So many prelates to preache, as the Pope maketh
Of Nazareth of Alimue, of Septholim & Damasco
That thi y ne went as Christ wrytheth, like they wyl
(haue name

Radus decimus quintus,

Fol. lxxx,

To be pastour and preache, the passion of Jesus
And as hem selfe sayde, so to lyue and dye.

Bonus pastor animam suam ponit. &c.

a good pastor
will laye downe
his life for his
shepe
John. 1.

And sayde it in saluation, to Saracines and other
for christen and unchristen, Christ sayde to preachers

Ecce vos in vineam meam.

Matth. 22

And syth that these Saracines, scribes and Jewes
Haue a lyppe of oure beleue, the lyghter me thynketh
They should turne who so trauelled, to teach hym of

Querite et inuenietis. &c.

(the trinitee) Mat. 23.

It is ruth to reade, howe ryghtwysse men lyued
Howe they defowled her fleshe, forsoke her owne will
Farre fro kyth and from kynne ill clothed yeden
Badlye bedded, no boke but Conscience.

howe Job saynes
wert

Be no ryches but the rode, to reioyce hem therein

Abstineat vos gloriari nisi in cruce domini nostri. &c.

Calat. 21

And tho was plenty and peace, among poore and ryche
And now is ruth to read, howe the redde noble

Is reuerenced ere the rode, & receiued for the worthier

both so
uerse of
the cleare
gy will
destroye
church.

Then Christes crosse, & ouercame death & deadly syn

And now is warre and wo, and who so why asketh

For couetise after crosse, the crowne standes in golde

Boeth ryche and religious, that rode they honoure

That in grotes is grauen, and in nobles

For couetous of that crosse, men of holre kythe

Shal turne as replays did, the tyme appocheh nere

Wyt ye not ye wysse men, howe tho men honored

More treasure then trouth, I dare not tell the soch

Reason and ryghtfull dome, the religious demed

Ryght so you clarkes, for your couetise ere longe

Shal they deme vos ecclesie and your pryde depose.

De potuit potentes de sebo. &c.

Luht. 11

Ballus decimus quintus.

*Argo
the first of the
new*

*Full the
child be
instructe
ed in
Christe
is but as
a wilde
beaste*

Math. xx

*1000
1000
1000
1000
1000*

*not
2. edging of
to the*

Mar. xvi

Cloth that cometh fro the weuyng, is not comely to
Till it be fulled vnder fote, or in fulling stocks (weat
waashen well with water, and with rasels cratched
Couked and crynted, and vnder taylozs hand
And so it fareth by a barme, that bozne is of a wombe
Till it be chrystned in chrysts name, cōfirmed of bishop
It is bethē as to heuēward, & helple to the soule
Bethen is to meane, after brath and vntilled earth
As in wilde wildernes, waxeth wilde beastes
Rude and vnreasonable, runnyng without cropers
Ye menen wel how Mathew sayth, how a mā made a
He fed hē w no venison, ne fesautes baked (fraste
But w fowls p fro him nold, but folowed his whist
Ecce altitia mea, et omnia parata sunt. (lynge
And with calues fleshe he fedde, p folke that he loued
The calfe betokeneth clēnes, in hē that kepeth lawes
For as p cow thzough kind milke, p calfe nourisheth
So loue & leauty, lelly men susteyneth (till an oxe
And maydens and mylde men, mercy desierren.
Ryght as the cowe calfe, couereth sweet milke
So done rightfull men, merce and trueth
And who so p excuseth hem, that at persōs & pzeltes
That beneds of holy kyke bē, that haue bet wll here
Without trauel p tith deale, that true men bishwinkē
Thel wold wroth for I wote this, & to wtnes take
Both Mathew & Marke, and Memoro domine dauid
What pope or pzelat now, performeth p chyst hight
Ire in vniuersum mundū, et predicare euangelium.
Alas that mē so longe, on Makometh should beleue
So many pzelates to preache, as the pope maketh
Of Nazareth of Amlue, of Septhulim & Damasco
That thy y ne went as Chyst woz meth, sthē they wyl
(hauename

To be pastour and preache, the passion of Iesus
And as hem selfe sayde, so to lyue and dye.

a good man
will please by
Eph. 4. 12
John. 1.

Bonus pastor animam suam ponit. &c.

And sayde it in saluation, to Heracles and other
for christen and unchristen, Christ sayde to preachers

Itte vos in vineam meam.

Matth. 22

And syth that these Heracles, scribes and Jewes
Hauie a lyppe of oure beleue, the lychlikenesse theynkeheth
They should turne who so trauelled, to teach hem of

Querite et inuentis. &c.

(the trinite) Mat. 23.

It is ruth to reade, howe ryghtwysse men lyued
Howe they defowled her fleshe, forsoke her owne will
Farre fro kyth and from kynne ill clothed yeden
Badlye bedded, no boke but Conscience.

howe sole purgatory
went

Ne no ryches but the rode, to reioyce hem therein

Ab sit vos gloriari nisi in cruce domini nostri. &c.

Galas. 61

And tho was plenty and peace, among poore and ryche
And now is ruth to read, howe the redde noble

Is reuerenced ere the rode, & receiued for the worthier

howe co-
uerse of
the cleare
gy will
deceit &
church.

Then Christes crosse, & ouercame death & deadly syn

And now is warre and wo, and who so why asketh

For couetise after crosse, the crowne standes in golde

Boeth ryche and religious, that rode they honoure

That in grotes is grauen, and in nobles

For couetous of that crosse, men of holre kythe

Shal turne as reynolds did, the same appocheheth nere

Whyt ye not ye wysse men, howe tho men honored

More treasure then trouth, I dare not tell the soth

Reason and ryghtfull dome, the religious demed

Wyght so you clarkes, for your couetise ere longe

Shal they deme vos ecclesie, and your pryde depose.

De potuit potentes de sede. &c.

Luke. 21

An admo-
nition to
the clergy

to say full love of
their tent

Deut. 18.
Numc. 18.

Per primitias et decimas. &c.

possession & let
to the clergy for
prayer for peace

A medi-
cine for
the clergy

If knyghthode and kyndwyt, & commune by cōscience
To gyther lowelyle, leue it well ye byshoppes
The lordshyps of landes, for euer shall ye lese
And lyue as gentyl, as our Lorde you teachesth
Whan Constantyne of curtesy, holy kyke downe
With landes, and trades, lordshyps and tentes
An angell men harden on hyghe at Rome crye
Doe ecclesie, this day hath dyonhe benyme
And they that haue Peters power, are poysoned al
A medicine muste therto, that may amend prelates
That should praye for peace, possession hem letterly
Take her landes ye lordes, & let hem lyue by decimus
If possi sion be poyson, and imperfite hem make
Good were it to discharge hem, for holy kyke sake
And purge hem of poyson, ere more peryl fal.
If priesthode were perfect, the people should amende
That cōtrauen Christes law, & churshendome despise
For al paynymes prayeth, and perfectly belueth
In the holy great god, and his grace they asken
And make her mone to Makomet, her message to the
Thus in fayth lyue that folke, & in a false meane
And y is ruth of ryghtfull men, y in realme wonneth
And a peril of the Pope, and prelates that he maketh
That bear bishops names, of Bethlem, & of Babilō
That hip about in Englāde, to hallow mens aulters
And crepe amōg curatours, cōfessen agayne the law
Hanc a mā for christes loue, was martyred in Rome
Ere any churshendome was knowne ther, or any crosse
Eueri bishop y bereth cros, bi y he is holdē (honored)
Throughe his prouice to passe, & to his puple to thew
Tellen

Bishops,
du. 7c.

Passus decimus quintus.

Col. lxxvii.

Tellen hem and teachen hem, on the trinite to beleue
And fede hem wth gostly fode, & gyue there it neaderly.

In domo mea non est panis neque vestimentum.

Gal. iii.

Et ideo nolite, constituere me regem.

Malachias sayth for suche, as sycke be and feble.

Inferite omnes decimas in horreum meum, ut sit cibus *Mal. iii.*
in domo mea.

And we ch^{ri}stian creatures, that on the crosse beleuen
Are fyne in the sayeth, god forbode els
And haue clarkes to kepe vs therein, & he y^e come after
And Jues liue in lelly loue, our lord wrote it him selfe
In stone for it stedfast was, and stande shal euer

Ecce deum et proximum, is perfite Jewes lawe

And toke it to Moyse to teach me, til Messias came

And on that lawe they leue yet, and leten it the best

And yet knele they Ch^{ri}st, that ch^{ri}stendome taught

For a perfite prophete, that muche people saued

Of seikough sores, they sawe it ofte

Both of miracles & meruels, & howe he men feasted

Wth two fishes & five loues, fyue thousande people

And by y^e magerye men might se, y^e Messias he semed

And when he list by Lazar, that layed was in graue

And bnder stone a skanke, wth styfe bope he called.

Lazare ueni foras.

John. xi.

Dyd hym ryle and roome, right before the Jewes

And they sayd and swoie, wth sojery he wroughte

And studyed to destroye him, and stoyed hem selues

And throughte his patiente, her powre to naughte he

broughte.

Uincunt patientes.

Daniell of her doynge dismyd and sayde.

Cum sanctus sanctorum ueniat, cessabit uictio beata.

And wenē the w^{re}tchys, y^e he w^{re} pseudo propheta

And that he y^e loze be leaspages, and lachen it all

And

Passus decimus quintus.

And hope that he be to come, that shall hem releue
Moses est o: Messie, her maisters yet diuine
And Phariseis and Sarasins, Scribes & Grekes
Are folke of one fayth, the father god they honouren
And siche that the Sarasines, and also the Jewes
Konne the fyrste clause of our beleue Credo in deum
Relates of chryste prouicis, shold preue if thei might
To learne hem litle & litle, Et in Iesum chrystum filium,
Cpl they could speake and spel, Et in spiritum sanctum
And reade it and recorde it w remissionem peccatorum.

Carnis resurrectionem et vitam eternam amen.

Passus. xvi. et primus de dobet.

Nowe saye sal you q I tho, for youre saye
shewyng:
for Dankins loue the actyue manne, euer I
shall you loue.

And yet I am in a were, what charitie is to meane
It is a full tried tree quod he, truly to tell

Mercy is the moore therof, the middle stocke is ruth

The leaues ben lilly wordes, the lawe of holy kirke

The blossomes ben buxome speach, & bending loking

Patience hight the pure tre, and pure simple of hert

And so through god & good me, groweth p frute cha

I wold trauel q I this tre to se. xx. C. myle (rute

And to haue my fyl of p frute, for sake all other salue

Lozde q I if any wight wit, whither out it groweth

It groweth in a garden q he, p god made him selfe.

Amids mans bodye, the moore is of that stocke

Herte byght the herbonre, that it in groweth

And Liberum arbitrium, hath the land to farne

Under plers the plowman, to picke it & to weede it

Pierce the plowman q I tho, & al for pure loye

That I hard nemppe bys name, anon I swoned after

And

a lesou for ou
60 fopre

A discip-
tis of cha-
ritie.

patient yf
tre w frou
gawit grow

with charite
groweth

And lay longe in a loure dreame, & at last me thought
That Pierce the Plowman, all the place me shewed
And bad me to totre on þ tree, on toppe & on rote
With.iii. piles was it vnderpight, I perceiued it sone
Pierce & I, I praye the, why stond these piles here?
For wyndes, wylt þ wpt & he, to wyten it fro falling
*Cum reciderit iustus, nō collidetur, quia dominus sup-
ponit manum suam.*

Isal. 37.

In blowing tyme bite þ flours, but if thes piles help
The world is a wicked wind, to hem that wil trowth
Comerise comith of þ wind, & crepith amōg the leues
And forfretith nigh þ fruit, thzough mani faire sightes
Thā w þ first pile, I pale him down, þ is potetia Dei
The flesh is a fel wynde & in flouryng tyme. (Parris
Thzough liking and lustes, so loud ginnereth to blow
That it nourissheth nye sightes, & somertyme words
And wicked woikes thereof, woymes of synne
And forbyteth the blosomes, even to the bare leaues
Than set I to the seconde pyle, Sapientia dei patris.
That is the passiō and the power, of our pynce Jesu
Thzough prayers & thzough penaunce, gods passion
I saue it til I se it ripe, & some dele fruted (In mynde
And than fonderth the fend, my frute to destroie
Wpith al the wyles that he can, & waggeth the rote
And casteth by the cromepe, vnkynde neyghbours
Backbyters breake the chest, brawlers & chiders
And leyth a ladder therto, of lesynges are þ roundes
And fetch away my flours, sōtyme afoze both myne
And Liberum arbitrium, letteth hem somertyme; (eles
That is leuetenant to loke it wel, bi leaue of my self
videlicet qui peccat in spiritum sanctum nūq̃ā remittetur.
Doe est idem qui peccat per liberum arbitrium non repurgatur. Mat. xlii.
And wþā the fend & the flesh, forch w the world

P.iii.

Ma.

Secrets
defence

Anacen behind e me, my fruite for to fetch
 Than liberum arbitriu, latcheth the first plante
 And palleth adowne the pouke, purely through grace
 And helpe of the holy ghost, a thus haue I þe mastrie
 Now saye fall you Piers of I, so saye ye descriuen
 The power of these poles, and thre it propre might
 And I haue thought a thre we, of thes thre poles
 In what wood thei wope, a where that they growed
 For all are they a lyke long, none lesse than other
 And to mi mid as me thiketh, on a moze thei growed
 And of one greatnes, and grene of grene they semen
 That is sothe quod Pierce, so it maye befall
 I shall tell the as tye, what thys tree hyght
 The grounde there it groweth, goodnes it hyght
 And I haue told þe what hyght þe tre, þe trinity it meas
 And egerly he loked on me, a therfore I spard (neth
 To aske him any moze therfore, a bade him ful saye
 To descriue the frute, that so saye hangeth
 Here nowe beneath quod he tho, if I neede had
 Marrymonye I maye name, a moyst fruite wythall
 Then cōtinence is here the crop, as cattle way bastard
 Then beareth the crop kind fruite, and clemest of all
 Maydenhode angels pere, and ratherst wyll be rype
 And swete without swellynge, soure worth it neuer
 I prayed Pierce to pull downe, an apple if he would
 And suffer me to assaye, what sauour it had
 And Piers cast to the crop, a than comled it to crye
 And wagged widowhead, and it wept after
 And when it meued Marrymony, it made a full noyse
 I had ruth when Piers ragged, it grad of ruthfull ye
 For ener as they dropped downe, þe deuel was ready
 And gathered them altogether, both great and small
 Adam

The tre &
the frutes
thereof.

frute of
the tre

all the

1098

1113

Adam and Abraham, and Elai the prophete
 Sampson Samuell, and saynt John Baptist
 Ware hem forth boldlye, no bode he let
 And made of holy men hys hoodde, In limbo inferni.
 There is tarchenes and dread, and the deuill matier
 And pierce of pure rene, of that apple caught
 He hyte ofte at hym, hyte if he myght
 Filius, by the fathers wyl, & frenes of Spiritus sancti,
 To go rob that ragmā, & rene the fruite from hym
 And speake Spiritus sanctus, in Gabriels mouth
 To a maid that hight Mary, a meke thylge wythall
 That one Jesu a iustice sone, must ioken in her wōbe
 Tyll plenitudo temporis, full pe com men were
 That pierces fruite floured, and fell to rype
 And Jesus hold fast therfore, by iudgemēt of armes
 Whether shold longe the fruite, the fende or him selfe
 The mayde myldelye tho, the messenger greted
 And sayde hendelye to hym, lo me his handmayden
 For to worke hys wyl, wythout any synne.

Ecce ancilla domini, fiat mihi. &c.

And in the wombe of þe wench, was he fortye weekes
 Tyll he were a faunt through hie flesh, & of feghtyng
 To haue fought w the fende, ere ful time came (could
 And pierce the woman, perceyued plener time
 And learned him lechecraft, hys lyfe for to saue
 That woudid w his enemy, he might warish him selfe
 And did him assay his surger, on hem that sick were
 Tyll he was perfice practiser, if any daunger fell
 And soughte oute the speke and synfull boeth
 And salued speke and synfull, both blynde and croked
 And comen women conuerted, and to good turned

Non est sanis opus medico, &c.

Luke. i.

Mark. i6

Both

Both me self and mute, and in the menison bloudye
Ofte he healed suche, he ne helde it for no maistrye
Saue tho he healed Lazar, that had laye in graue

John. xi. Quatriduanas, Quelle guyche did hym wake

And as he made the maistrye, *Mentus cepit esse.*

And wept water wyth his eyen, ther seighen it many

Some that the syght syghen, sayde that tyme

That he was leche of lyfe, and lord of hygge heuen

Jewes tangled thereagayne, and iudged lawes

Joh. viii

And said he wrought through witchcraft, & wth the de-

Demonium habes.

(ulls might

Then are ye cherls quod I, and your children both

And Satan your saulour, yout selfe now ye wyynes

For I haue saued your selfe saith Christ, & your sons

Your bodles, your beastes, & blind me holpen (after

And fedde you wth two fyshes, and wth fīue loues

And left baskets ful of broke meat, bear awa^y wold

And misseyd the Jewes manly, & manaced hē so beat

And knocked on hem wth a cord, & cast do wone his stalgs

That in churche chafferden, o^r chaūgeden any money

And sayde it in syght of hem all, so that all hearden

I shall ouerturne thys temple, and do wone th^{is}owe

And in th^{re} dayes after, edifye it newe

And make it as much o^r moze, in all maner poyntes

As euer it was and as wyde, & therfore I hote you

Of prayers and of perfynes, thys place that ye call.

Mat. xxi.

Domus mea domus orationis vocabitur.

Crue and euyl wyll, was in the Jewes

They caste & contriueden, to kīl him when they might

Eche day after other, her tyme they awayed

Tyll it befell on a fridaye, a lytle befoze paske

The thursedaye befoze, there he made hys maundy

Sk

Syttynge at the supper, he sayde these wordes
 I am solde throughte one of you, he shall the tyme rue
 That ever he his saulour sold, for spuer oꝛ els.
 Judas tangled theragaynst, and Jesus him tolde
 It was him selfe sothlye, and sayde Judas,
 Thā wēt forth that wicked man, & to þe Jewes met
 And told them a token, howe to knowe Jesus
 And whyche token to thys daye, to muche is bled
 That is kissing & sayre countenaunce, and unkynd will
 And so was wyth Judas tho, that Jesus betrayed
 Due rabby quod that ribaude, & ryght to him he yede
 And kyst hym to be caught therby, killed of þe Jewes
 Then Jesus to Judas, and to the Jewes sayd
 Falsenes I fynde, in thy sayre speache
 And gile in thy glad chere, and gall in thy laughynge
 Thou shalt be mirroure to manye, men to deceyue
 And thy worke & wickednes, shal woorth bpō thi selfe.

The man-
ner of
Judas be-
traying is
bled

Receste est ut veniant scandala, ut tamen homini illi per
quem scandalum venit.

Mat. 18.

Thoughe I by treason, be at your owne wyl
 Suffer myne apostles, in peace and in paine gange
 On a thursedaye in the strens, thus was he take
 Throughte Judas and Jewes, Jesus was his name
 That on the friday solowynge, for mankyns sake
 Justed in Jerusalem, a loye to vs all
 On crosse vpon caluerye, Chryste toke the battel
 Against death & the deuil, destroyed both her mights
 Dyed and death fordyd, and daye of nyght made
 And I awaked therwyth, and wyped myne eyen
 And after pierce the plowman, pyed and stared
 Eastwarde and westwarde, I wayted after fast
 And yede forth as an Idiot, in countrie to espye

3.6

After

¶ Sanctus decimus tertius.

After pierce the plowman, many a place I sought
 And than met I wyth a man, on Wydienten sondaye
 As hore as an Hawthorne, and Abraham he hyght
 I feyned him firste, from whence he came
 And from whēce he were, & whither that he thought
 I am sayth quod that freke, it falleth not to lye
 And of Abrahams house, an heralde of armes
 I seke after a segge, that I see once
 A full bolde bachiler, I knowe hym by hys blasen
 What beareth that burne & I cho, so blisse the betide
 Thre leodes on a lyth, none longer then other
 Of one mikell and one myght, in measure & in lengthe
 That one doth all doth, and erche doth by hys owne
 The first hath myght & maiestie, maker of al thynges
 Fater is his propre name, a person by hym selfe
 The seconde of that spye is, sothfastnes fithus
 Warden of that wyrt hath, was euer wout gynnynge
 The thirde hyght the holy gost, a person by hym selfe
 The lyght of all that lyfe hath, on land and on water
 Confortour of creatures, of hym cometh all blythe
 So thre belongeth for a lord, that lordshyp claymeth
 Myght, and a wiene, to knowe hys myght
 Of him & of his seruaunt, and what they suffer boeth
 So God that gynnynge had neuer, but tho him good
 Set forth his sone, as for seruaunt y tyme (I thought
 To occupye hym here, tyll issue were spronge
 That is children of charity, & holy kyрке the mother
 Patriarkes & prophetes, & apostles were the childre
 And Christ and chrystendome, and chrysten holy kyрке
 In manyng that man must, in one God beleue
 And there him loked & loued, in.iii. persōs him shewed
 Wedlocke and widowhead, w virginis le nempned

A discrep-
 tion of the
 trinitie.

wedlocke wedded in virginite
 is reckoned to blessed wyrt

In tokenninge of the trinite, was out of man taken
 Adam our olde father, Eve was of him selfe
 And the issue that they had, it was of hym both
 And eithet is others loze, in thye sondre parsones
 And in heauen and in earth, one singuler name
 And thus is mākynd oꝝ māhode, of matrimony spꝛōg
 And betokeneth the trinite, and true belue.
 Wyghty is matrimonye, and multiplyeth the earth
 And betokeneth truly, ill if I durste
 Hym that firste formed al, father of heauen
 The sonne if I durst saye, resēbleth wel the wyf oꝝ we

a goodly shewyng
 on of matrimony

Deus meus deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me.

Je Sal, xxi

That is creator was creature, to know what was
 As wyf do wout wedlocke, was neuer yet se (both
 No moze might god be man, but if he mother had
 So wido we without wedlocke, may not wel stonde
 Pe matrimony wout moyletie, is not much to praisse.

Malcdictus homo qui non reliquit semen in Israh.

Thus in thye persons, is partly manhode
 That is man and his make, and mostet chyldren
 And is not but gēder of generatiō, bifoze Iesu Chyist
 So is the father forth w the sōne, a fre will of hē both
 Spiritus procedens a patre et filio.

Whiche is the holy goste of all, and al is but our god
 Thus in a sōmer I hyn se, as I late in my poꝝche
 I rose vp and reuerenced him, a right faire him grete
 Thye men to my sight, I made well at ease
 Washt her fete & wyppd hym, & after ward they raten
 Calues fleshe & cake bꝛead, & knewe what I thought
 Ful true tokens betwene vs bē, to tell whā me liketh
 If he fonded me, whether I loued better
 Him oꝝ I saac myne heire, which he hight me to kill

Abraham
is circum-
cised.

that comfort
us to fulfill
the commandment
of god

He wyll my wyll by hym, he woll me it alowe
I am full syker in soule therof, and my sonne boeth
I circumcised my sonne, sithen for hys sake
My selfe and my meyny, and all that male were
Bled bloud for þe lordes loue, & hope to blyss þe tyme
Whene affiaunce and my fayth, is ferme in this beleue
For him selfe behyghed me, & to myne issue both
Londe and lordeshyppe, and life wythout ende
To me and to myne issue, moze yet he me graunted
Mercy of our mysdedes, many tymes as we aske,

Quam olim abrahe promissit, et semini eius.

And syth he sent me to sey, I sholde do sacrifice
And done him worshyp w breadye, & wyth wyne boeth
And called me fore of hys faith, his folke for to saue
And defed hem from the fende, folke that on me leued
Thus haue I ben his Heraude, here and in hell
And cōforted many a careful, þe after his cōming wat
And thus I seke him he said, for I heare say late (ten
Of a barn þe baptyd hym, I. Baptyst was hys name
That to patriarkes & to prophetes, & to other people
Said that he se here, þe should saue us al. (in darknes

Eccce agnus dei. &c.

John. i.

in forwat in
faber's fame
bosome

I had wōter of his wordes, and of his wyde clothes
For in his bosome he bare a thynge, þe he blessed euere
And I loked in hys lappe, a Lazare lay therein
Among patriarkes and prophetes, pleyinge togidres
What a waitest thou þe, & what wouldest þe haue
I would wit þe I tho, what is in your lappe
Lo quod he and let me se, lord mercy I said
This is a presēt of mych prync, what prync shal it haue
It is a precyous presēt þe, & þe pouk hath it attachid
And me ther mid þe þe man, there may no wōd me quite

Re

Ne no barne be our bozow, ne bying vs fro his dāger
 Out of þe pokes pynfold, no mainpryce mai vs fetch
 Tyl he come that I carpe of, Christ is hys name
 That shal deliuer vs some day, out of þe deuyls powr
 And better wed for vs ligge, thā we be all worthy
 That is life for life, or lygge thus euer.
 Lollinge in my lappe, till such a lord vs fetch
 Alas I said that sinne, so long shall lette
 The myght of gods mercy, that might vs wel amēd
 I wept for his wordes, with that I saw an other
 Rapelich renne forth, the ryght way he went
 I feared hym firste, from whence he came
 And what he hight, & whether he wold, & wightly he
 (colde

*of the cuning of
the*

Passus, xlii. de visione.



In spes & he, and spe after a knyght
 That toke me a mādemēt, bpō þe mōt Synas
 To rule al realmes w, I beare þe wyte here
 It is ensealed I said, maye mē se the letters
 May he sayd I seke him that hath the seale to kepe
 And þe is crosse & christendome, & Christ theron to hāg
 And when it is ensealed so, I woot wel the soth
 Than Lucifers Lordeshyp, shall last no lenger
 Let vs se the letters of I, we myght the lawe knowe
 Than pulled he forth, a pyece of a hard roche
 Wherin were writen these wordes, on this wyse glo

Dilige deum, et proximum. &c.

not

(sed) Mat. xxiii

This be text truly, I toke full good yeme
 The glose was glorious, writen w a gylt penne.
 In his duobus mandatis, tota lex pendet et prophete.
 Be here al the Lordes lawes of I, yea leue me he said
 And who so wozecheth after this wyte, I wyl vnder
 (take

Shall neuer deuil him dere, ne death in soule greue
 For thoughte I saye it my selfe, I haue saued wth thys
 Of men & women, mani scoze thousandes (charme
 He saith sothe said this herauide, I haue it found of
 Lo here in my lappe, that leued on that charme
 Josue and Iudith, and Iudas Machabrus
 Yea and .vi. thousand beside forth, y^e ben not sene here
 Your woꝝdes are woꝝderful & I tho, which of you is
 And lelest to leue on, for life and for soule (truest
 Abzraham sayth, that he se wholly the trinite
 Thre persons in percelis, ech departable from othere
 And all thre but one god, thus Abzraham me taught
 And hath saued the helued so, & soꝝ for her synnes.
 I can not sugge the name, and some are in my lappe
 What neded it then, a newe law to beginne:
 Sith the first sufficeth, to a saluacion and blyss
 And now cometh Spes, & speaketh y^e hath espied the
 And telleth not of y^e trinite, y^e toke him his letters (law
 To beleue and loue, in our Lorde almyghty.
 And sith right as my selfe, so loue al the people
 The gone y^e goth wth a staffe, he semeth in greater heal
 Than he that goth wth two staves, to syght of vs al
 And ryght so by the rode, reason me the wth
 It is lighter to leue men, one lesson to knowe
 Than for to teach hē two, & so hard to learne the lesse
 It is full harde for any man, on Abzraham beleue
 And well alwaye woꝝse yet, for to leue a wth we
 It is lighter to leue, in thre leuey persons
 Than for to loue and leue, & wel lozels & lēly
 So thy gatt quod I to Spes, for so me god helpe
 Tho that learne the lawe wel, lile while b^{sh} n le
 And as we wēten in y^e way, thus woꝝding togithers
 Than

a godly frame

Abzraham
 saw 102
 distincte
 persons
 in trinite

Than se we a Samaritan, settinge on a mule
 Rydyng well capelye, the ryght waye we yeden
 Cumming from a contrye, men call Jericho
 To a Iudas at Jerusalem, he chaiketh away fast
 Both the heraude and hope, and he met at once
 Where a man was wounded, and wyth theues take
 He myght neither steppene stand, ne stier fore ne had
 He helpe him self sochly, for Semite he semed
 And as naked as a nedle, & no helpe about him
 Sayth had first syght of him, and he ste a syde
 And would not ngyhen him, by nine landes length
 Hope came hipping after, that had so boisted
 Howe he w holes maudement, had many mē holpe
 And whā he hadde sight of, & segge, a side he gan hym
 Dredfully by this day, as duck dorch fro fauco draw
 And so sone this Samaritan, had sight of this leode
 He light do wone of hard, ladde him in his hand
 And to the wyke he went, his woundes to beholde
 And perceiued by his pulse, he was in perill to dye
 And but he had recouer the rather, that rise should he
 With wine & wyle, hys woundes he washed (neure
 Enbaumed him & bound his bed, & in his lap him laid
 And lad him so forth on hard, to Lee Chynt, a grauge
 Well syre myles oz seuen, besyde the newe market
 Herberde hym at an hostre, and to the hostler called
 And sald haue kepe this man, til I come fro the iudas
 And so here sliuer he sayd, for salue for hys woundes
 And he toke him two pence, for liuelode as it were
 And sald who so sped more, I make it good herafter
 For I may not let of that leode, & harde he bestrideth
 And raped hym to Jerusalem, the right waye to ryde
 Sayth solowed after fast, and sonde to meten hym

The man
 wounded
 of theues

Samaritan
 drew
 was wounde
 in the hand

sterce
profereth
Christ to
be come
his seruāt

And Spes spaklich hym sped, spede if he myght
To ouertake him & talke to him, et he to towne come
And whā I se this I solozned not, but Hope me to re
And sewed that Samaritan, that was so ful of pite
And graunted him to be his groine, gramercy he said
And thy frend and thy felow, the u syndest me at nede
And I thanked hym tho, and sythe, I hym tolde
How that fayth fle away, and Spes his felow both
For sight of þe sorowful mā, þe robbed was to theurs
Haue hem excused & he, her helpe may lyttle auayle
Hath medicine on molde, the man to heale byrnyng
Neither faith ne fine hope, so festred be his woundes
Wythout the bloude of a barne, boze of a mayden
And he bathed in that bloud, baptised as it were
Than plastered wyth penance, & passio of that baby
He should stand and step, and stalworth he neuer
Tyll he haue eaten all the barne, & his bloud bronken
For wit neuer woe in thys world througħ þe wyldes
That he ne was robbed oz rified, rode he oz yede (nes
Saue fayth and his felowe Spes, and my selfe
And thy selfe now, and such as such our woꝝkes
For an outlaw in the woode, & vnder banke louteth
And maye eche man se, and good marke take
Who is behynde & who before, & who so be on horse
For he halt him hardier on horse, the him þe is on fote
For he seeth me þe am Samaritan, sue faith & his felow
On my caple that hyght Caro, of mankynd I soke it
He was vnhardy that harlot, and hyd hym in inferno
And ere thys dave thie daves, I dare vndertaken
That he worthe settred that felon, fast wyth charnes
And neuer eft greue gome, that goeth thys like gate
And the shal faith be follet here, & in thys frith walke
And

And kenne out comen me, that knowe not the cōtry
 So bych is the way þat I wote, & wot forþ to Ierusalem
 And hope þat hostiers man, þat be thyer þat mā lyeth in
 And al þat feble & faine be, þat saith may not ceth (heallig
 Hope shall leade hem forþ to loue, as his loze teach
 And hostell hem & heale, througþ holy birkes beleue
 Tyll I haue salue for al synne, & tha shall I retorne
 And come agayne by thys contrye, & cōfort all synne
 That craueth it oꝝ couereth it, and crieth thereafter
 For þat barne was boꝝne in Bethle, þat in his blode shall
 Al þat liue in synne, & folow his fewlowes teching (saue
 Al swete sir sayd I cho, whether shall I beleue
 As I saych and his felow, enfourmed me both
 In thre persons deparable, that perpetual wot enen
 And all thre but one god, thus Abraham me taughte
 And hope afterward, he bade me to loue
 One god woth all my good, and al gomes after
 Loue hem lyke my selfe, and our lord aboue al.
 After Abraham quod he, that heraud of armes
 Set fast thy saythe, and fyꝝme beleue
 And as hope byghe the, I hote the that thou loue
 Thyne euen chryste n euermore, euen forþ in thy selfe
 And if conscience carpe the agayne, oꝝ kind wot oþer
 Oꝝ heretikes in argumentes, thine hande þat him shew
 For god is after an hand, here nowe and knowe it
 The father was first as a fyꝝt, in one fyꝝger folowyng
 Tyll hym loued and lust, to vnloosen bys fyꝝger
 And put it forþ as in a paume, to what place it shuld
 The paume is purely þat had, & profreth forþ þat fyꝝger
 To minster & to make, þat might of hand knownen
 And betokeneth truly, all why so lyketh
 The holy goste of heauen, he is as the paume

Of this
 Des. v. c. lxxviii
 section.

loue as wote be
 sound

The firs
 alst lyke
 an hande

þat fyꝝger allmowþe
 like to þe fyꝝte

Wallas Decimus Septimus

The fyngers that free be, to folde, and to serue
betokeneth lothly the sonne, & sent was to the earth
That touched and tasted, at reachynge of the pawme
Saynte Marye a mayde, and mankynd laughe!

Qui conceptus est de spiritu sancto.

The father is then as a fyst, wyth fyngers to touch

Quia omnia trahunt ad me ipsum.

All that the pawme perceyueth, profitable to fele

Chan are they all but one, as it a hande were

And thre sundrye syghtes, in one the wynges

The pawme, for he putteth out fyngers & fist both

Ryght so redillye, reason it sheweth

Howe he that is holye gost, syre and sonne preyeth

And as the hande holdes harde, and all thynges fast

Throughe four figers & a thombe, soth it & pawme

Ryght so the father & the sonne, & c. spirite the chyld

Worthin hem thre, the wyde worlde holden

Boeth the welken and the wynde, water and earth

Heaven and hell, and all that therein is

Thus it is, nedeth no man to woe none other

That thre thynges belongeth, in our lord of heaven

And at Serples by hē selfe, a sunder were they neuer

No more than my hād, may moue about my fyngers

And as my fyst is full hande, folden togythers

So is the father a full God, former and maker.

Et fabricator omnium. &c.

And al the myght myd him is, in making of al thynges

The fyngers frame a full hād, to purvey & to paynt

Carynge and compassinge, is craft of the figers

Ryght so is the sonne, the science of the father

And full god as is the father, no febler nor no better

The pawme & is puteli & hād, hath power by him self

Othre wylle than & wyseth fist, of workmanship of sin

(gers)

fyngers
vnto the
fist or to
the pawme
the fyst

palme betoken
the the holy gost

The fyst
myghte is the
an hand.

multitude of
the fyst

For the pater noster, to put out all pater noster
 and to unfold the folded fist, as the fingers be
 So is the holy goste god, neither greater, nor lesse
 Than is the fye and the forme; as in the same myght
 And al this but one god, as if I had a my fingers
 Unfolden or folded, my fist and my pater noster
 All is but one hande, howe so ever I turne it
 And who so is hurt on the hande, even in the middes
 He may receyve ryght nought, reason it the forth
 For the fingers that folde should, and the fist make
 For payne of the pater noster, pater noster sayeth
 To catche or to clawe, to clype or to holde
 Were the middle of my hand, mayned or perched
 I should receyve ryght nought, of that I reach might
 And though my thombe & my fingers, boeth were in
 And p middle of my hand, about make
 In many maners maners, I might my selfe helpe
 Both moue and amed, though al my fingers were
 By this shill me thinketh, I se an evidence
 That who so smeth in the .i. spirite, as if he were
 Nether here ne else where, as I heare tell

Qui peccat in Spiritum Sanctum, etc.

For he p picheth god as in p pater noster, Qui peccat in
 For god the father is as a fist, the forme is as a finger
 The holy gost of beane, is as it were the pater noster
 And who so smeth in .i. spirite, it semeth p he greueth
 God that he grypeth in, & would by grace quench
 And to a to the of a rapoure, the trinitie is lythened
 As waxe and a wecke, were twined together
 And then a fye flaming, forth out of both
 And as waxe and wecke, and hote fye together
 Folden forth a flame, and a faye laye

Mat. xii.

*not see
 eye p. d. b. u. c.
 no eye f. d. b. u. c.
 not*

The holy
gost shew
ed by si-
multudis

of a large or

happy

So done the fyre and the love, & also the spiritus sanctus
fostereth amonges folke, love and belove
And all kynne christen, clenseth of synne
And as thou seest sometyng, to denye a rothe
The blasse therof blowen out, yet burneth the wick
So ythout ley of lycht, that the marke burneth
So is the holy gost god, and grace wythout merce
To all unkynde creatures, that coveit to destroye
Lette love or lye, that our Worde shapre
And as glowing gleden, gladdeth not these workmen
That waken and worken, in wynter nyghtes
As doth a key or a rader, & raughe hath fyre & blasse
A more doth sicne sonne, ne saynt spirit together
Graunte no grace, ne forgyuenes of synnes
All the holy gost gynne, to glowe and to blasse
So that the holy goste gloweth, but as a glede
Tyl that lette love, lygge on hym and blowe
And than flamerh he as fyre, on father and on fillus
And melteth her might into merce, as men may se in
Isles & ryes, through heat of the sunne (wynter
Melt in a minute whyle, to mist and to water
So grace of the holy gost, the great myght of the tri-
Melteth mercy to merclable, and to no other (nyte
And as waxe wylthout moze, and a warme glede
So yll brennen and blasen, all togythers
And solacen hem that may see, that fyre in darcknes
So the father forgyueth folke, that have mist herces
That trulylye repenten, and restitution make
In as muche as they maye, amende god paye
And if it suffice not for a seth, that in such wyl dyeth
Merry for his mekenes, wyl make good & remede
And as the wick and fyre, wyl make a warme flame

make
the regner
of synne

For to myghte men woth, that in merke litten
 So will Christe of his curtesy, & me crye hym mercy
 Boeth for geue and for geue, and yet bydde for vs
 To the father of heauen, for gyuenes to haue
 And yet to fyre at the flente, four hundred wynter
 But thou haue to we to take it w, runder oz broches
 All thy labour is tolde, and thy longe trauell
 For maye no fyre flambe made, faple it bys kynde
 So is the holy gost god, and grace without mercy
 To all unkind creatures, Christ him selfe witnesseth.

Amen dico vobis, nescio vos.

Be unkind to thine ewychylden, & al that I can bydde
 Deale and do penaunce, daye and nyght rue
 And purchase al the pardon, of Pampilon and Rome
 Add indulgences inowe, & be ungraceful to thy kynne
 The holy gost heareth the not, ne help may p by raso
 For unkindnes quencherh him, that he can not thynne
 He brenne ne blasse cleare, for blowing of unkindnes
 Soule the spockle, proueth, whether I lye

Si lingua hominum loquat, &c.

For thy beware ye wyse men, that to the world dele
 That ryche ben & reaso knoweth, eule wel your selues
 Benot unkynde I counsell you, to your euen chylden
 For many of you ryche men, by my soule men tellerh
 Ye brenne but ye blasse not, that is a blynde beacon

Non omnes qui dicunt dominum dominum, intrabunt, &c.

Dives died dampned, for his unkindnes
 Of his meat and of his money, to men that it neded
 Eche a ryche I rede, regarde at him take
 And gine your good to that god, p grace of ryech
 For they that be unkynde to his, hope I none other
 But they dwell there Dives is, daye without ende

aa.iii.

Thus

Thus is unkindnes þ contrary, þ quicketh as it were
The grace of the holy gost, gods owne kynde
For that kind doth, unkind fordoth, as done these cur
Unkind chryste me, for couetise & enuye. Isted cheurs
Sleeth a mā for his mouables, in mouth or in hāds
For þ the holi gost hath to kepe, the barlors destroy,
The whych is life & loue, þ leys of mans body. (erh

A good mā for every maner good mā, may be likened to a torch
Or els to a tapour, to reuerence the trinite

And who þ murdereth a good mā, me thinketh by my
He fordoth the leuest lighte, þ our lord loueth (intwye
And yet in many moe maners, me offed the holy gost
And this is the worst wyse, that any wyght myght

Sinne against .i. Spirite, assenten to destroyen

For couetise any kynnes thyng, þ Chyrist dery boughte

Howe myght he aske mercy, or any mercy hym helpe

That wycked and wylfullre, would mercy amenyre

Innocence is next god, & night and day cryeth

Vengeaunce vengeaunce, forgyuen be it neuer

That shēt vs & shed our blond, forshapt vs as it wer

Indica domine sanguinem nostrum.

Thus vengeaunce vengeaunce, very charitie asketh

And sich holy kythe and charitie, chargeth this so soze

Leue I neuer þ our lord toill loue, þ charitye lacketh

He haue ptye for any prater, there that he pleyryth

I pose I had sinned so, and shoulde now be dye

And am soze that I dyd so, the saynt spirite agryt

Confesseme and crye his grace, god that all made

And mildly his mercy aske, might I not be saued

Yes sayd the Samaritan, so will thou might repene

That right wylles bi repentance, to rith might turne

And it is but selborne sene, the sothnes betty wylles

Inye

a fūle pte
fūle don cūstū
w fūle tūm dūwell
at w fūle fūndyt

a good mā
is like a
torche or a
tapoure,
a great lōp of a
good pte

a fūle fūne a
gawdye fūle
gawdye

Apoca. vi

god fātēte
fātēte fātēte
fātēte fātēte

ad. 1204

21.

by cut in
by me, þ y fall
be forgyuen

Any creature that is culpable, before a kinges justice
Be ransomed before his repentaunce, ther al trow him
for thes y party pursueth, y pite is so hodge (dāneth
That the kinge may do no mercy, til both men accord
And eyther haue equite, as holy wryte telleth

Quoniam dimittit peccatum. et.

Thus is saith by such folke, y falsly al her liues

Call ym and letten not, tyll life hem forlake

Good hope that helpe should, to wanhope turneth

Bot of the noumpower of god, that he ne is mightful

To amende all that amisse is, and his mercy greater

Than all our wyched wythes, as holy wryte telleth.

Propter clementiam eius super omnia operibus.

And ye rightousnes so ruthen, some restitution beho

His sorow is satisfactio, for him y may not pay (with

These thinges there be, that done a man by strength

For to flye his owne house, as holy wryte sheweth

That one is a wyched wife, that wyl not be chastised

Her here flyeth from her, for feare of her tonge

And if his house be bnyled, and raine on his head

He seketh all aboute, tyll he slepe drye

And whan smolke and smoulder, smight in his syght

It doth him worse than his wyfe, or wete to slepe

For smolke and smoulder, smyret in hys eyen

Tyl he be bleard or blind, or hooze in the throte

Cougheth and curseth, that Chyrl gyue hem sorow

That shold byng in better wood, or blo to it til it bren

These thes that I tell of, ben thus to vnderstande

The wyfe is our wyched flesch, that wyl not be chastid

For bynd cleneth on him euer, so contrary the soule

And thoughe it fall it synt sales, that fleschly is made

And that is lyghly forgiven, and forgotten both

Matth. 18. 21

To

make asylyng

by not in syne
for feare y dyspare

Isal. 145

The thing
ges dyue
a man out

of, hys
house, as wyllyd

wyfe, mayne a
hys lord wyfe

to lode flesch
smolke in sy

256

for y lyghly
y yf wyffe to
wylyd flesch

Passus decimus octauus.

for he lythwylle
yylt hys soule
to synners & angers

To man that mercy asketh, and amend thyngeth
The calne that raigneth, there we restle shoulde
By syknes and sozowes, that we suffer of
As woule the apostle, to the people taught

11. Coz. xli

Virtus infirmitate perficitur.

And though that men make, muche dole in her anger
And be impaciet in her penaunce, pure reaso knoweth
That they haue cause to contrary, bi kind of her synnes
And lyghly our Lord, at her lyues end
Hath merci on such men, that so euil may suffer
And the smolke & the smolder, that synne in our elen
That is couetise & unkindnes þ quēcheth gods mercy
For unkindnes is the contrary, of al kinnes reason
For there nys sike ne soze, ne none so much tozety
That he ne may loue if him like, & leue of his herte
Good wyl and good word, boeth wisshen and willen
Al maner of mercy, and of forgiuenes
And loue hem like him selfe, and his life amend
I may no lenger let quod he, and I wold he pyched
And went away as wynd, & ther wyth I waked.

for he lythwylle
ynoke to Couy
angels

Passus, cxlii. de bllone.



Olward & werthode, went I forth after
As a rechles reuke, that of no wo terytheth
And yede forth like a lozel, al my lyfe tyme
Til I woxt wery of þ world, & willed este to
And lened me to a lenten, & longe tyme I slepte (sepe
And of chrystes passio & penance, þ people of taught
Rest me ther and rut fast, tyll ramis palmarum,
Of gerles and of Gloria laus, greealye me dreamed
And howe Olanna by Organye, olde folke songen
One seblable to þ Samaritan, & sodeale to Peters the
(plowman

Barfote on an asse backe, boteles came pickynge
 Withoute spore or speare, spachly he lohed
 As is the kind of a knyght, that cometh to be dubbed
 To get him gilt spores, and galoches couped
 Than was sayth in a fenestre, and cried O fulle wende,
 As both an herand of armes, with auctours cometh
 Old Jewes of Ierusalem, for loy they sege (to iustis)

Benedictus qui venit in nomine domini.

Than I frained at sayth, what all that fare by mente
 Who should iuste in Ierusalem, Jesus he sayde
 And fetch þe sed claimeth, Wyrtte frute þe plotwma
 Is Diet in this place quod I, & he pynt on me
 This Jesus of his genetyr, folow in þe wyrtte armes
 In his helme & in his herbergeon, Humana natura.
 That Chylde be not knothere here, for confirmatus deus
 In Wyrtte palkock the plotwma, this pynter shal ride
 For no dinte shal him dere, as in Teitate patris
 Who shal iuste in Jesus & I. Jewes or scribes?
 Nay quod he the fould fende, & falle dome & death.
 Death sayth he shal for do, and adowne bynge
 All that lyueth or loketh, in loude or in water
 Lyfe sayth that he liueth, and layeth his lyfe to red
 That for all that death can do, within thre dayes
 To walke & fetch fro the fend, Wyrtte frute þe plotwma
 And laye it there han liketh, and Lucifer bind
 And for to beat and do wone byng, bale death for ruer

O mors, cramoys tua.

Tha came Pilate to mych puple, Sedens pro tribunali.
 To se how doury deeth shold do, & deme her brothers
 The Jewes & iustices, agayne Jesus they were (right
 And all the court on him cried, Crucifige harpe
 Tho put him forth a pylour, befoze Pylate and said

signe of
 ex. fit on pulu
 f. bay

Mat. xxi.

signe of
 ex. fit

signe of
 false dome
 false a gayne
 f. sub.

signe of
 resurrection

Mat. xxi.

signe of
 passion

John. xix

This Jesus upon Jherusalem temple, laped & dispiled
 To fordo it on one daye, and in thre dayes after
 Edifie it eft newe, here bestandes that saidest
 And yet make it as muche, in al maner of poyntes
 Both as longe and as large, by loft and by grounde
 Crucifige quod a catch pole, *It was a ranctissima witche*
 Tolle Tolle quod another, and take of bene thornes
 And began of bene thornes, a garlande to make
 And set it sore on his head, and sayde in englysh
Que rabbi sayd that cybaurde, and therto rebes at him
 Palled him with thre nylles, naked on the rode
 And poyson on a pole, they put vp to his lippes
 And vppon him drinke his brythes ead, his dates were
 And if that thou tole be, helpe nowe they selfe (done
 It þ be Christ & kinges sonne, come downe of þ rode
 Tha thold we loue þ life þ loueth, & wol not let þ dye
 Consumarion, & Christe, and comfeth fol to sadome
 Piciony and pale, as a prissoner doth that dieth
 The Lord of life & of light tho, laied his eyes togither
 The day for dredd wythdrew, & darck became þ sone
 The wall wagged and cleft, & all the world quaued
 Dead men for that dine, came out of depe graues
 And told why that tempest, so longe time endured
 For a bitter battel, the dead body said
 Lyfe & deth in this darcknes, here one fordoth þ other
 Shal no wight wit witterly, who shal haue maistry
 Ere so day about sune rising, & sanke to that tyl earth
 Some saide that he was gods sonne, & so sayre dyed
Ecce filius dei erat iste
 And some saide he was a witche, good is that we assaie
 Whether he be dead or not dead, down ee he be taken
 Two thynges also, choled death that tyme

Bej

Besides Christ upon a crosse, so was the comon lawe
 A catchpole came forth, and cragged both the legges
 And the armes after, of eyther of the theues
 And was no boye so bolde, gods body to touch
 For he was knyght & kings sone, kinde forgane þe time
 That no harlot were so hardy, to lay hand upon him
 And there came forth a knyght, in a hene spere groid
 Hight Alogis as þe letter reith, a log had lost his sight
 Before Pilate and other puple, in the place he boued
 Maugre his manye teath, he was made that tyme
 To take his speare in his hande, & luffen wyth Jesus
 For al thet wer vnhardy, that boued on boke of stode
 To touche or to talt hym, or taken downe of rode
 But this blinde bachyler, bare him through the hert
 The blud sprag doune by þe spere, & buspated his eyen
 Then fel the knyght vpo his knees, & cried him metty
 Against my wyll it was Lorde, to wound you so sore
 He syghed and sayde, soze it me forth in hert
 For þe dede that I haue done, I do me in your grates
 Haue on me ruth rightful Jemu, a right to þe wepe
 Than gan sayeth helpe, the felle Jewes despitte
 Called hem caytyles, accursed for tuer
 For thes foule villanye, þe graunce to you all
 To do þe blind bene him bound, it was a boyes couel
 Cursed Caytyles, myghthode was a neuer
 To misdo a leade booye, by daye nor by nyght
 The grete yet hath be gotten for a grete wounde
 For your chaumpain shal be, thet myght be of you all
 Yllde him tereforn, tending right at Jenuis wyll
 For be this datemes too, his death woold be alranged
 And ye lurdens haue lost, for liff that haue the mastery
 And your scatches that he wold, liff is in your aldomie

He citheth
 a lye out
 of the Le-
 gendaunt.

for longyns
 just a gay
 Jesus when he
 dyd fong of hys
 crosse

The lord
accuseth
blasphemy

Dan. ix.

And ye Charles & your childre, chilen shall you neuer
 Re haue Lordeshyppe in lande, ne no lande tyll
 But all bareyne be, and vsurpe vsen
 Whiche is lyfe that our Lorde, in all lawes accuseth
 Now your good daies ar done, as Dani. prophced
 Robt Christ come, her kigdome & croune shuld cease
 Cum venerit sanctus sanctorum, tunc cessabit bictio bestia.
 What for feare of the falsye, and of the false Jewes
 I drowe me in that Darkenes, to descendit ad inferna.
 And there I sawe sothlye, Secundum scripturas,
 Out of the west cost, a wenche as me thought
 Came walkynge in the waye, to helward she looked
 Mercye hight that mayde, a meke thyng wythall
 A ful benygne byrde, and bozome of speach
 Hyt syther as it semed, came worthelye walkynge
 Even out of the east, and westwarde she looked
 A full comelye creature, Trueth she hight.
 For the vertue that her folowed, asered was she neuer
 When these maydens mette, mercye and trueth
 Etyher asked other, of thys greute meruayle
 Of the day and of the darcknes, & how the day cenned
 And what a lyght and a leme laye before hell
 I haue faryl of this fare, in sayth sayd I ruth
 And am wendinge to wit, what this wodef meaneth
 Haue no meruayle quod meren, mythe it betokeneth
 I mayde that hight Marye, and mother thouf feling
 Of any kynnes creature, conceived through speach
 And grace of the holye god, wete grete wyth thyng
 Withoute weibe into this world, she brought hyt
 And that my tale be true, I take God to wytnes
 Syth this barne was borne, be thyrty wynter passe
 Whiche died & death choled, this day about myddaye
 And

And that is cause of this eclipse, þ closed now the sune
 In meaning that man shal, from merkenes be drawe
 The which this light & this leem, shal Lucifer ablinde
 For Patriarkes & Prophets, haue preached it often
 That man shal man saue, throughe a maydens helpe
 And that was tyne throughe tree, tre shal it wyne
 And that death downe brought, death shal releue
 That thou tellest quod truth, is but a tale of waltrot
 For Adam and Eue, Abraham and other
 Patriarkes and Prophetes, that in payne lyggen
 Leue thou neuer that yon lyght, hem may aloft bying
 He haue hem out of hell, hold thy tonge mercy
 It is but a trifle that þ tellest, I truth wote the soth
 For that is once in hell, out cometh he neuer
 Job the prophet patriarke, repugneth thy lawes.

Quia in inferno nulla est redemptio.

Job, vii,

Than mercy full mekelye, mouthed these wordes
 Throughe experience & the, I hope I shal be saued
 For venime fordoth venime, & that I proue by reason
 For of all venimes, soulest is the Scorpion
 May no medicine helpe the place, there he styngeth
 Tyll he be deade and do thereto, the euil he destroyeth
 The first venime moyst, throughe venime of him selfe
 So shal thys death fordo, I dare my lyfe lygge
 Al that death did fynd, throughe the devils entysege
 And as throughe gyle, man was begyled
 So shal grace that began, make a good slepyht.

Worson
 expeller
 porson.

Accidit utrum falleret.

Nowe suffer we say þe truth, I se as me thynketh
 Out of the nypppe of the north, not full farre hence
 Ryghtwysenes come rennyge, telle we the whyle
 For he woothery more then we, he was ere we both

Byggyn senet,
 and in fakte of
 south

Ed. M.

That

Massus dechnus octauus

peace comyng
in pacyence
clothyng out
of south

The talke
betwene
Justice &
Peace.

Isal. xxx.

mercy of god
gave

the word

That is soth sayd merce, and I se here by south
Where peace cometh playnge, in patience clothed
Loue hath coueted hir longe, leue I none other
But he sent hir some letter, what this light bemeneth
That ouerhoueth hell thus, she vs shall tell
Whā peace in pattece clothed, thus apzoched nygh he
Rightfulnes hir reuerēced, for hir rich clothig (c wain
And prayed peace to tel her, to what place she would
And in her gaye garment, whom she grete thought
My wyl is to wend of she, and to welcome hem all
That many a day myght not se, for mercknes of synne
Adam and Eue, and other moe in hell
Moses and many moe, mercy shall haue
And I shall daunce the reto, do thou so syster
For Iesus iusteth well, fore begynneth to dawe.
Ad vespertum demorabitur fletus, et ad matutinu leticia.
Loue that is my leinman, suche letters me sent
That mercy my syster and I, mankynd shoulde saue
And þ god hath forgeue, & graūted me peace & mercy
To be mans meimernour, for euermore after
Lo here the patent quod Peace, In pace in idipsum,
And that this dede shall dure, Dorchitum et requiescam.
Whāt rauest þ of rightwisenes, or þ art right dynghe
Leuest thou that þon lyght, bnlcke might hell
And saue mans soule, suster were it neuer
At the begynnyng God gave the dome him selfe
That Adam and Eue, and all that hem lemed
Shoulde dye downe fryght, and þe ell in pacyence
If that they touched a tree, and the fruite, euen
Adam afterwarde, agaynste his defence
Fete of that fruite, and forsoke as it were
The loue of our Lorde, and his loze boeth

And

And folowed þ the sende taught, & hys felowes wyll
 Agaynst real & righewisnes, record thus with truth
 That their payne be perpetuall, & no prayer the help
 Therfoze let them cheue as they chose, & chide we not
 For it is hoteles bale, the byt þ the y eaten. (sisters
 And I thal proue q peace, they payne must haue end
 And we into weale, must wende at last
 For had thei wyll of no wo, weale had thei not know
 For no wight wotes what weale is, that neuer wo su
 Ne what is whote hūgre, that neuer had default (sced
 If no night nere, no man as I lene
 Should wyte witerly, what day is to meane
 Should neuer ryght rychman, þ liueth in rest and ease
 Wyte what wo is, ne were the deach of kinde
 So God that began all, of his good wyll
 Became man of a mayd, mankinde to saue
 And suffer to be sold, to se the sorow of dýnge
 The which bñknytteth all care, and comfing is of rest
 For tyl modicum met w hym, I may it well abowe
 Wote no wight as I wene, what is mough to mean
 Therfoze God of his goodnes, þ first gome Adam
 Set him in solace and in soueraine myrth,
 And syth he suffered him shine, sozow to fele
 To wyte what weale was, kyndly to knowe se
 And after God auetred him selfe, & toke Adams kynd
 To wyte what he had suffered, in the sundry places
 Both in heauen and in earth, and to hel be thynketh
 To wyte what al wo is, that wote of all sope
 So it thal fare by thys folke, their folp & their synne
 Shal lerne hem what langoz is, & lye wythout end
 Wote no wyght what warre is, ther þ peace reinerth
 Ne what is witerly weale, till welaweye hym teache

Chan

Boke be
bolde.

Than was there a wight, wyth two brode eyen
Boke hyght that braupier, a bolde man of sprach
By gods body, quod thys boke, I wil bear witness
That tho this barne was bozne, there blased a starre
That al the wiseme of thys world, in one wit accorded
That suche a barne was bozne, in Bethlems cite
That mans soule shoulde saue, and synne destroye
And al y elemētes saith the boke, herof beareth witness
That he was god y al wight, y welke first shewed
Tho that were in heauen, tooken Stella cometa,
And rindeden hit as a torch, to reuerence hys byrth
The light folowed the lord, into the lowe earth
The water witnessed he was god, for y he went on it
Peter the apostle perceiued his gate

Mat. xliii

And as he went on the water, wol him knye and said
Iube me venire ad te super aquas.

And lo how the sunne gan lacke, her light in her selfe
When she see him suffer, that sunne and sek made
The earth for he euens, that he would suffer
Quaked as quicke thing, and al toquashed the roch
Lo hell myght not holte, but opened tho God tholed
And let out Simons sonnes, to se him hang on rode
And now shal Lucifer leue it, though him loth thinke
For Gygas the gyant, with a gynne engined
To brake and to beate downe, y bene agayne Jesus
And I boke wol be bente, but Jesus rise to lye
In al mightys of man, and his mother glad
And conforten al hys kynne, & out of care brynge
And all the Jewes loye, vnforne and vnloken
And but if thei reuerce his rode, and his resurrectio
And bilsue on a newe law, be lost life and soule.
Suffer we sayd Truth, I heare and I se both

Howe

Howe a spirite speaked to hell, & byd vnspare þ gates

Attollite porta. &c.

10. 21. 11.

A voyce lowde in that light, to Lucifer sayd
 Princes in this place, vnpinneþ and vnlocketh
 For here commeth to crowne, that king is of gloze
 Than sighed Sathan, and sayde to hem all
 Such a light agaynste our leaue, Lazar out sette
 Care and combraunce, is comen to vs all
 If this kinge come in, mankind wil be fetch
 And lead it there him liketh, and lightly me bind
 Patriarkes and prophetes, haue parled hereof longe
 That suche a Lorde & a light, shoulde lead hē al hence
 Listeneth quod Lucifer, for I this lorde knowe
 Both this Lorde & this light, is long ago I knew it
 May no death him deare, ne no deuiles quentise
 And wher he wil is his wal, & warne him of þ perels
 If he reue me of my ryght, he robberþ me bi mastre
 For by right and by reason, the reukes that ben here
 Body and soule be mine, both good and euill
 For him selfe saide, that syze is of heauen
 If Adam ate the appel, all shoulde dye
 And dwel wyth vs deuils, this threatenynge he made
 And he that sothnes is, said these wordes
 And sichen he seased, seuen hundred wynter
 I leue that lawe nill not, leaue him the least.
 That is sothe quod Satan, but I me soze drede
 For thou gate hem with gyle, and his garden brake
 And in semblaunce of a serpent, sate apō the apple tre
 And eggedest hem to eat, Eue by hyr name
 And toldst hit a tale, of treason were thy wordes
 And so thou haddest hem oute, and hider at the last
 It is not gylthylpe garten, there gyle is the rote

Lucifer
 reasoneth
 thematter

For God will not be begiled of Gobelyn, ne laped
 We haue no true title to he, for bi treson wer thei dāned
 Certes I drede of this deuill, lest trueth will he fetch
 Out of our postye, and leaden hem hence
 These .xxx. winter as I wene, he hath gone & preched
 I haue assayled him w sinne, and sometime asked
 Whether he were god or gods son, he gaue me shor an-
 And thus he hath trolid forth, this .xxii. winter (swet
 And when I see it was so, sleapyng I went
 To warne Pilatus wif, what done mā was Iesus
 For Jewes hated him, and haue done him to drath
 I wolde haue lengthed his life, for I leued if he died
 That his soule should suffer, no synne in his syght
 For þ body while it on bones yede, about was euer
 To saue man from synne, if hym selfe wolde
 And now I se wher a soul cometh hitherward sailig
 With glozy and w great light, god it is I wote well
 I red we flee quod he, faste all hence
 For vs were better not be, than abide his syght
 For thy leasynges Lucifer, losse is all our praye
 Fyfte throughe the we fell, from heauen so hye
 For we beleued on thy lesings, flozne we haue Adam
 And all our Lordshyp I leue, on land and on water

Pilatus
wif.

Luke. xli.

Nunc princeps huius mundi, ciscietur foras.

Eft the lyght bade vnlocke, and Lucifer answered
 What lord art thou quod Lucifer, Quis es ille?
 Acc glorie, the lyght soone sayde,
 And lord of might and of mayne, & al maner vertues
 Dominus virtutum.

Dukes of this dimine place, anone vndo these gates
 That Chyist may come in, the kynges soune of heauē
 And with that breath hell brake, with bellais barres
 For anye wyte or warde, wyde open the gates

Patriarches

Patriarkes and prophetes, populi in tenebris
 Songen saynt Johns songe, Ecce agnus dei
 Lucifer loke ne might, so lyght hym ablent
 And tho that our lord loued, into his light be laught
 And sayd to Satan, lo here my soule to amend es
 For all sinfull soules, to saue tho that ben woorthy
 Mine they be and of me, I mai the better hem claime
 Although reason recoorde, and myght of my selfe
 That if they ate the apple, all shoulde dye
 I behyght them not here, hell for euer
 For the dede that they dyd, thy disceyte it made
 Wyth gyle thou hem gote, agaynst all reason
 For in my palace Paradise, in parson of an addre
 Falsely thou fettest there, thyng that I loued
 Thus lyke a lysard, wyth a Ladys bisage
 Thesely thou me robbest, the olde lawe graunteth
 That gylers be begyled, and that is good reason
 Dentem pro dente, et oculum pro oculo.
 Ergo soule shal soule quite, and synne to synne wende
 And all that man hath misdo, I may well amend
 Membe for membe, in the olde lawe was amendes
 And life for life also, and by that lawe I clayme it
 Adam and al his issue, at my wyll hereafter
 And that death in hem fordid, my death shall releue
 And both quiche & quite, & quene was thow to synne
 And that grace gile destroyeth, good sayth it asketh
 So leue I not Lucifer, agayne the lawe I fetch hem
 But by ryght and by reason, ransome here my luges
 Non veni soluere legem, sed adimplere.
 Thou fettest me mine in my place, against all reason
 Falsely and felonly, good sayth me it taught
 To recouer hem by ransome, and by no reason els.
 So

Deut. xix,
 Soule
 for soule

Mat. v.

Passus decimus nonus;

So that throughe gyle thou gate, throughe grace it is
Thou Lucifer in lykenes of a luther edder (woone
Satisfie by gyle, tho that God loued
And in lykenes of a leode, that Lorde am of heauen
Graciously thy gyle haue quite, go gyle agaynst gyle
And as Adam and all, throughe a tree dyed
Adam & althroughe a tree, should turne againe to life
And gyle is gyled, and in hys gyle fallen.

psal. lvi.

Et cecidit in foueam quam fecit.

Nowe begynneth thy gyle, agayne the to turne
And my grace to growe aye, greater and wyder
The bitternes that y hast bzuied, broke it thy selfe
Thou art doctoꝝ of death, dzyinke that thou madeste
For I that am Lord of life, loue is my dzyinke
And for that dzyinke to daye, I dyed apon earth
If ought so me thzyisteth, yet for mang soules sake
Way no dzyinke me moyst, ne my thzyiste flake
Tyll the bendage fall, in the bale of Josaphat
That I dzyinke right ripe must, *Resurrectio mortuorum*
And then shal I come as a kynge, crowned w angels
And haue out of hell, all mens soules
Fendes and fende kynnes, befoze me shal stande
And bene at my biddynge, wher soeuer me lyketh
And to be merclable to man, that my kynd it asketh
For we ben bzyethzen of bloud, but not of baptisme al
And al that be my hole bzyethzen, in bloude & baptisme
Shal not be damned to death, that is wythout ende.

psal. li.

E tibi soli peccaui. &c.

It is not vsed in earch, to hangen a felon
Ofter than once, though he were a trayfoure
And if the kyng of that kingdome, come in that tyme
There the felon thole should, death oher else
The law would haue geue him life, if he looked on him

And

And I that am king of kinges, shall on such a tyme
There come to the death, dāneth all wycked (come
And if latwe wyll I looke on hem, it lyeth in my grace
Whether they dye or dye not, for that they dyd yll
Be it any thyng, about the boldnes of their synnes
I do mercy through rightwisnes, & al mi wordes true
And though holy wylte will, & I be wroke of hē that

Nillum malum impunitum, &c.

(Did euyl

They shold be censed clearly, & washen of her synnes
In my pyson Purgatory, tyll Parce it hote
And mi mercy shal be shewed, to many of my byethē
For bloud may suffer bloude, both hunger and colde
And bloud may not se bloud blede, but him rewe.

Audiui arcana verba, qui non licet homini loqui.

II. Cor. xii

And my rightuousnes and right, shall rule al hell
And mercede all mankynde, befoze me in heauen
For I were an unkinde kynge, but I my kynde helpe
And namely at such a nede, ther nedes helpe behoueth

Non intres in iudicium cum seruo tuo.

Isai. lvi.

Thus by law & this Lord, leade I wyll from hence
Tho that me loued, and leued in my comminge
And for thy leasng Lucifer, that thou liedst to Eue
Thou shalt abyte it better, & bound hym wyth chaynes
Istaroth and all the route, hidde hem in hernes
They durst not loken on our lord, the boldest of hē al
But lettē him lead forth what hi liked, & let what him
Many hundred of angels, harpen & sange. (lyste

Culpat caro, purgat caro, regnat deus dei caro.

Than pyped Peace, of poesye a note.

Clarior est solito post maxima nebula phobus, post inimicitias
After sharpe shoures & peace, moste sheene is þ sunne
Is no weader warmer, than after watery cloudes.

C. lii.

Arj

Passus decimus octauus.

Ne no lone leuer, no better frendes
Thā after warre a two, whā loue & peace be masters
Was neuer war in this world, ne wickednes so kene
That ne loue and him luste, to laughyng ne brought
And Peace throughe patience, all peryl stopped.
Truse quod Trueth, thou tellest vs soth by Jesus
Clupe we in couenaunt, and ech of vs kisse other
And let no people quod Peace, perceiue that we chid
foz impossible is nothyng, to hym that is almighty
Thou saist soth q rightuousnes, & reuerētly hi kissed
Peace and peace here, per omnia secula seculorum.

Psalm. 85.

*Misericordia et veritas obuiauerunt sibi,
Iusticia et pax osculate sunt.*

Truth trumped tho, and song Te deum laudamus.
And chan luted Loue, in a loude note.

Psalm. 133.

Ecce quam bonum, et quam iocundum. &c.

Tyll the day dartoed, these dam selfs daunced
That mē rāg to þ resurrection, & right w þ I waked
And called hit my wyfe, and Colet my daughter
Aryse and reuerence, Gods resurrection
And crepe to þ crosse on knees, & kisse it fo: a Jewell
fo: Gods blessed bodye, it bare fo: oure bore
And it asereth the sende, fo: suche is the might
Maye no grynye gosse glyde, there it shado werth

Passus. xix. de visione.



Hus, I waked, & wrote what I had dreamed
And dight me dearly, and dyd me to kythe
To here holy þ masse, & to be housled after
In midis of the masse, men went to offeringe
I fell este sones a slepe, and sodaynely me mette
That pierce the plowman, was painted all bloudye
And

And came in with a crosse, be fore the commen people
 And ryght lyke in all lym mes, to our lord Jesus
 Than called I Conscience, to kenne me the soth
 Is this Jesu the inster of I, that Jewes did to death
 O: is it Pierce Plowman, who paynted him so red:
 Quod Cōscience & kneled tho, these are Pierces armes ^{Pierces}
 His colour & cote armour, & he þ cometh so blouddye ^{cote ar-}
 Is Christ w his crosse, conqueroure of christendome ^{mour.}
 Why cal ye him Christ of I, lich Jewes cal hi Jesus ^{conqueroure}
 Patriarkes and prophetes, propheted before
 That all kinnes creatures, shoulde knele and bowe
 Anone as men named, thys hyghe name of Jesus
 Ergo is no name, to the name of Jesus
 Ne none so nedeful to name, by nyght nor by day
 For all the darcke devils, are a dreade to heare it
 And synfull are solaced, and saued by that name
 And ye call hym Christ, for what cause tell me
 Is Christ more of myght, and more worthy name
 Than Jesu or Jesus, that all our to ye came of:
 Thou knowest well quod conscience, and þ can reaso
 That knyght, kynge, conquerour, may be one person
 To be called a knight is fair, for me þal knele to him
 To be called king is fayrer, for he mai knyghts make
 And to be conqueror called, þ cometh of special grace
 And of hardines of hert, and of hendines both
 To make Lordes or ladies, of lande that he wyrmeth
 And fre men foule thrales, that folowe not his lawes
 The Jewes that were gētilmen, Jesu they despised
 Both his loze & his labo, now are they low cherles
 As wide as the world is, wonneth none therin
 But vnder tribute or tallage, as tikes and cherles
 And tho þ became christen, by counsell of the baptisme
 Are

Passus decimus octauus.

*Christe
crowned
bynge.*

*He frankelens fremen, thzough fullynge þ they to be
And gentilmen wyth Jesu, for Jesus was fulled
And apō Caluery on crosse, crowned king of Jewes
It becommeth to a king, to kepe and to defende
As conqueroure of conqueste, his lawes & hys large
And so did Jesus þ Jewes, he iustified & taught he
The lawe of life, that laste shall euer
And defende from foule euiles, feners and fluxes
And from fendes that in them were, & false beleue
Tho was he Jesus of Jewes, called getle prophete
And king of her kingdome, & crowne bare of thornes
And tho conquered he on crosse, as cōquerour noble
Might no death him fordo, ne adowne byng
That he narooos and raygned and rauished hell,
And tho was he conquerour called, of quick & of dead
For he gaue Adam and Eue, and othere more blyssed
That longe had layne befoze, as Lucifers cherles
And sythen he gaue largelye, all hys lelly lieges
Places in paradise, at her partinge hence
He may wel be called cōqueroz, & þ is Christ to mene
And the cause þ he cometh thus, w crosse of passion
Is to wilshen vs therw, that whē that we be tēpted
Therw to fight & fend vs, frō fallynge into sinne
And se by hys sorowe, that who so loueth ioye
To penaunce and to pouerty, he must put him selfe
And much too in thys world, willen and suffren
And for to carpe more of Christ, & how he came to þ
Faithly to speake, his first name was Jesus (name
Tho he was borne in Bethlem, as the boke telleth
And came to take mankinde, kynges and angels
Reuerenced him faire, wyth ryches of this earth
Angels out of heauen came, knelinge and songe*

why se was called jesu

Glor

*note for & name
of jesu.*

Gloria in excelsis deo.

The gre-
tes that p
the kyngs
offered.

Kynges comen after, knelinge and offered,
Myrrre and much golde, wythout mede askinge
Of any king catel, but knowledging him soueraigne
Both of sonde, sunne, and sea, & sithen they wenten
Into their kyngdome byth, by counsel of angels
And ther was þe woꝛd fulfilled, þe which þe of spake.

Omnia celestia terrestia dectatur, in hoc nomine Jesu.

Phil. ii.

For al the angels of heauen, at hys kyth kneled
And all the wyt of þe woꝛlde, was in the thre kynges
Reason & rightuousnes, and ruste they offered
Herfore and why, wyse men that tyme
Maisters and lettered men, Magi hem called.

What say they
when they offer to
criste? none, not
a gowd, all they
offer.

That one kyng came w reason, couered vnder sence
The second kyng sothly, sithens he offered
Rightuousnes vnder redde golde, trasons felowre
Golde is likened to leaury, that last shall euer
And reason to ryche golde, to ryght and to truth.

The thyrde kyng tho, came knelyng to Jesu
And presented hym wyth myrrre, appetyng to mirre
For myrrre is mercy to meane, & mild speach of tong
Thre in like honest things, were offered thus at once
Throughe the kinne kynges, knelinge to Jesu

And for al these precious presents, our lord pryncce Jesu
Was nether king ne conqueror, til he ga to wꝛe (sus)
In the maner of a man, and that by much sleight
As becometh a conquerour, to kenne many slighes

And many willes and wytte, that woll be a leader
And so did Jesu in those daies, who so had tyme to
Somtyme he suffered, & somtyme he hid him (tell us)
And somtyme he fought fast, and he other while
And somtyme he gaue good, & graunted hyale both

And somtyme he
thought of Jesu

Passus decimus nonus.

Christ
worketh
miracles

Lyfe and lym: as he lyfte he wrought
As kinde is of a conquerour, so comfised Iesu
Tyll he hadde all them, that he for bledde
In his inuente, this Iesus at the Jewen feast
Water into wyne turned, as holy wyrt telleth
And there began God of his grace to do wel
For wyne is likned to lawe, and life of holines
And law lacked tho, for me loued not her enemies
And Christ couceleth thus, & commaūdeþ also
Both to lerned & to lewde, to loue our enemies
So at the feaste firste, as I before sayde
Began god of his grace, & of his goodnes to do well
And tho was he cleped & called not only Christ but
A faunt fine ful of wyrt, Filius Marie, (Iesu
Before his mother Mary, made he that wonder
That she firste and for moste, ferme should beleue
That he throughe grace was get, & no gome els
He wrought that by no wit, but by word onely
After the kynnd þ he came of, there cōsed he to do well
And whē he was wxtē more, in his mothers absence
He made lame to leape, and gaue sight to blynd
And fedde wylth two fyshes, and wyth fyue loues
Soze asfingered folke, mo than fyue thousande
Thus he cōforted the carefull, and caught a greate
The which was dobet, wher that we went (name
For dese throughe his doigs to hear, & dōb to speake
And al he heled & helpt, þ hi of grace asked (he made
And tho was he called in cōtry, of the cōmon people
For the dedes that he did. Fili David Iesus.
For David was doubtless of dedes in hys tyme
The birds tho sog Saul interlect mille. & David. x. ml.
Therfore þ cōtry ther Iesu came, called hi Fili David
And

L. ix. 19

And named him of Nazareth, & no man so worthy
 To be Cayser of kyngde, of the kyngdome of Iuda
 He ouer Jewes iustice, as Iesu was hem thoughte
 Wherof Cayphas had enuy, & other of the Jewes
 And for to do hym to death, day & nyght they casten
 Kylled hym on crossewoyse, at caluery on a frydaye
 And sithen buried his body, & bidden that me should
 Kepe it from nyght commers, wth knyght armed
 For no frendes shold him fetch, for prophets he tolde
 That, that blessed bodye, of burieis shold aryse
 And gone into Galile, and gladden his apostles
 And his mother marie, thus men befoze demed
 The knyghtes that kept it, beknewe it hem selurs
 That angels and archangels, ere the day spronge
 Came kneling to the corps & song, Christus resurgens,
 Werre man befoze hem all, & forth wth hem he yede
 The Jewes prayde peace, & besoughte the knyghtes
 Tel þ^r comen, þ^r ther came a cōpanye of his apostles
 And bewiched hem as they woke, & away stollē him
 And Marye Magdalen, met hym by the waye
 Soynge toward Galile, in godhead and manhead
 A lyue and lokynge, and she a lowde cryed
 In:che a company there she came, Christus resurgens;
 Thus came it out þ^r Chyist overcame, recovered, and

Sic oportet Christum pati et intrare.

(lyued I uke. 24

For that women wytteth, may not well be counsell
 Peter perceyued this, and pursued after
 Both James and John, Iesu for to seke
 Thade and ten moe, wyth Thomas of Inde
 And as these wise wyes, weren togythers
 In an house al be shette, and the dozes barred
 Chyist came in and all closed, both dozes and gates

Why Chy; a myn
 ist appea-
 red fr; he
 to a wo-
 man,

Ed. 11.

To dyt

Patrus decimus nonus.

To Peter and to his apostles, saide Iſa vobis,
And toke Thomas bi þ hand, & taught him to grope
And fele wyth his fingers, his fleshye herte

Thomas
Didimus
John. cc

Thomas touched it, and with his tonge sayde,

Dominus meus, et deus meus.

Thou art my Lord I beleue, god lord Iesu
Thou diedst and death tholedst, and deme shall be all
And now art liuing and lokynge, & last shalt euer
Christe carped than, and curteise sayde

Thomas for thou trowest it, and trulye beleuest it
Blessed might thou be, and be shalt for euer

And blessed might they all be, in body and in soule
That neuer shall se me, in syght as thou dost now
And lelly beleue all this, I loue hem and blesse hem.

John. cc

Beati qui non viderunt. &c.

And when this dede was done, Do best he taught
And gaue Pierce power, and pardon he graunted
To all maner of men, mercye and forgiueneſ

Mayn might to aſtoyle men, of all maner of synnes
In couenaunt þ they come, and knowledge to paye

Pierces
pardon is
pay that
owe.

To Pierces pardon the plowman, & edde quod debes,

Thus hath Pierce power, be his pardon payed

To binde and vnbind, both here and els where

And aſtoyle men of all synnes, saue of dette onelye

Anon after, an hyghe into heauren

He went and wonneth there, and wil come at laste

And rewarde him right & ell, that reddet quod debet.

And payeth perfitelpe, as pure truerh woulde

And what person payeth it not, punyſhe he thynketh

And demen hem at domes day, both quicke & deade

The good to the Godheade, and to greate ioye

The wicked to wonne, in wo without ende,

Thus

Thus Cōscience of Christ, and of the crosse carped
 And couceled me to knele, & thā came as me thought
 One Spiritus paracletus, to pierce and to his felowes *The holy*
 In lykenes of a lyghteninge, he lyght vpon hem all *Goste,*
 And made hem hon and knowe, all kynne languages
 I wodered what that was, and wagged Conscience
 And was aserde of the lyght, for in spers lykenes
 Spiritus paracletus, ouer sprede hem all *a gyltles*
 Quod Cōscience & kneled, this is Christes messenger *Expositio*
 And cometh fro the great god, and grace is hys name
 Knele now quod Conscience, and if thou can synge
 Welcome him & woꝛship him, with weni creatoꝝ spirt.
 Than sange I that songe, and so did many hundred
 And cried with Conscience, helpe vs god of grace;
 Than began grace, to go with Pierce plowman
 And couceled him & Cōscience, the comune to sumon
 For I wyll deale to daye, and deuide grace
 To all kinne creatures, that han her fyue wyttes
 Treasure to lyue by, to her lyues ende
 And weapen to fyght wꝛth, that shal neuer fayle
 For Antichriste and his, all the world shal greue
 And accumbꝛe the cōscience, but if Christe helpe *a pꝛonostyacion*
 And false prophetes, fell flatterers and glosers
 Shal come & be curatours, ouer kynges & Cles
 And pryde shal be Pope, and pꝛince of holy kyꝛke
 Couerise and bꝛyndenys, cardinalles hem to leade
 Therfore of grace ere I go, I wil geue you treasure
 And wepō to fight wꝛth, whā Antichrist you a Tayleth
 And giue eche m in grace, to guide wꝛth hym selfe
 That idlenes encumbꝛe him not, enuye nor pryde. *y camyng of gra*

Diuisiones gratiarum sunt.

To some he gaue witte, with wordes to shew

The grete Wyt to wryn her liuelode with, as þ world asketh
 of the holp gen. as preachers and prestes, and prentises of lawe
 They lellye to lyue, by labour of tonge
 And by wit to wischen other, as grace hem wold teach
 And some he kenne crasie, and cunnyng of syght
 For th selling and bigging, their liuelodes to wyne
 And learned some to labour, a lilly lyfe and a true
 And some he taught to tilly, dytch and to hedge
 To wryn w their liuelode, by loze of his teachinge
 Some to diuine and deuide, numbres to kenne
 And some to se and to saye, what shoulde befall
 Boeth of well and of woe, tyll it ozt it fell
 As astronmers by astenome, a philosophers wisse
 And some to ride & recouer, þ brightfully was won
 He wist, d he wist againe, thzough wighnes of had
 And sech it from false min, with soule cuyll lawes
 And scme he learned to liue, in longynge to be hence
 In pouerty and in penaunce, to praye for all chzisten
 And al he learned to be lilly, and ech a craft loue othre
 And forbade hem al debate, y none were amoge hem
 Though some be cleaner then some, ye se wel q grace
 That me of þ sayrest craft, to þ foulst I coude haue
 Thinke al q grace, y grace cometh of my gife (put
 Loke that noie lacke othre, but loue all es bzehten
 And who þ most masleries can, the mildest of beying
 And crown cōsciēce king, a make craft your steward
 And asier craftes counsell, cloth you and fede
 For I make Pierce plowman, my procuratour a my
 And register to recue, wode quod debes, (reue
 My prouiso: a my plowman, Pierce shal be on carth
 And for to tell trouth, a seme shal be haue
 Grace gaue Pierce a time, fourte grete oten,

That

not
 of the
 holy gen.
 who cōscie
 or labor of thair
 hands
 who cōscie
 labor of thair
 hands
 who cōscie
 labor of thair
 hands

Astrono-
 mers, or
 astrologers
 who cōscie
 labor of thair
 hands
 who cōscie
 labor of thair
 hands

no man cōscie
 labor of thair
 hands
 who cōscie
 labor of thair
 hands

Pierres
 offices.

grace given

That one was Luke, a large beast & a low chered
 And Mark & Matthew þe tylde, mighty blasts both
 And to yned to hem one Iohn, most gentle of al
 The pyce net of pierces plow, and passing al other
 And grace gaue pierce, of hys goodnes four stottes
 Al that his oxen cried, chey to harrowe it after
 One hyght Austen, and Ambrose an other
 Gregory the greate clark, and Jerome the good
 These four þe saith to teach, foloweth pierces teme
 And harrowed in an hande while, all holy scripture
 With two harrowes that they had, an old & a newe.

Pierce
 plow
 mannes
 are.

grace fauour
 of floure

Id est vetus testamētum et nouum.

And Grace gaue graines, the cardinall vertues
 And se to te in man's soule, & sicke told her names
 Spiritus prudencie, the firste sede hyght
 And w'ho so eateth that, ymagen he shoulde
 Ere he did anye dede, deuise well the ende
 And learned men a ladie bugge, w'ith a longe stele,
 That caste for to kepe a croke, to saue the sat aboue
 The seconde sede hyght, Spiritus temperantie
 He that ate of that sede, had suche a kynd
 Shuld neuer meane much bynk, make hym to swell
 He shoulde no scorner ne skolde, oute of skyl hym
 He wyning ne wreath, of worldly riches (bringe
 Waste worde of ydlenes, ne wicked speach moue
 Shuld no curiouse cloth, come on hys rygge
 He no meate in his mouth, þe master Iohn spiced.
 The thirde sede þe pierce se to was, Spiritus longitudo
 And w'ho so ate of that sede, hardye was euer
 To suffer all that God sente, sickness or angers
 Wyth no leasinges he list, ne losse of worldly cattel
 Make hym for anye murning, þe he nas mery in soule

grace plowmanne
 the firste sede
 of fauour

The sede
 of pierce
 lowerd.

meane to swell
 in anye
 of the
 at an end

take payence
 of god's hand

And

¶ affus decimus nonus

And holde and abidinge bismere to suffer
And playeth al with patience, and pence mibi domine
And couereth him vnder counsel, of Caten the wyse

Enosot; ti animo, cum sis damnatus inique.

The fourth sede y Pierce se w, was spiritus iudicie
And he that eateth of that sede, shal be euer true
W. lth god and not a gailie, but of gile one
For eile goth so puielie, y good fayth other while
May not be espied, fro spiritus iudicie.

Spiritus iudicie, spareth not to spill,

Them that be gylte, and soz to correct

The kyng if he fall in gylte oz in trespase

For ceuteth he no kings wozath, whe he court sitteth

To demen as a demes man, adrad was he neuer

Neither of Duke ne of Leath, that he ne dyd laue

For preserues ne for prayers, oz ani princes letters

He did requite to all, euen sozth to his power

These four sedes piers se we, & lth he did he harowe

W. lth the lde lake and ne we, that leue myght woxe

Amenge the four vertues, and vices to destroy

For communely in contries, can make a wedes

Fouleth y frute in the feld, ther they grow togidres

And so done vices, vertues worthy

And Piers harroweth al, y kenneth kind wille

By rethel of these doctours

And tulleth after her preching, y cardinall vertues

Againe these graunt y grace, y cneith for to rife

And deine the an to uice vices, to haibet in y corne

By god Grace good l. lrs, y mopti glie umbre

And ort ayne that l. lrs, oz se hence wunde

And Grace gane him y crosse, y y crown of thorns

That Christ upon caluery, for mankynde enpiend

And

Judice
leaueth
no liane
in punit-
dco.

in iust

in iust
in iust

for so that
in iust
in iust

And of his baptisme and bloud, that he bled on rote & he foun-
 He made a maner moztare, and mercy it hight dation of
 And therwith grace bega, to make a good funt amēt church.
 And walled it & watled it, w his paines & his passion
 And of al holy wyte, he made a rouse after
 And called that house bnyte, holy churche in englysh
 And whan this dede was done, grace deuised
 A carre hight chyslendome, to carry pierres theues
 And gaue him caples to his carre, contrition & colems
 And made pyerthode hayward, whyle him selfe wete
 As wyde as the world is, w pierce to tilly treuth.
 Nowe is pierce to the plowe, and pryde it spied w the en-
 And gadered him a grete host, to greue hym he thin uith the
 Coscience & all chyslen, and cardinall bettues (keith church.
 Blowe he do wne & bzeake hym, & bite at two & moze
 And sent forth surquidous, his sargant of armes
 And his spyre spyll loue, one speake enil behynd
 These two comen to coscience, and to chyslen people
 And tolde hem tidinges, that tyme thei sholde the sedes
 That pierce there had sowne, the cardinall bettues
 And pierce barne were bzoen, & they sh be in bnyte
 Should come out, & consyence and your two caples
 Confession and contrition, and your cart the beleue
 Shal be colozed so quietly, & couered vnder our so:
 That coscience shall not know, by contrition (phyllyp
 He by confession, who is chyslen ne heathen
 He no maner marchant, that w mony dealeth
 Whether he w yn w ryght, or w wozonge, or w bsery
 Wth such colour and queintise, com meth pyd armed
 Wth the lozde that liueth, after the lusse of his body
 To wassen on welfare, and on wicked hepyng
 All the worlde in a while, through our wit & wyde

Passus decimus notus.

The way
to withstand
pryde.

Who that
be that
neuer re-
pent.

Quod conscience to al christe tho, my counsel is to wed
Hastely into vnytie, and holde we vs there
And pray we þ a peace wer, in Pierces barne þ plotw
For witterly I wot wel, þ we be not of strength (mā
To gone agayne pryde, but grace were with vs
And than came kinde wytte, conscience to teache
And cried and commaunded, to al christen people
For to deluen and digge, depe aboute bntye
That holy kyрке stode in bntte, as it a pyle were
Conscience commaunded tho, all christen to dolue
And maken a much more, that might be a strength
To helpe holy kyрке, and hem that it kepeth
Than al kynne christen, saue comen women
Repented and refused sinne, saue they onely
And false men flatterers, bsurers and theues
Lpers and questmongers, that were forsworne oft
Wyttlingly and wilfully, wyth the false holden
And for syluer were forsworne, sothly they wist it
There nas no christen creature, that kind wist had
Saue thre wos onely, suche as I speake of
That he ne holpe a quantite, holynes to waxe
Some by bedes bidinge, and some by pilgrimage
And other priui paines, & some throug pens delinge
And than welled water, for wicked workes
Egrely renynge, out of mens eyen
Clemes of the commune, and clarkes cleane lvinge
Made bntte holy kirke, in holynes to stande
I care not quod Conscience, though pryde come nobe
The lord of lust shall be letted, al this lent I hope
Come quod Conscience, ye christen and dyne
That haue laboured lelly, all thys lent tyme
Here is bread blessed, and gods body therunder

Grace

Grace through Gods worde, gaue pierce powere
 And myght to make it, and men to rate it after
 In helpe of their heale, once in a moneth
 O as oft as they had nede, tho that had payed
 To pierces pardon the plotoman, mebbe quod debet;
 How quod all the common, & counceless by to yelde
 All that we owe any wight, ere we go to housell
 That is my counsell & conscience, & cardinal vertues.
 That eche man forgeue other, & that will the *Da.no.*

Et dimitte nobis debita nostra. &c.

By arch. vi

And so to be asoyled, and sithen housled
 Yea batwe quod a bzuer, I wyll not be ruled
 By Iesus for your ianglynge, th *Spiritus iusticie*
 As after Conscience by Chryste, while I can sell.
 Both dragges and drasse, and drabo it at one hole
 Thycke ale and thine ale, for that is my kynde
 And not hacke after holines, hold thy tong *Cōscience*
 Of *Spiritus iusticie*, thou speakest muche on idle
 Caprife quod Conscience, cursed woztche
 Unblesed arte thou bzuer, but if the God helpe
 But if thou lyue by loze, of *Spiritus iusticie*,
 The chiefe seide that pierce sewe, saued wozth neuer
 But *Cōscience* the commune seide, & cardinall vertues
 Leue well they be losse, both lyfe and soule
 Than is manye a man losse, quod a letode bicozp
 I am a curatoz of holy kirke, & came neuer in my time
 Men to me that coude tell, of cardinall vertues
 O that cousted *Cōscience*, at a cockes fether oz an heng
 I ne knew neuer cardinall, p he ne come fro the Pope
 And we clarks whē they come, for her cōmens payen
 For her pelures & palfreys meate, & pilloz p hem for
 The cōmune clamar quothie, ech a man to other (loto

*What lue
 ere maye
 dooe.*

*a blinde
 curate.*

Et. ii.

The

The p^{re}lat^{es}
of car-
dinals.

The contrey is the cursedder, that Cardinals comen in
And there they lye a leng, most lecherly there raigneth
Therefore quod this bicoz, by very god I would
That no cardinal ne come, among the comyn people
But in her holines, helden hem styll
At Aucion among the Jewes, Cum sancto sanctus eris,
Or in Rome as their rule will, the reliques to kepe
And thou Conscience in kynges court, and shouldest
neuer come thense.

Pierce so
loweth p
example
of God
Marth. v.

And Grace that thou gredest so of, gider of al clarkes
And Pierce wth hys new plow, & eke wth hys olde
Emperour of al the world, that al men were chrissten
Imperfitte is the Pope, that al the world shold helpe
And sendeth hem that neeth, such as he shold haue
And well worth Pierce plowman, p^{er} pursueth god in

Qui pluit super iustos et iniustos attonce. (Doinge

And sent the sonne to saue, a cursed mans tylth
As bryght as to the best man, or the best woman
Ryght so Pierce the plowman, peyneth him to tyl
As wel for a wastor, and wenches of the stews
As for him selfe & his seruants, saue he is fyrst serued
And traueleth and tilleth, for a traytour also soze
As for the true ryde men, all tynges plyke
And worshiped be he p^{er} wrought al, both good & yll
And suffreth p^{er} synfull be, tyll sometyne p^{er} the y repent
And God amend the pope, that pylleth holy byrke
And claymeth before the kinge, to be kept of chrissten
And coueteth not though chrissten, be killed & robbed
And fynde folke to fyght, and chrissten folke to spill
Agayne thold law & new law, as Paule therof wit

Of the
Pope

Debyu. r.

Non occides mihi benedictam. &c.

(neethy.

It semeth by so him selfe hadde his wyll

That

That he ne cetcheth ryght nought, of all the remaunte
 And Christ of his curtesy, mend the cardinals frame
 And turne her wyte to wisdom, & weale of her soule
 For the comune of this curatour, counten full lytle
 The counsell of Conscience, or cardinall vertues
 But if they se as by syght, some what to wyning
 Of gyle ne of gabyng, gyue thou neuer tale
 For Spiritus prudentie, amonge the puple is gyle
 And all the foule bices, as vertues they scimen
 Eche man setteleth a syght, synne for to hyde
 And colereth it with cunning, and a cleane luyng
 Then laught there a Lorde, and by the lyght sayde
 I holde it ryght and reason, of my reue to take
 All that myne auditors, or els my stewarde
 Couceleth me by thei account, & by clarkes wyting
 With Spiritus intellectus, they seke the reues roles
 And with Spiritus fortitudinis, fetchen it I wyll
 And than came ther a kyng, and by his crowne sayd
 I am a kinge with crowne, the comune to rule
 And holy kyke and cleargy, fro cursed men to dede
 And if me lacketh to liue, by the lawe wil I take it
 Ther I mai most hastily it haue, for I am head of lawe
 For ye be but membris, and I aboue all
 And stich I am your allerhed, I am your allerhele
 And holy kykes chese helpe, & chese am of þe comun
 And what I take of you two, I take it of þe techinge
 Of Spiritus iusticie, for I iudge you all
 So may I boldly be houseled, for I bozow neuer
 Ne craue of my comune, but as my kynd asketh
 In condicion quod conscience, that thou can defend
 And rule thy realme by reason, as ryght wyll & truch
 Take thou might in reason, as the lawe asketh

Of lands
lozdes.

Of kinglys

Passus dilectimus.

Omnia tua sunt ad defendendum sed non ad deperdandum.
The byear had farre home, and sayre toke his leaue
And I awaked therwith, and wrought as me met.

Passus. rr. et primus de docto.



Whā I wēt by þ way, whā I was thus atwa
Heavy chered I yede, and eleng in hert (ked
I ne wist wher to eate, ne at what place
And it nighed nie the none, and to nede I met
That afrowned me foule, and sayt oue me called
Canst thou not excuse the, as dyd the kyng and other
That þ toke to thy beleue, to clothes & to sustenance
Is by teaching and by telling, of spiritus temperancie,
And thou nome no moze, then nede the taught
And nede hath no lawe, ne neuer shall fall in dette
For thre thynges he taketh, his life for to save
That is meat whē mē hi warn, & he no moni woldeth
He wight þ wil be his bozow, & hath no wed to ligg
And he caught in that case, & came therto by sleight
He synneth not sothlye, that so wolneth his fode
And though he cā so to a cloth, & cā no beter cheulface
Nede anone right, wolneth him vnder maynpzice
And if him list for to lape, the laboe of kinde would
That he dronke at eche ditch, ere he for thyzt died
So nede at great nede, may nimen as for his owne
Without couzell of Conscience, or cardinall vertues
So that he sewe and serue, Spiritus temperancie,
For is no vertue by fer, to Spiritus temperancie,
Neither spiritus iusticie, ne spiritus fortitudinis
For spiritus fortitudinis, forseteth full ofte
He shall do moze then measure, many a time and ofte
And beate men ouer bitter, and some of hem to lyttle
And geue men greater, then good sayth it would

And

What is
betri nede
geueth.

Tempe-
raunce is
the chiefe
vertue,

And spiritus iusticie thal iudge, wyl he nyl he
 After the kynges counsel, and the comen lyke
 And spiritus prudencie, in many pointis thal fayle
 Of that he weneth wold faille, if his witte ne wate
 Wening is no wisdom, ne wyle p. maginacyon
 Homo proponit, deus disponit & gouerneth al good her.
 And nede is next him, for anon he maketh him (cues
 And as low as a lambe, for lacking of p. hym enderth
 Wofse men forsoke weale, for they wold be nedye
 And weneden in wyldernes, and would not be riche
 And God al his great ioye, gostly he left
 And came and toke mankind, and became nedye
 So nedye he was as sayth the boke, in many sondry
 That he sayd in his sorow, on the selfe rode (places
 Both fore and foule may ste, and to hole crepe
 And the fyre hath fyn, to flete with to rest
 There nede hath innomed me, p. I muste nedes abide
 And suffice sorowes ful soure, that thall to ioye turne
 Therfore be nought a bashed, to bide and to be nedye
 Syth he p. wrought all the world, was wilfully nedye
 Ne neuer none so nedye, ne poze died
 Whan nede had bndone me, thus anon I fell a slepe
 And met full maruelously, in a mans forme
 Antichrist came than, and al the croppe of trueth
 Turned bpsidoun, and ouer tilte the rote
 And false sprange and spred, and sped mens nedes
 In ech a contrey ther he came, he cut away trueth
 And gart gile growe there, as he a God were
 Friers folowed that sende, for he gaue hem copes
 And religious reuerenced him, and range they belles
 And al the couent furth came, to welcome that tyrant
 And all his as well as him, true onely foolis

Who res
 cepted
 Antichrist
 as tyrant

Which

Holv Ant-
tichriste
dost se-
duce ma-
ny good
men

Whiche soles were wel leuer, to dye than to lue
Lenger then Leten, to be so rebuked
And a false fende Antechriste, ouer all folke raygned
And þ were myld mē & holy mē, þ no myschysse dzed
Desteden all fallenes, and folke that it vsed
And what kyng þ hē cōforted, knowyng hē any while
They cursed & her cōsill, were it clarkes oz lewde
Antichrist had thus sone, hundredes at his banner
And pryd it bare boldly, about where he yrede
With a Lord that liueth, after the likynge of his body
That came agayne Cōscience, þ heper was & gydout
Ouer kynde chrysten, and cardinali betruus
I counsell quod Cōscience, come with me soles
Into vnyte holy church, and holde we vs there
And cry we to kind, that he come and defende vs
Soles fro these fēdes lym, for þiers loue þ plotwma
And cry we to all the commune, þ they come to vnyte
And ther abide and biker, against Belials chylzen
Kynd Cōscience tho heard, & came out of the planets
And sent forth his forciours, feuers and fluxes
Coughes and cardiacles, crampes and toth aches
Reumes and radgondes, and raynous scalles
Byles and botches, and burnynge agues
Freneses and foule euill, foragers of kynde
Hadden pricked and praled, polles of the people
That largely a legion, losten their liues sone
There was harow and helpe, here cometh kinde
Wyth death that is dredeful, to bndone vs all
The lord that lyueth after lust, tho aloude cried
After confort a knight, to come and beare his banner
A larme a larme quod þ Lord, ech lyfe kepe hys own
And than met these men, theyr minstrels myght pype
And

A greate
Ogne of
infidelity

And their heraudes of armes, had descried Lordes
 Age the hooze, he was in the batowarde
 And bare þe banner befoze death, by right he it claimed.
 Kynde came after, with manye bene sozes
 As pockes and pestilences, and much puple shene
 So kinde through corruptions, killed ful many
 Death came dnyng after, and all to dust passed
 Kynges and Kaylers, knyghtes and Popes
 Learned ne lewed, he ne let no man stande
 That he hitte euen, he neuer stode after
 Many a louelye Ladye, and lemmans of knyghtes
 Swoned and sweltd, for sorow of deatthes dntes
 Conscience of hys curtesye, to kynd he besoughe
 To cease and suffer, and se wher they woulde
 Leue pryde pryuelpe, and be perfite chysen
 And kynde ceased tho, to se the people amende
 Fortune gan flatteren then, tho fewe that were a lyue
 And hight hem longe life, and lechery she sent
 Amonge all maner of men, wedded and unwedded
 And gathered a grete hoste, all against Conscience
 This Lechery layed on, with a laughing chere
 And with a pryue speach, and painted wordes
 And armed him in idlenes, and in highe bearynge
 He bare a bow in his had, & many bloudy arrowes
 Were feathered with fair behest, & many a false truty
 Woth hys vntidye tales, he tened full often
 Conscience & his cōpany, of holy kythe the teachers
 Than came Conetise, and caste howe he might
 Ouercome Conscience, and cardinall vertues
 And armed him in auarice, and hongrichly liued
 His wepen was all wiles, to winnen and to hiden
 With glosinges & w gabbinges, he gyled the people

The ma-
 ner of god
 des dilata-
 tion.

The ma-
 ner of me
 when pla-
 ges cease

Couetise
and Simo
ny make
prelates.

Simony him sente, to assaye Conscience
And preached to the people, and prelates they made
To hold with antichriste, their temporallies to save
And came to kynges counsell, as a hene barren
And kneled to Conscience, in court before him all
And garde good fayth free, and false to abide
And boldly bare adowne, with many a bryght noble
Much of the wit and wisdom, of westminster hall
He trusted to a Justice, and trusted in his care
And overtilt al his truth, wel take this on amedure
And to the arches, he yede anone after
And turned civile into simony, a sith he took the official
For a mantil of minuter, he made lilly matrimonye
Departed ere death came, and deuorse shapd
Alas q Conscience tho, would Christ of his grace
That couetise were a chyste, that is so hene a fyghter
And bolde and abidinge, while his bagge lasteth
And then laught life, and let dagge his clothes
And armed him in haste, in harlottes wordes
And held holines a tape, and hendnes a waslet
And leue leaue a chere, and lye a freman
Conscience and counsell, he counted it folye
Thus rayled lyfe, for a lytle fortune
And picked forth wth pryde, prayled he no vertue
He careth not how kind slow, a shall come at last
And kyl al earthely creatures, saue conscience onelye
Life lepe asyde, and laught him a lemman
Dealeth and I q he, and heauynes of herte
Shall do the no drede, neyther death ne Elde
And so forget sorrow, and glue nought of sinne
Thys liked lyfe, and his lemman fortune
And gat in their glozy, a gadlinge at the last

Lyfe and
Fortune
beget slo
w.

One

One that much too wrought, Slouth was hys name
 Slouth were wonder yerne, and sone was of age
 And wedded one wanhope, a wench of the ketoes
 Hys sye was a sysoz, that neuer swoze trueth
 One Comme two tong, attent of erch a quest
 This Slouth was ware of warre, and a flyng made
 And threwo dzead of dyspayze, adozē myles about
 For care conscience cho, cried apou age
 And bad him fond to fight, and afere wanhope
 And age hent good hope, and hastily he thyste him
 And wained a n ay wanhop, & wyth lyfe he fighteth
 And lyfe fleeth for feare, to phisike after helpe
 And besought him of his succour, & of his salue had
 And gaue hym gold good wonne, & gladded hys hert
 And they gaue him agayne, a glasen howne
 A lyfe leued that lechecraft, let shold Elde
 And dyue awaye death, wyth dias and dragges
 And Elde auentred him on lyfe, and at laste he hys
 A phisician with a furred hode, that he fel in the palsy
 And ther died that docter, er thre dayes after
 Now I see said lile, that surgery ne phisike
 May not a myte auayle, to medle agayne Elde
 And in hope of his heale, good hert he hente
 And rode so to reuel, a ryche place and a mery
 The company of courtte, men cleped it someryne
 And Elde anone after, and ouer my head he rede
 And made me bald befoze, and bare on my crowne
 So harde he pede ouer my head, & it wil be sene euer
 Hys euel taught Elde & I, byhende go wyth the
 Sith when was the way, ouer mens heades
 Haddest þ bene hend & I, thou wold hane asked leue
 Yea leaue ludden & he, and layde on me with age

Slouth
marier
dyspayze

Age hll-
leth boeth
phisicia
& Surgis

And hit me vnder the eare, bunneth may ich heare
 He buffeted me about the mouth, and bet out mi teth
 And gyued me in goutes, I may not go at large
 And of the wo that I was in, my wyfe had ruth
 And wished full witterly, that I were in heauen
 For the tyme that she loued me for, a leef was to feele
 On nights namely, when we naked were
 I ne might in no maner, make it at hyr wyl
 So Elde and she sothely, had for beaten ic
 And as I latte in this sorow, I se kinde passed
 And death dreyne nere me, for dreadd gan I quake
 And cryed to kinde, out of care me byyng
 Lo Elde the hoze, hath me besette
 I woeke me if your wil be, for I would be hence
 If thou wold be woken, wend into bnyte
 And hold the there euer, tyll I sende for the
 And loke thou konne some craft, ere thou come thence
 Counsell me kynd & I, what craft is best to learne
 Learne to loue & kinde, and leaue of al other
 Howe shall I come to cartel so, to cloth me & to foder
 And thou loue lilly & he, lack shall thou neuer
 Meate ne worldly wede, whyle thy lyfe lasteth.
 And there by counsell of kinde, I comsed to runne
 Throug contricyon & cofessio, till I came to bnyte
 And ther was conscience constable, chrisen to saue
 And beleged sothelle, wyth seven great Gyantes
 That with antichrist holden, hard agayn conscience
 Sloth was his slyng, and hard assaure made
 Pryoude priests come wyth hym, mo then a thousand
 In paltokes and piked shoes, and piffers long kniues
 Comen agayne conscience, with conetysse they helden
 By Mary & a mansed priest, of the march of Ireland
 I

Nature
 wolde we
 shoulde
 learne to
 loze.

The seuen
 capitall
 synnes be
 sieged co-
 science.

I count no more conscience, by so I catch siluer
 Than I do to drinke, a draught of good ale
 And so sayde s. xij, of the same contray
 And shotten agayne with shote, many a shefe of othes
 And brode hoked arrows, Gods hert and his nailles
 And had almost vnity, and holynes adowne
 Conscience cryed helpe cleargye, oz els I fall
 Thzough imperfite pzeits, & pzelates of holi church
 Fryes heard hym cry, and came him to helpe
 And for they could not wel her craft, cōscience hem for
 Rede neighed tho nere, and cōscience he told (soke
 That they came for couetise, to haue cure of soule
 And for thei are poze peraueter, for patrimony hē fat
 They flatter to fare well, folke that bene ryche, (lith
 And syth they chosen chele, and cheitlf pouerthe
 Let the chewe as they chose, & charge the w no cure
 For Lomer he lyeth, that lyuelode muste begge
 Then he that labourerh for lyuelod, & lenerth beger
 And lith fryers forsoke, the filicite of the earth
 Let them be as beggers, oz liue by Angels foode
 Conscience of this counsell tho, comsed to laugh
 And curtesly comforted him, and called in al fryers
 And sayd syz sothely, welcome be you al
 To vnitye and holp church, one thing I you praye
 Hold you in vnitye, and haue no enuy
 To learned men ne to leude, but lyue after poure rule
 And I will be your bozow, ye shall haue bried & cloth
 And other necessaryes ynow, ye shall nothynge fayle
 Wyth that ye leaue lodgike, and learne to loue
 For loue lost the lordshyp, both land and schole
 Fryer fraunces and dominyke, for loue to be holy
 And if ye couet cure, kynd wyl you teache.

Woulde
 god there
 were no
 such pze
 its in en
 glande.

Curates
 oughte to
 haue a co
 petent ly
 yng cer
 tapne

That

That in measure God made, al maner thinges
 And set hem at a certen, and a seker nombze
 And nempned names newe, and numbzed the sterris
 Gal. 147 Qui numerat multitudinem stellarum & omnibus. &c.

Kynges and knyghtes, that kepen and defenden
 Haue officers vnder hem, and eche of hem certen
 And if they wage me to war, they wyte hem in nobze
 Or they wyl no treasure hem pay, trauaile they neuer
 For all othe in battel, bene holden by bozys (so soze
 Wylozys and pikeharnes, in eche a place accursed
 Monkes and moniales, and al men of relygion
 Their order & their rule toold, to haue a certen nombze
 Of lerned and of lewde, the lawe wyl and asked
 A certen for a certen, saue onely of fryers

The Fryers
 are without
 out numbze

Therfore of consciēce by Chyist, kinde wite me telleth
 It is wickid to wage you, ye were without nombze
 Heauen hath euen nombze, & hell is without numbze
 Therfore I wold witterly, yf ye were in y registers
 And your nobze vnder notaries signe, & neither mo ne
 Enuy hard this, and bad fryers go to schole (lesse
 And lerne logike and lawe, and eke contemplacion
 And prech men of Plato, and proue it by Seneca
 That all thinges vnder heauē, ought to be in comune
 And yet he lyeth as I leue, yf to the lewde so precher
 For God made men a law, and Moyses it taught

Erod. rr.

Non concupiscis rem proximi tui.
 And enel is this hold, in parishes of England
 For persons & parishes priestes, yf hold yf peple churche
 Bene Curatours called, to knowe and to heale
 All that bene their parishes, penaunce to enioyne
 And shuld be ashamed in theyr Chyist, yf he wed maketh
 And flee to yf fryers, as false folke to Westminster
 That

That bozoweth a hereth thither, & the biddeth freds
 yerne of forgiveness, p: longer yeres lone
 And while he is in ex: amister, he will be before
 And make him mery, with other mens goodes
 And so it fareth with much folke, y to fyers sheweth
 As sours & excentours, they will giue the fyers
 A percel to pray for hem, and make hem selfe mery
 With y residue & y remnaut, y other men bes woken
 And suffer the dead in det, to the pape of Domes
 Enuye therfore hated Conscience,
 And fyers to philosophy, he founde hem to schole
 The while couetise & vnkynnes, Cōscience assayled
 In vnitte holye kyke, Conscience helde him
 And made peace porter, to pynne the gates
 To all tale tellers, and tutlers idle
 Hypocrisye and he, an harde assaulte they made
 Hypocrisye at the gate, harde gan to fyght
 And wounded wel wickedy, many wyle teachers
 That w Conscience accorded, and cardinal vertues
 Conscience called a leche, that coude well shryue
 Go saluetho y syck ben, and through synne wounded
 Shryft hope sharpe saluē, and made hem do penance
 For her misdedes, that they wzought hadde
 And that Pierce were payde, uedde quod debes.
 Some liked not this leche, and letters they sent
 If any surged were in the sege, y softer could plaster
 Sir life to lyue in lecherie, laye there and groined
 For fastynge of a Friday, he fared as he would dye
 There is a surgeon in this sege, that softe can handle
 And more of phisike he can, and sayet he plastereth
 One fyer flatterer, is phisician and surgeon
 Quod confection to conscience, do him come to vnitte

Ther that
 went to y
 fyers to
 shute we
 the sanctu
 ary m:n.

And to a
 vnitte
 of gold
 of gold
 of gold

Hypocrisye
 wonder
 preachers

Salus dilectissimi

For here is many a man hurt through Hypocrisie,
We haue no nede of Conscience, I wot no better lech
Than Person or parishe prieste, penitencier or bishop
Saue Wyrt the plowman, y hath power ouer he al
And indulgence may do, but if that dette let it
I may wel suffer quod conscience, seing ye desier
That fryer flatterer be fet, and phisike you seke
The fryer here of harde, and hied full faste
To a lord for a letter, leaue to haue curen
As a curatour he wote, and came to his letters
Boldly to the byshop, and his bryfe had
In contreyes there he came in, confession to here
And came ther Conscience was, a knocked at the gate
Peace vnynnen it, was porter of bnyte
And in haste asked, what his wyll were
In fayth quod this fryer, for profit and for health
Carpe I wold w corrupcion, a therfore I came hither
He is sicke sayde Peace, and so is many an other
Hypocrisie hath hurt him, ful hard is he to couer
I am a surgion sayde the legge, and salues can make
Conscience knoweth me wel, and what I ca do both
I praye the quod Peace tho, ere thou passe furth
What highest thou I pray the, heyle not thy name
Certes sayd this felowe, syz penetran s domos.
Go thy gates quod Peace, by god for al thy phisicke
But thou kenne some craft, thou comest not herein
I knewe such one once, not eyght winters passed
Came in thus robed, at a courte wher I dwelled
And was my lordes leche, and my ladies both
And at laste this limetour, tho my lord was out
He salued so our women, tyll some were w childer.
Secnde speech haue Peace, to open the gates

Let

Another
parted no;
bishop, re
gardeth
his duryc

Simon
criston
bryce

Let in the fryer and his felow, & make hym falc chere
 He may se and here, so it may befall
 That lyfe throught his loze, shal leaue conetise
 And be a drade of death, and with drawe hym fro pryde
 And accord wth conscience, and kisse e^{ch} other
 Thus throught hende speach, entered the fryer
 And came to Conscience, and curtesly hym grete
 Thou art welcome & Conscience, canst th hele th sick
 Here is contricion quod conscience, my cosin wounded
 Confort hym quod conscience, & take kepe to hys sores
 The plaisters of th person, end pouders beate to soze
 He letteth hem lygge ouer lög, & loth is to chaüg hem
 From lenten to lenten, his plasters byten.
 That is ouerlög & thys Limitor, I leue I shal amed
 And goth & gropeth contricio, & gaue him a plaster (it
 Of a pryuy payment, & I shal praye for you
 And for all that ye bene holden to, all my lyfe longe
 And make you my Ladye, in masses and in mattens
 As fryers of our fraternite, for a litle siluer
 Thus he goth & gadereth, & gloseth ther he shyneth
 Til contricion had cleane forgoten, to crye & to wepe
 And wake for his works, as he was wont to do
 For confort of his confessor, Contricion he lost
 That is the souereynest salue, for al kinnes synnes
 Slonthe se that, and so dyd pryde
 And commen wyth a kene wyll, conscience to assaile
 Conscience cryed oute, and bade cleargy helpe him
 And also contricion, for to kepe the gate
 He leeth & dreameth said Peace, & so doth mani other
 The fryer with his phisike, this folke hath enchaüted
 And plastered hem so easely, they dread no synne
 By Christ & Cōscience tho, I wol become a pylgrime

The olde
 maner of
 cures shal
 be made
 synners
 negligent

Passus bisecimus

For here is many a man hurt through Hypocrisie,
We haue no nede of Conscience, I wot no better lech
Than Person or parische priest, penitencer or bishop
Saue Pyerce the plowman, þe hath power ouer he al
And indulgence may do, but if that dette let it
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Certes sayd this felowe, syz penetrans domos.
Go thy gates quod Peace, by god for al thy phisicke
But thou kenne some craft, thou comest not herein
I knewe such one once, not eyght winters passed
Came in thus cōped, at a court wher I dwelled
And was my lordes leche, and my ladyes both
And at laste this limytour, tho my lord was out
He salued so our wemen, tyll some were to childe.
Frende speach haete Peace, to open the gates

Let

Another
part no?
bishop, re
gardeth
his durye

Simon
Gronow
1512

Let in the fryer and his felow, & make hym fair chere
 He may se and here, so it may befall
 That lyfe throughte his loze, shal leane couetise
 And be a dyade of death, and with drawe hym fro pye
 And accord wth conscience, and kisse eith^r other
 Thus throughte hende speach, entred the fryer
 And came to Conscience, and curtesly hym grete
 Thou art welcome & Conscience, canst y^e hele y^e sick
 Here is contricion quod conscience, my cosin wounded
 Confort hym quod conscience, & take kepe to hys sores
 The plaisters of y^e person, and ponders beate to soze
 He letteth hem lygge ouer lōg, & loth is to chaūg hem
 From lenten to lenten, hys plaisters byten.
 That is ouerlōg & thys Limitor, I leue I shal amēd
 And goth & gropeth contricio, & gaue him a plaster (it
 Of a pryuy payment, & I shal praye for you
 And for all that ye bene holden to, all my lyfe longe
 And make you my Ladye, in masses and in mattens
 As fryers of our fraternitie, for a litle siluer
 Thus he goth & gadereth, & gloseth ther he shyneth
 Til contricion had cleane forgoten, to crye & to wepe
 And wake for his works, as he was wont to do
 For confort of his confessor, Contricion he lost
 That is the souereynest salve, for al kinnes synes
 Slouthe se that, and so dyd pryde
 And comen wyth a kene wyll, conscience to assaile
 Conscience cryed oute, and bade cleargy helpe him
 And also contricion, for to kepe the gate
 Helleth & dreameth said Peace, & so doth mani other
 The fryer with his phylise, this folke hath enchaūted
 And plasted hem so easely, they dread no synne
 By Chyist & Cōscience tho, I wol become a pylgrime

The olde
 maner of
 cures shal
 be made
 spynners
 negligent

Passus bifecinus.

And walken as wyde, as the woꝛlde lasteth
To seke pierce the plowman, that pyrd mai destroy
And that friers had a findinge þ̄ for no neȝe flatteren
And cōtrepledeþ me Cōsciēce, now kynde me aueng
And send me hap & heale, til I haue þ̄vers þ̄ plowman
And syth he grad after grace, til I gan awake.
finis.

C Imprinted

at London by Roberte Crowley,
dwellynge in Elpe rentes in Dols-
burne. The pere of our Loꝛde.

M. D. L.

(*)

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28 MR 59

The following variations between this copy and Heber
N^o 1717 in this page, prove that there were two
Editions called the second.

line 1 Heber vesceimus
3 pryde may
4 Fryers had a finding

¶ Imprinted at London by Roberte
Crowley, dwelling in Elye rentes
in Holburne. The yere of
our Lord. M.D.I..



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